

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXIII., No. 2 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. FEB., 1898

A Literary Forecast

Meteorological indications point to fair weather in the literary world during 1898. There are no reasons for predicting a season of violent storms and an artistic deluge; but neither are prognostications of famine and drought in order. Of course, if one will give ear unreservedly to vocalizing tree-toads, this end of the century is in a doleful state of collapse; but a more optimistic view is easily justified. The best promise of a good crop is the increasing commercial prosperity. The long dismal panic wrecked many a worthy periodical and book concern, and brought many another into very shoal waters. The business depression compelled advertisers to limit their outlays to the minimum; and as the publication of today depends absolutely on advertising for sustenance, the famine compelled very nice reckoning in editorial offices. Almost no manuscripts were bought, and many a needy genius was turned from the door. This coming year opens with the promise of a more solid financial condition. The reaction will be favorable to the publisher, the editor and the author. What is true of the publishers of periodicals is true of the publishers of books.

The yellow-book idea seems to be quite dead; the intentionally "decadent" author has gone out of style. Yellow is no longer the only wear. The blizzard of little pamphlets and shop-books has vanished like the snows of yester-year. The late and unlamented 1897 killed off many a publication that should be dead, and the present year can be counted on to continue the good work. Inasmuch as genuises have always been outnumbered a thousand to one by writers mediocre or worse, it is hardly to be hoped that this year will revolutionize humanity. The trite, the crude, the cheap, and the villainous will still play their venerable part. But they will not lack some savory salt of worthy effort.

In France Daudet is dead, but Zola is still ardent in his creeds and will publish the third of his stupendous religious trilogy of cities—*Lourdes*, *Rome*, and now *Paris*. The tropical *D'Annunzio* promises to stir the Italian lethargy again, and Ibsen is good for another important drama. It is hardly probable that the stolidity of German fiction will be much disturbed, but the lively colony that makes *Jugend* the most effective weekly in the world will do much to relieve the Teutonic gloom—that and *Fliegende Blätter*. *Sienkiewicz* should turn out a dozen more vigorous novels at least in as many months.

About this time look out for little flumes from England in the shape of official utterances from *Alfred Austin*; they should cause only a temporary inconvenience, however. With such big talents as *Thomas Hardy* and *George Meredith*, the English novel need not die, though *Du Maurier's* death robbed it of its liveliest promise. *William Morris*

is dead, but *Swinburne* lives, and the heights of English poetry have been stormed by that tempestuous genius, *Kipling*, who will invade every field from juvenile fiction to didactic poetry. While *Kipling* lives it is needless to call ours an empty day.

Though America has no dominating figure like *Kipling*, it has reared a group of writers of more than ordinary power. Americanism is becoming a stouter, a more insistent note, and the Revolution is giving subject for almost too many novels. *Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's* *Hugh Wynne* has brought him to the forefront of the Revolutionary writers. His novel for 1898 is to concern itself, however, with the adventures of a French thief. *Mr. Howells* and *Mr. James* have lost none of their cunning, and have done much for the repute of American letters. No falling off in the powers of either need be expected; and a further refinement of the highly individual qualities of *Mr. Stephen Crane* can be counted on. The best promise is the return of our greatest writer, *Mark Twain*, to his old time manner. For poetry we may look eagerly to *Mr. Aldrich* and *Mr. Riley*. Besides these few there are many whose names are familiar for efficient and honest craft of high ideals.

The historical novel will undoubtedly prosper this year, and names enough occur to one in this line, names of skillful plotters who can be relied on to enliven existence and quicken the breath. The mechanical part of publication will be in a better state than for many years, and in printing, binding, decorating and advertising, the new books will be as a rule, distinctly superior to the old.

In short, it seems safe to prophesy that literary 1898 will be a very sane, a very beautiful, a very important year.

Insurance Against Non-Employment The depression of the last four years has given birth to a new form of insurance—insurance against the loss of work. It is true that some of the trades unions have for many years paid their members "out-of-work benefits," but outside of workingmen's organizations it has generally been assumed that those out of work were, as a rule, those who didn't care to work, and that the insurance of such men would make the insuring organization the victim of pensioned idleness. The last few years of depression, however, have caused a different feeling, and energetic men in nearly all occupations except farming have realized that this possibility of loss of employment was one of the uncertainties of their own position. In "The American Journal of Sociology," *Mr. Paul Monroe* has published a clear account of the various insurance systems which have lately been devised to protect men against this keenly-realized danger. Most of them are municipal enterprises, and the cities of Switzerland have

established most of them. Berne took the initiative in 1893. St. Gall followed in 1895. Bologna in Italy and Cologne in Germany obtained similar systems through philanthropic agencies in 1896, and Bâle, Zurich, and Lucerne have all taken steps in imitation of their sister cities in Switzerland. Finally during the present year an insurance company has been organized in Chicago, Ill., which offers the same kind of insurance upon a purely commercial basis. In St. Gall, Switzerland, the insurance against non-employment was made obligatory upon all male workmen receiving less than one dollar; or, more exactly, five francs, a day. The city contributed a small sum—about one-sixth—but the remainder of the cost of supporting poor workmen when out of work fell upon their comrades who kept their jobs. The public sense of the injustice of this burden upon the steadiest workmen led to the abolition of the system through a referendum vote last November. The Berne plan has been the longest established, and best merits description. Under this plan the Canton assumes about one-half of the burden of caring for those out of work, while private donations supply nearly half the remainder. The public protects itself against imposition by limiting relief to workmen who have regularly paid dues for six months, and refusing to continue it more than eight weeks in any year. The insured pay ten cents a month when at work, and receive when out of work thirty or forty cents a day, according as they are single or married. This payment is not such as to make many men prefer idleness to work. Consequently the public is generally assured that it is helping those who really need help, and it also has an easier conscience about refusing indiscriminate aid to all who claim that they cannot find work. On the whole, the system seems to be a very economical form of poor relief, and one which saves the moral self-respect of the necessitous as well as the intellectual self-respect of the donors. The Chicago system, conducted upon a commercial basis, is as yet untried, and no prediction can be made respecting it. The company requires that the insured shall have had steady employment for six months, and stipulates that insurance in anticipation of impending discharge is a bar to benefit. The premiums to be paid are \$1 a month when the salaries are \$30 a month or less, and are proportionately somewhat lighter upon higher salaries. When out of work the insured receives half of his regular salary for not more than four months a year. He must, however, be willing to accept suitable work, if such be secured for him by the company. In this way the Chicago company, if successful, will become an employment bureau of a valuable kind. The Swiss systems also conduct employment bureaus, so that the aim of all these systems is to insure employment as well as to furnish help to the unemployed.

Criticism of Daily Life

Leslie Stephen, in his "Social Rights and Duties," devotes a chapter to the ethical analysis of the duty of authorship. An extension of the work might very well have included the duty of criticism. Masses of educated persons appear entirely unaware that any such duty devolves upon them. They will shrink

from what is bad when they recognize it, or keep the silence of despairing contempt, or with a facile adaptability they fall into "a mush of concession," but positive teaching by elucidation and correction, they habitually neglect. They have the knowledge. They are too indolent, too ungenerous to share it. The blunderer is permitted to go his way groping in the dark, drowning himself and his future in the sea of his own ignorance, while those who might help him, sit about in blank-eyed, passive indifference. Such silence is vicious in its negation of influence; only a degree less blamable than sanction of what is known to be bad. The service of criticism in chastening and developing thought, is incalculable, and the public needs to be taught how to render it and how to receive it. Instance upon instance could be mentioned where the person, properly qualified to perform this duty, has ignored or eluded it. A thoughtful person quails before the pits of false and unjust criticism, but there are many dangers in our human life, and some of them have to be risked. When an editor returns the manuscript of an untried writer with the mere formula that it is unavailable, when a librarian is silent in regard to matters within the scope of his influence as social critic, when an attorney declines to act and gives no explanation, when a physician fails to indicate according to his knowledge, in what lines the action of his client is injurious, they may very possibly be failing to perform services which would enlarge themselves in the fulfilling. Other instances of failures to perform the service of criticism are visible in the churches. It is common to see a man of some religious and literary culture encourage as expressions of opinion, in "prayer meetings," utterances so crude and gross in their religious form, that they shock and nauseate the hearer who listens for the speech of followers of the exquisite philosophy of Christ. The mechanical jargon of the prayer-meeting in its meaningless iterations and the absurdly formulative mode of procedure for admittance to recognized Christian membership is an offense to reason, taste, and the dignity of the soul. The methods of these pushers toward the mystery of the Christian "metanoia" need thorough reform. They have no right to cloud the eyes of fellowship with their personal turbidities. An intelligent boy or girl with a clear notion that language is incorporate thought is deeply repelled by irreverent commonplaces, observing in unseemly wise all that is helpful, impressive and ennobling in the aspiring religious life of youth. The churches are able to provide many influences for the fostering and developing of religious sentiment; by social feeling, teaching, and through the medium of the fine arts; and it seems strange that the complete destruction of their attractions, the rending of the ties that bind, proceeds in the prayer-meetings, where some poetic young soul in the ardor of first religious passion has placed before him by some church member, as a church utterance, religious conceptions scarcely honorable in a Hottentot.

Country Life

How is it that we have no apostle in this country, nor is there one, for that matter, in any other, who preaches and grows ecstatic over life in the open air?

England has had her Isaac Walton, who has put the art of killing fish upon a pedestal as "enduring as brass," and we have had our Thoreaus, our John Burroughs, our Maurice Thompson, and a host of others who have enriched literature with their poetic observations upon the habits of birds, beasts and reptiles. But who have we to grow equally enthusiastic about the habits of our fellow beings, or about the pleasures, the wholesomeness, the poetry of a life spent in the open air? Country life is the life of all lives to lead, and a taste for it is growing daily more pronounced upon the dwellers in our large cities. It is not that the country is becoming more beautiful, nor that the climate is changing, to permit better of this freer intercourse with nature. These things are much the same as they ever have been. Perhaps the gayeties of a concentrated city life are losing a little of their charm and palling upon the taste of those who follow in the wake of fashion. Whatever the reason there is a perceptible change in Gotham, and the Gothamites, and it would seem as if this were a time most opportune for the country-life enthusiast to appear. Even on a winter's day, if the weather be fine, the clubs of New York city are no longer the lounging places they used to be, and on every hand we hear of people spending their holidays in the country. For a city that has no suburbs, for a metropolis swollen with the fresh pride of being the second largest city in the world, for a centre of art, of fashion, of finery and all that the heart of man and woman hold most dear, it seems strange to learn that at every recess from business the minds of its citizens are reverting longingly to some nearby country spot, where care can for a time be shaken off, and where the more wholesome enjoyment of life can be tasted without fear of having some lasting penalty to pay for the brief experience. Quite the contrary, an indulgence in open air life brings to the truant, from the desk and counting-room, an actual reward—longer life, better spirits and a keener intellect. Nor is the enjoyment, as is often mistakenly said, one fit for the rich only, or availed of solely by those who have means. Though they retire more permanently to their country homes, there is a rendezvous beyond the murk of the city atmosphere for all. The restful silence of the forest and the field is a common property, which the most modest gunner for rabbits and squirrels may, and does enjoy. Within earshot almost of Wall street one can hear the baying of hounds and the crack of the sportsman's gun. The suburban hills are interlaced with footprints of harriers on their weekly runs, the roads themselves have taken on a new life since the wheel came into vogue, while a circle of country clubs and golf links surround the city and find an unexpected patronage in winter and summer alike. It is eminently fitting that those who work earnestly should seek their recreations amid such wholesome surroundings, but very soon must come the question whether a life in the city itself is worth what it costs. The season for it is being gradually made shorter and shorter. Soon it will have reduced itself to three months at most, and when genuine rapid transit has been attained the residential parts of our larger communities will shift farther and farther afield.

Is Impressionism Dead?

The split which has come in the Society of American Artists is one of the periodic spasms which seems to assail all artistic bodies. Some ten men have seceded from the society—nearly all of them men who have attained a reputation as followers of the impressionistic school. There has been wailing and gnashing of teeth among those that remain, but after careful perusal of the list it is impossible to see any reason why the separation of these men from the association should cause any general alarm. The society of American Artists has been and is still representative of the youthful aspirations of American art, as opposed to the ultra-conservative spirit of the Academy of Design. It originally seceded from the Academy, as a protest against the methods adopted by the parent body. That the protest was a worthy one, the subsequent popular success of the society, as distinguished from the Academy, proved. The present break in the society's ranks seems nothing more than a withdrawal of a coterie of men whose art is tainted by a craze which has been doomed from the beginning to failure. Impressionism has had its day, and is now in the sere and yellow stage of early annihilation. It has never thriven for that matter, since it has never appealed in the least to any public craving. Even its apostles have been unable to give a rational account of it, and it has depended so much upon mere trickiness that it is no injustice to place it on a par with the mystical work of the Theosophists. Impressionism at the best is a misnomer, for every painter is an impressionist, and every painter aims to render the momentary appearance of facts as they occur to him. The "impressionists" put this forward as their creed, claiming this principle as theirs by some strange right. As a matter of fact, they obtained and magnified a few miserable little pigmental tricks into a mannerism with which they attempted to mystify the art world in general. Many of them were clever draughtsmen and masters often of design, but wherein their weakness showed itself was in a self-confessed inability to make the colors on their palettes rival those of nature in the smallest degree. The painter of the present century has gradually attained a greater and greater ignorance of the nature of paint. Originally the artist mixed his own colors. He was conversant with every detail of their manufacture, and as a consequence was able to speak through them with many voices. They responded to his touch like the notes of a piano to the touch of a gifted musician. He could modulate their tones to suit the softest of poetic thoughts, or accent his colors to express passages of great power and strength. His palette indeed was not merely a medley of color, but a great chromatic laboratory, where he fused his thoughts into a new and a wonderful speech—the speech of color united to design. This comprehension of the palette has gone, however, and to-day there are none who can be said to have mastered painting as it was mastered of old. Least of all is this in the power of the impressionist, who can play but one note on his horn, and that not a very beautiful one. If impressionism is dying, we cannot feel that it is a great loss. If it is not, we cannot but think that a movement to separate "impressionism" from ordinary painting is an isolation

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which will help to bring about its euthanasia the sooner, by taking from it the support of a surrounding which has thus far helped it to obtain public notice and an appearance of success.

College Expenses

In his new book on *The American College in American Life*, President Thwing goes thoroughly into one question of unusual social importance. Ordinary observers of college life have frequently remarked that the increase of expenditures in the Eastern colleges has made it more difficult for families with small incomes to give their children a college education. Defenders of the present order have from time to time put forward figures indicating that the general impression is wrong, and have undoubtedly proved that exceptionally bright boys, by tutoring the dull and the lazy, can finish their curriculum as cheaply as a generation ago.

As regards the ordinary student, however, President Thwing shows that the general impression is correct, and that the families of small farmers and tradesmen, which used to furnish the bulk of the students in New England colleges, can no longer, as a rule, afford the luxury of a college education for their children. At Harvard, says President Thwing, the average annual expenses of a student from 1825 to 1830 were \$176, of which half went for tuition and half for board and room. In the sixties, when prices were suddenly increased, the average "jumped from \$263 to \$437, two-thirds of which went for board and room." Since that period there has been a great fall in prices, but college expenses instead of falling have risen. The last year for which President Thwing gives exact figures is 1881-82, when "the average expense to an economical student ranged from \$484 to \$807." "At Yale," continues President Thwing, "the increase of expenses has been nearly in the same ratio, the average for the first year of the third decade being \$175, and the average for 1893 being \$687.50." Just what President Thwing means by "the first year in the third decade" may perhaps make a popular conundrum, but whether he means 1830, as the context seems to indicate, or 1821 as his position at the head of a university would seem to show it is equally sure that college expenses in New England have been increasing out of all proportion to the incomes of even well-to-do families in the small towns and rural districts. The catalogues and reports of Amherst, Dartmouth, and other colleges bring out the same general development, and the problem presents itself, how shall the great endowments, given, as a rule, to help the children of the relatively poor be kept from becoming charities for the benefit of the relatively rich? President Thwing offers a novel answer to this question. It is that tuition fees for the well-to-do shall be practically trebled, so as to cover the entire cost of the educational facilities furnished, and proceeds be devoted to furnishing free education to the children of the poor. Undoubtedly this scheme would in some measure conform with popular sentiment so far as it affects either the extremely rich or the extremely poor. Nevertheless, as the great mass of college students belong to neither of these classes, and as families with mod-

erate incomes would find it equally impossible to pay \$300 tuition fees, and to plead poverty for the sake of escaping them, President Thwing's plan must be rejected by every one who is unwilling to see the ranks of college students diminish or divided into patricians and paupers. If the purpose of those who have given the great endowments and the general spirit of America demand that the opportunity of a college education shall be given to boys of relatively poor families, the end must be obtained either by restoring for all students the old New England system of low fees, or by establishing for all the new Western system of free education from the kindergarten to the university. Already it may be said the Western system is established in President Thwing's own commonwealth of Ohio, where the State University has abolished all tuition fees, and most of the denominational colleges demand fees even lower than were customary in New England half a century ago. Partly by reason of the cheapness of a college education in Ohio that State now sends more students to college than all New England.

Advertising de Luxe

Time was when the artist, driven by the philistinism of grocers and the inæsthetic mind of landlords, to drawing up advertisements, tried to disguise his style—drew back-handed, as it were—and left his pictures unsigned. But the emancipation of art from its old shackles has left the mere painter of portraits or easel-pictures to a misery that deserves neither admiration nor pity. The new artist devotes his happiest thoughts to decorative advertisement and inscribes his name on his posters in letters just one degree smaller than the articles advertised. The equality of all fields of draughtsmanship is shown by the recent achievements of a prominent artist who designed not only the front cover of a leading magazine, but the back page of advertising also, and several illustrations inside as well. And yet, shocking as it seems at first, it is surely a wholesome state of affairs, in reality, for it is eminently right that all things that beset our eyes should be as beautiful as possible. Since we dwell in the Age of Advertising, it is important that this feature of our cycle should be made as inoffensive as can be.

But if the draughtsman is to be granted letters of marque for unlimited privateering, the poor scribe should not have an embargo laid on him. If it is well that our billboard pictures should be carefully drawn and colored, so is it well that the advertising columns, which jostle the reading matter of all periodicals, should be robbed of offense against the canons of word-architecture. There is a coterie of authors who devote themselves openly to forging advertisements which are deadly at long range, and who brag of their successes; but they are not admitted to the guild and dare not claim a place in Bohemia with the lofty-minded hack-writers. But some of the latter, these more exalted pen-trundlers, write advertisements in secret, and turn many a pretty penny thereby. The time must come when they will throw off the fear of shame and avow their skill in the market place. A Cheret poster, a Bradley advertisement or an Eddy billboard "stand," will be no more praised by the dilettante of next week

than a "display ad." for an opiate by Alfred Austin, a "reading notice" for a certain sarsaparilla by Mr. Howells, or a pill puff from Kipling's facile pen.

One step in this direction has been taken in the last few months by the Cigarette Trust. Weary of seeing its weeds spoken of as fool-killers and coffin-nails, and assailed with other terms of reproach, the trust determined upon a wholesale missionary campaign. If you have read recently any clever articles subtly defending the cigarette, praising its harmlessness to the young and its solace to the adult, you may feel fairly certain that it was written to order and its publication well paid for. The fact that it was done cleverly and quite without direct puffery of any particular cigarette, and the fact that it was published in normal type—at most a little leaved to salve the publisher's conscience—and the fact that there was not even a warning "*Adv.*" appended to warn you when it was too late; all these facts should only convince you of the skill of the new crusade against the old crusade. Some of our best writers have been won over by the high rates paid, and in the variety and the skill of the insinuations, the cigarette essays are distinctly the high-water mark of advertising. They are rather artful than artistic, to be sure, but they indicate the trend of literature, and threaten the future with undiscoverable wiles.

Public safety will soon demand that the writers of advertisements be compelled to sign them. The laborer is worthy his hire—but he should take it openly.

Misplaced Energy

The word "literature" is going back to its literal meaning. Anything made up of letters is literature now. A political candidate has a force of hacks grinding out literature for his campaign. A certain soap speaks of its "literature." The press-agents of circuses and music hall specialists turn out a manifold, and a manifolded literature. In view of this catholic use of what was once a prim old term, one may, perhaps, discuss current advertisements as "current literature."

It is priggish and futile to deny longer that there is room in the advertising world for a cleverness and finish, an ingenuity and captivation that approaches literary art. When the announcement of a bargain sale in cambrics and dimities is couched in such alluring language that a busy man will halt to read it while his coffee cools, one must grant the deviser a mental agility in word-juggling superior to that of the writers of dull fiction. Many a well-turned bit of verse entices the reader through divertisement to advertisement. If poets and novelists deserve the reputation they gain largely by their skill in concocting phrases, the same prosperity should befall the makers of advertisements, who turn the same technic to painting the charms of concrete benefits. There are a few successful thinkers in this field who are genuine stylists, though they do modestly call themselves "ad-smiths" and "business-boomers." Epigram, sensation, gentle fascination amounting almost to hypnotism, vigor, grace, color and an occasional use of the literary devices of hyperbole and embellishment—all these bring many gems of advertising almost into the category of literature.

Advertisement is a sort of journalism, a cunning, though ephemeral art.

Examples of skillful writing in this line will occur to everyone. One of the most notable appeared during the period of peculiarly red sunsets that was a nine days' wonder some years ago. The advertisement was printed broadcast in the regular reading type of the newspapers with the usual style of headlines. It discussed the phenomenon in a fashion so entertaining that its two columns were devoured eagerly, and read aloud in their entirety to at least one family circle. After recounting the various scientific and superstitious explanations of the mystery, and finally crediting the redness of the sun-glow to the presence in the atmosphere of vast quantities of meteoric dust, the article announced that physicians were agreed that this dust would sadly derange the human system, particularly the kidneys. The wise man would accordingly fortify himself and his family with a certain patent medicine, whose name was printed in most unobtrusive type, and which could be bought at an equally unobtrusive price. This was a masterpiece of duping, but it made so many of its readers furious that one is compelled to question the relation of the number of bottles it sold to the number of dollars it cost.

Another "chef d'œuvre" was happier. It described an agreement entered into by two scientists whose lives were in danger during the French Revolution. They resolved that the one who was beheaded first should prove whether or not the head could think and act alone. Strange to relate, when the first scientist was guillotined the separated head not only winked its eye repeatedly, but moved its lips: the friend bent down in great agitation and caught these portentous words: "If I had a pint of — whisky I could keep this up for half an hour." This latter advertisement could hardly anger its dupe, but the question of the value of deceiving the public and playing the fool with it is a serious one commercially. The deception may get the advertisement read, but it is to be doubted that it gets the wares bought.

More objectionable still, though not on ethical grounds, is the exhibition of bad taste in advertisement. There are numberless ways of misusing the expensive space, but the most harrowing surely is the senseless display of the pictorial infant. Advertisers, like other human cattle, are wont to follow any leader blindly and foolishly. A picture of a fat baby is appropriate enough in an announcement of some infant's food or accoutrement. But it is hard to see the value of a smirking child in an advertisement. There are numberless ways of misusing the musical instruments. Sometimes a pseudo-justification is attempted by some such legend as "My mamma uses Père Oxide's Hairene," but more often the picture is left alone in pure namby-pamby, sublimely *malàpropos*. The amateur photographer has now entered the domain of advertisement, and what with pictures of smirking young women and inane babies, camera-fiendishness is gradually making the advertising pages of magazines harder to wade through than their pages of fiction, travel and poetry.

The "enfant terrible" is threatening to make the art of advertising a mere vulgar trade.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

January.....Evelleen Stein.....One Way to the Woods (Copeland & Day.)

To and fro,
To and fro,
Athwart the tingling, icy air,
The linden branches blow, and so,
With warp of wind and woof of snow,
The weaver Winter's shuttles go;
Such garment rare
The earth shall wear,
No softest ermine, neither vair,
Nor royal robing anywhere,
Nor any cunning looms may show
A fabric half so fair.

Upon the peach and apple trees
A thousand frosty fringes freeze;
The moon-vines lace the lattice bars
In filmy flagrees.

The grass is flecked with flaky stars;
The clover tufts are hid from sight;
And, now and then, a bird alight
With burst of gleeful flutter, jars
The pearly-laden red rose-hips,
And tilting airily, so tips
A tiny tempest, pelting down
The slender briars bare and brown;
Or else some sudden flurry stirs
The fleecy drifts that freight the firs,
And swept from silvery tassels slips
A swirling cloud of trailing, bright,
Light scarfs of powdered white.

Along the wall the mossy stones
Have caught and fixed the falling flakes
Where, in quaint shapes, the grape-vine makes
A low relief, with shadow-tones
More soft than carven marble takes;
And whiter by each gust that blows
From off the roof, the climbing rose,
In chiselled wealth of bough and thorn,
About the doorway swiftly grows
A skilful sculpture; but the sprays
Of honeysuckle, overborne
By crystal cargoes, cannot raise
Their icy-fettered maze.

A world of shining hints of hues,
Wherein all tints so gently fuse
In loveliness of light and shade,
No eye may tell whereof is made
Such pearly radiance; nor invade
The violet depth thereof for clues
To clasp its color-keys and know
The subtle secrets of the snow;
The gleaming heavens, overlaid
With loosened spangles, softly fade
Into the gleaming earth below;
And all horizons seem to be
Lost in white purity.

Aye, richly, Winter, to and fro
Thus let your silver shuttles go,
Till every sparkling web is spun;
Still, with rare skill, unceasing ply
Your artful trickeries, and try
All chill enchantments, every one
Of all devices to beguile
This dreary overweary while
Wherein we wait the sun;
And since the north must yet prevail,
And bitter cheerless winds assail,

Come, white-wing'd snows, and over all
Like shreds of floating feathers fall,
And lightly lie!
So, by and bye,
—Ah, by and bye!—
Like blue flakes from an azure sky,
The April birds will fly.

John Nicholls of Spartanburg*...Seventh Regiment Gazette...John J. Rooney

You've told your tale how our brave boys fought
In the days of Sixty-three,
How they carried "Old Glory" thro' field and flood
From the mountain to the sea,

And as long as heart shall beat with pride
When our country's song is sung,
The deeds of our lads in the bonny blue
Shall ring from the minstrel's tongue.

But I'll tell you a tale that'll make you think—
As sure as gospel facts—
That the Northland hadn't the only call
On clean-white manly acts.

You know how Grant had massed our men
In the spring of Sixty-four,
And how, near Spottsylvania town,
He pushed us to the fore.

We had tried that day, in a wild, fierce charge
To carry the rebels' works
But they held their ground with the stubborn grip
Of the death-inviting Turks.

The deadly hail came tearing out
Of their forward rifle-pits,
And the "Yank" who'd try to take fresh air
Would take it in cut-up bits.

Well, I needn't tell you we pumped it back
In a steady stream of lead.
And woe betide the topmost tip
Of a "Johnny Rebel's" head!

Well, what do you think?—no, you'll never guess
If you guess the whole year through—
When our muskets were cracking like kindling-wood
And the air was red and blue,

Out of the nearest rifle-pit,
Where they lay securely walled,
As sure as you live, before our guns,
A "Johnny Rebel" crawled.

To say we couldn't believe our eyes
Is to draw it not too fine—
But, sure enough! he was creeping along
Straight at our blazing line.

What's that you asked?—did we stop to look?
Well, you should have seen the way
We shot the streams of molten fire
At that mad, dim patch of gray!

Why, you'd thought an ant couldn't live out there
Where that seething torrent fell
And you'd say that a passing butterfly
Would singe in that living hell.

But there he was a-crawling down
Full length on the crimson grass—
The tufts would jump where our bullets struck
And the blue smoke rise and pass:

* Private John H. Nicholls, Company H, First South Carolina Volunteers, Spottsylvania Court House, May 18, 1864. An authentic incident.

But still, with a death-defying luck,
That "Johnny Rebel" came
With never a halt or turn aside
From that bath of lead and flame.
He had got some fifteen feet away
From the mouth of his rifle-pit—
(And if ever the law of chance held true
He'd never get back to it)
When he reached a little sumac bush
That grew in the open field—
(It wasn't leafy enough for a screen,
Nor thick enough for a shield)
And he half-stretched up and broke a twig—
(Heigh-ho, how the bullets flew!)
He needn't have snapped it off, we thought,—
Our lead would have cut it in two.
Then he turned a hand to his old canteen,
He fixed it fast to the stick,
And forward he leaned in the bloody grass
With a motion sharp and quick.
When up from the sod a soldier raised—
His last great fight was fought—
And we saw—great God!—our Captain quaff
The water the "Johnny" brought!
We saw the light of a mighty joy
Come over his dying face,
And we thought we saw, thro' the drifting smoke,
The North and the South embrace!
Jim Brown, who never was known to melt,
Looked down at his riddled coat,
Then turning, walked half-shamed away,
For his eyes were all afloat!
Ah, boys, we were weaker than babies then,
And our thanks rose, deep and slow,
To the Mighty One who had turned our shot
From the breast of our dearest foe!
And many a deed I've seen in war
That the books have spell'd out large,
But never a sweeter act I'll see
Till I take my last discharge!
Yes, we asked his name when the fight was lone,
As a miner'd look for gold,
And over the Yankee fires that night
The story was told and told.
We blazed in his deed in our inmost hearts,
And not till their doors are burst
Shall vanish John Nicholls of Spartanburg,
Of the South Carolina First!

Sargasso Weed.....Edmund Clarence Stedman.....Poems*

Out from the seething stream
To the steadfast trade-wind's courses,
Over the bright vast swirl
Of a tide from evil free,—
Where the ship has a level beam,
And the storm has spent its forces,
And the sky is a hollow pearl
Curved over a sapphire sea.
Here it floats as of old,
Beaded with gold and amber,
Sea-frond buoyed with fruit,
Sere as the yellow oak,
Long since carven and scrolled,
Of some blue-ceiled Gothic chamber
Used to the viol and lute
And the ancient belfry's stroke.
Eddying far and still
In the drift that never ceases,
The dun Sargasso weed
Slips from before our prow,

And its sight makes strong our will,
As of old the Genoese's,
When he stood in his hour of need
On the Santa Maria's bow.
Ay, and the winds at play
Toy with these peopled islands,
Each of itself as well
Naught but a brave New World,
Where the crab and sea-slug stay
In the lochs of its tiny highlands,
And the nautilus moors his shell
With his sail and streamers furled.
Each floats ever and on
As the round green earth is floating
Out through the sea of space
Bearing our mortal kind,
Parasites soon to be gone,
Whom others be sure are noting,
While to their astral race
We in our turn are blind.

To a Snow-Flake.....Francis Thompson.....New Poems (Copeland & Day.)

What heart could have thought you?—
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor?—
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmised,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind;—
Thou could'st not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

The Willow Stream.....Clarence Urmy.....Munsey's

A wondrous wealth of flower and fern,
Sequestered nooks at every turn,
And pools with tiny caves and dens
Enfolding timid citizens;
A stream from out whose ports of gloom
Float argosies of lotus bloom,
And arched with trees whose branches wide
Drop melodies adown the tide—
The tuneful branches whereupon
Were hung the harps of Babylon!
To-day these willow boughs are hung
With instruments more deftly strung—
The fairy viol, lyre, and lute,
The elfin horn, and fife, and flute,
And sweeter still the pipes of Pan,
Soft-pressed by lips Æolian—
An orchestra that seems to be
In league with gay Terpsichore
To which the leaves all afternoon
Are dancing reel and rigadon.
Beside the willow-bowered stream
How soon come dusk and dew and dream!
Through interwoven shine and shade
I hear a night-bird's serenade;
A note falls on a ripple's breast
So gently soothing it to rest;
And lo, the Lady Moon in white
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And with a kiss awakes a star—
How still the stream and willows are!

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MADAME BLAVATSKY AND HER DUPES*

BY FRANK PODMORE

Madame Blavatsky herself remains, notwithstanding recent revelations, very much of an enigma. She began life, it is true, as an adventuress; and must have obtained at least bread and cheese by her theosophical ventures. But talents such as hers would almost unquestionably have commanded a higher market value in some less precarious profession. It is impossible to doubt that for her, at any rate, there was an intellectual satisfaction to be derived from fooling the world, or that not inconsiderable part of the world which came under her influence. She was an artist in chicanery; a trickster not for gain only, but for glory.

In 1875, Madame Blavatsky, in concert with Colonel Olcott, an American gentleman of honorable repute, and with a record of good service done during the War of Secession, founded in New York the Theosophical Society. Of Madame Blavatsky herself little was at that time known; her life-history up to this point was for some time involved in an obscurity not wholly fortuitous. For information regarding her past we had to rely mainly on her own account of herself; and research tended to show that this guarantee was insufficient. But these few facts that follow appear to rest on a basis of somewhat superior certainty—that she was a Russian lady of good family; that she left Russia when young, and spent a nomad existence in Europe and elsewhere; and that for two or three years previous to 1875 she passed in Egypt and in the United States as a spirit medium. In or about that year, however, she appears to have discovered in herself powers quite superior to those of the ordinary medium, and to have claimed intercourse with beings of a more exalted order than "John King" and other familiar spirits, from whom it is said that she had hitherto derived her inspiration. The Theosophical Society was founded for the reception and study of these new revelations, and for the practice of the rites enjoined as a necessary prelude to the initiation into theosophic mysteries. Strange rumors reached Europe in those years of the sudden appearance of mysterious Asiatics in that first-floor room in New York. There were those who claimed to have spoken with these phantom visitants; the president-founder himself held an interview with one of the "Brothers," who had come in ghostly form from far Thibet, and left behind him, for the confusion of the scoffer, the materialized turban which he wore. Strange tales, too, were told of the Russian princess who, with rare self-abnegation, had refused to take the highest place in the sect which she had founded, whispers that, though seemingly in the prime of life, she had already numbered more than four-score years and ten, and that she had discovered, or was near to discovering, the secret of eternal youth. And when she published her great work, *Isis Unveiled*, in which she claimed to rebuild the flimsy fabric of Western science, and to lay the

broad foundations of a new philosophy and a new religion, there were not wanting disciples to acknowledge her claim. It is true that competent persons who had read the book reported that it contained only a chaotic apocalypse of ignorance; that the new science was so far without facts, that the new philosophy was innocent of metaphysic, and that the religion owned no God. But the deficiencies which the ingenuity of her disciples could not supply their credulity was willing to ignore. And the authoress, with proud humility, disclaimed all honor for herself. She was but the mouthpiece of a wisdom higher than her own; the chosen medium of saints who dwelt in the far Himalayas, remote from the errors and strife of the world. And when, a few years later, it was found that the busy life of New York vexed that serene atmosphere which was essential to the due absorption of theosophic truth, she found in India a ready welcome and a more congenial environment for herself and the society. There the society made rapid progress, and soon numbered its adherents by thousands. The great bulk of its members were, no doubt, natives. But gradually a few Europeans of education and repute were attracted by the new doctrines; among others, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, at that time editor of the *Pioneer*. It is to him that we owe the most orderly and complete exposition of these doctrines. . . . Like Madame Blavatsky, he disclaimed for himself all credit, except what might be his due for skillful exposition and compilation. He testified only to that which he had received from the "Brothers." The "Brothers," he explained to us, are men of exalted spirituality, and more than mortal wisdom, who reside in the mountain fastnesses, as yet undefiled by the magnetism of European travelers, of the Thibetan Himalayas, and there hand down to the new generation the traditional knowledge, enriched by additions of their own, which they have received from those who preceded them. By the practice of a life of austere simplicity, and by the diligent cultivation of their spiritual faculties, they have attained a mastery over the elemental world, an insight into the processes of nature and the secrets of the cosmic order, which the devotees of occidental science, who proceed by logic and experiment, and who trust to the gropings of a purblind intellect, may never hope to rival. Our European thinkers are like blind men who are painfully learning to read with their fingers from a child's primer, while these have eyes to see the universe, past, present and to come. To Mr. Sinnett it had been given to learn the alphabet of that transcendent language. . . .

The Brothers had chosen their instrument well. Contagious enthusiasm, poetic fervor, a lofty metaphysic—Mr. Sinnett had none of these; but he was gifted with a considerable faculty for looking at things from a common-sense standpoint. He could make the most extravagant mysticism seem matter-of-fact. He could write of Manvantaras and Nirvana, and the septenary constitution of man, in language which would have been appropriate in a treatise on kitchen middens, or the functions of the

* A selected reading from *Studies in Psychical Research*, by Frank Podmore. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, publishers. Cloth, \$2.00.

pineal gland. In his lucid prose the vast conceptions of primitive Buddhism were fused with the commonplaces of modern science; and while the cosmology which resulted from their union dazzled by its splendid visions, the precise terminology of the writer, and the very poverty of his imagination, served to reassure his readers that they were listening to the words of truth and soberness. We were taught to look back upon this earth and all its mighty sisterhood of planets and suns rolling onward in infinite space, through cycle after cycle in the past. . . . We saw how the worlds throbbed in vast alternation of systole and diastole, and how the tide of human life itself had its ebb and flow. And this fugitive human personality—the man who works, and loves, and suffers—we saw to endure but for a short life on earth, and for an age, shorter or longer, in Devachan. Memory is then purged away, the eternal spirit puts on a new dress, and a new life on earth is begun. And so through each succeeding reincarnation. . . .

But lest the eye should be dimmed and the heart grow faint with fear, as the vast panorama of the ages revolves before us, Mr. Sinnett was careful to explain that the actual number of lives which an individual may expect in this particular "Manvantara" will be not less than six hundred and eighty-six, nor more than eight hundred, each with its corresponding allotment of "Devachan"; and that, as we have now only reached the middle of the fourth round (out of seven), we have approximately three hundred and fifty lives still to the good, and can spare time to attend to our immediate business, and so avert catastrophe in the critical period of the fifth round; the future which awaits us in the coming "Pralaya," and the next ensuing "Manvantara," we may safely leave to the "Dhyani Chohan."

But to the Brothers—or, in their language, "Mahatmas"—is given not only this transcendent vision of the universal flux of things, but also the mastery over "Akaz," the mysterious world-ether, full of unknown and dimly conjectured potencies. Mr. Sinnett gives us a few instances of the marvels effected by "akasic" force. The letters on which his book is based reached him by various channels; sometimes they would drop on his desk from the air; sometimes they would be discovered in private drawers, or enclosed in the covers of official telegrams. At other times the master, Koot Hoomi, preferred to write his instructions on the blank spaces of a letter as it came through the post, leaving the seal intact. Notes were found in cushions and on trees; a cup and saucer were dug up when required at a picnic from a wayside bank; a brooch, long lost, was reconstructed from its elements to order. But of all the marvels reported, those which most attracted the Western mind, while they possessed in themselves most verisimilitude, were the apparitions of Mahatmas in distant places. Not the adepts only, but some of the more advanced pupils also, claimed this power of projecting their "astral bodies" to the place where they would be. But these phantasmal visits appeared to stand on a different footing from the other marvels alleged. The transportation and duplication of objects, and the miraculous conveyance of Mahatma letters, bore a "prima facie" resemblance to conjuring tricks, and

they were apt to occur with disproportionate frequency in the neighborhood of Mme. Blavatsky. . . .

It appeared to the council of the Society for Psychical Research that the theosophical phenomena presented a "prima facie" case for investigation, and a committee, of whom the present writer was one, was appointed for that purpose in May, 1884. . . . It seemed to us desirable that a fuller investigation should be made on the spot, and Mr. R. Hodgson, of St. John's College, Cambridge, accordingly proceeded to India in November, 1884. Previously to his departure there had appeared in the Madras Christian College Magazine, some letters, of a directly incriminating character, alleged to have been written by Madame Blavatsky to two confederates, Monsieur and Madame Coulomb, who had been respectively librarian and assistant corresponding secretary at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, Madras, having been introduced into the society by Madame Blavatsky herself. Written in an extraordinary medley of French, English, and occasional Italian, they contained instructions, readily intelligible through the disguise of nicknames, allusions, and colloquial brevities, for the carrying out of an elaborate series of impostures. . . .

The letters bore also upon what are known as the Shrine phenomena. The Shrine was a small wooden cupboard, placed against the wall of the "occult" room at headquarters, and it formed the ordinary means of communication with the Brothers, notes being placed in it for transmission to Thibet, and the answers being received in some cases almost instantaneously. It will be sufficient to quote here a description by an eye-witness of one of the most famous of the miracles of the Shrine: ". . . On arrival at the house I was told that the lady, Madame Coulomb, who had charge of the keys of the Shrine, was absent, so I awaited her return. She came home in about an hour, and we proceeded upstairs to open the Shrine and inspect the picture. Madame Coulomb advanced quickly to unlock the double doors of the hanging cupboard, and hurriedly threw them open. In so doing she had failed to observe that a china tray inside was on the edge of the Shrine and leaning against one of the doors, and when they were opened, down fell the china tray, smashed to pieces on the hard chunam floor. While Madame Coulomb was wringing her hands and lamenting this unfortunate accident to a valuable article of Madame Blavatsky's, and her husband was on his knees collecting the debris, I remarked it would be necessary to obtain some china cement and thus try to restore the fragments. Thereupon M. Coulomb was dispatched for the same. The broken pieces were carefully collected and placed, tied in a cloth, within the Shrine, and the doors locked. Mr. Damodar K. Mavalankar, the joint recording secretary of the society, was opposite the Shrine, seated on a chair, about ten feet away from it, when, after some conversation, an idea occurred to me, to which I immediately gave expression. I remarked that if the Brothers considered it of sufficient importance, they would easily restore the broken articles; if not, they would leave it to the culprits to do so, the best way they could. Five minutes had scarcely elapsed after this remark when Mr. Damodar, who during this time seemed

wrapped in a reverie, exclaimed: 'I think there is an answer.' The doors were opened, and, sure enough, a small note was found on the shelf of the Shrine—on opening which we read: 'To the small audience present: Madame Coulomb has occasion to assure herself that the devil is neither so black nor so wicked as he is generally represented; the mischief is so easily repaired.'

"On opening the cloth the china tray was found to be whole, and perfect; not a trace of the breakage to be found on it. I at once wrote across the note, stating that I was present when the tray was broken and immediately restored, dated and signed it, so that there should be no mistake in the matter. It may be here observed that Madame Coulomb believes that the many things of a wonderful nature that occur at the headquarters may be the work of the devil, hence the playful remark of the Mahatma who came to her rescue."

It may be added that Mr. Hodgson was permitted to examine the saucer in question; that he ascertained that Madame Coulomb had made purchases at a store in Madras on July 3, 1883, and that two articles of the kind had actually been sold on that day at the cost of 2 rupees 8 annas the pair—a quite inconsiderable outlay, it will be admitted, for a miracle of this magnitude.

The Shrine itself had been destroyed by the Theosophists two or three months before Mr. Hodgson arrived in India. By the interrogation, however, of a large number of persons, native and European, and by a careful inspection of its former site, he was enabled to give a tolerably clear description of the Shrine and its surroundings, which is illustrated by diagrams in his report. Briefly, the Shrine was fastened against the party wall between the "occult" room and Madame Blavatsky's bedroom; in the wall immediately behind it a window had formerly existed. The window had been built up level with the general surface of the wall on the "occult" side, but remained as a deep recess on the other side of the wall. This recess was at first used as a wardrobe by Madame Blavatsky. Afterwards, when this arrangement appeared objectionable, the recess was closed in by a wooden framework filled with bricks, leaving, however, a hollow space in the thickness of the wall, and a sideboard was placed in front of it. In the back of the Shrine was a sliding panel, hidden by a mirror; in the wall against which it rested was a corresponding hole, hidden by the Shrine; between this wall and the brick framework was a hollow space, one foot in depth and about eight feet high; in the brick framework there was an aperture large enough to admit a man's body; and the sideboard which concealed this aperture from view possessed also a sliding panel at the back. It remains only to add that the more advanced initiates so stringently enjoined on their fellow-disciples the utmost reverence for the Shrine, that the majority of the native members durst not approach within some feet, and that the Europeans respected its sanctity and avoided all sacrilegious handling of it.

Another phenomenon of frequent occurrence in the vicinity of Madame Blavatsky was the mysterious precipitation of letters in one of the well-known Mahatma handwritings, addressed to some

one present, and having generally some bearing on the subject of conversation at the moment. . . .

The ceiling of the room in which this took place was supported by a main beam and several transverse beams, the intervening spaces being filled by blocks of wood held together by mortar. The mortar had been scraped out of one of the interstices, so that the letter could be inserted. A piece of thread was passed loosely twice around the letter, and the end placed in the hands of an accomplice outside the room, who, on a given signal (a call to the dog), pulled the thread away, and so caused the fall of the letter. The subject of the conversation had, of course, been led up to. . . .

With the proof of the forgery of the Koot Hoomi documents, the last shred of evidence for the Theosophical position vanishes. It is not, of course, possible in the compass of this chapter to furnish a tithe of the accumulated proof of imposture. . . .

But an even more important document is furnished by Mr. Solovyoff's account of his intercourse with Madame Blavatsky in the years 1884-6, and of her final confession to him of the nature of the occult power which she exercised.

In the late summer or autumn of 1885, Mr. Solovyoff went to Wurzburg at Madame's invitation. He found her alone, save for one Hindu attendant, in ill-health, and depressed by the recent publication of Mr. Hodgson's report. A phenomenon, which she attempted with the unskillful co-operation of poor Babajee, resulted in a ludicrous fiasco. She was alone, and seems to have felt the need of sympathy and counsel. At last an accident precipitated the crisis. Solovyoff went by Madame's invitation to get a photograph from a drawer, and found there a packet of the Chinese envelopes already familiar to him, in which letters "astrally" conveyed from Thibet had been wont to appear. Then came the dramatic moment. Madame Blavatsky unbosomed herself completely. "What is one to do," she said, "when in order to rule men it is necessary to deceive them"; when they will not accept even the doctrine of Isis Unveiled without the sanction of miracles; when their very stupidity invites trickery, for "almost invariably the more simple, the more silly, and the more gross the phenomenon, the more likely it is to succeed?" Then followed much more about the imbecility of her dupes, and of the world in general, and something about the syndicate of scribes who wrote the celebrated Koot Hoomi letters. . . .

The strange interview terminated with an exhibition of the "astral bell," and an invitation to Solovyoff to co-operate in the manufacture of Koot Hoomi letters.

On the same day there followed a second interview, in which Madame Blavatsky tried by various means to obliterate the impression which she had made. First, she alleged that it was a black magician, and not she herself, who had spoken through her mouth; then, that the Master had designed to try the faith of his would-be disciple. Next, she used alternate threats and promises. Finally, she sent to Solovyoff an extraordinary document headed, *My Confession*. . . .

It was not until 1892, after her death, that he published his narrative to the world.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Christmas Stories.....*Agnes Repplier*.....*The Delineator*

The Christmas story has become perfunctory. It appears with monotonous assurance in the December number of every well-conducted magazine; it narrates the regulation incidents, and breathes the regulation sentiments, but after a fashion which suggests editorial exigencies rather than any particular emotion on the author's part. We have the same returned wanderer—husband, brother or father—whom we have known all our lives; the same poor but cheerful children, surprised with Christmas trees and Christmas dinners; the same rich and golden-haired children giving away costly dolls; the same unreasonable ghosts roaming perversely through ancient halls; the same estrangements, reconciliations, overflowing nurseries, plum pudding and mistletoe which for so many years have supplied abundant material for the narratives that everybody is prepared to read.

It was Dickens who gave to the Christmas tale the tremendous impetus which has kept it rolling through periodical literature ever since. Before he came to make a dull world merry, our grandmothers had, indeed, their Christmas annuals: *The Forget-Me-Not*, *The Ivy Wreath*, *The Keepsake*, and a dozen more—genteel volumes all of them, illustrated with steel engravings of "Lady Caroline D." and "The Beautiful Duchess of F.," and filled to the brim with maudlin sentiment, feeble verse, Greek Patriots, Swiss Mountaineers and Favorites of the Harem. They had no possible connection with the Christmas season, save that they were published, like so many of their successors to-day, to meet the Christmas sales. They were gift-books whose destiny had been satisfactorily fulfilled when they were presented to their unfortunate recipients, and placed with care upon the drawing-room table.

Happy the day when into this arid waste stepped Thackeray and Dickens; and the Christmas story leaped with one giant bound from nothingness to literature—permanent literature enriching the English-speaking world! Thackeray made no effort to fit his tales to the festive season which gave them birth. *The Kickleburgs on the Rhine*, *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*, *Our Street*, *Dr. Birch and His Young Friends*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, were all published as Christmas books, and their recognized aim was to increase the conscious gayety of life. How well this noble mission was accomplished never need be told.

It was Dickens, however, and not Thackeray, who gave us the real Christmas story, the jovial narrative full of roast goose, plum-pudding, steaming punch, and the virtuous poor. Good stories they were, written for the most part in splendid high spirits, and with that incomparable humor which never flagged nor faltered. Wholesome stories, too, after a plain earthy fashion, preaching their simple doctrine of gladness and kindness to the world. "Eat, drink, and be merry," they said; "but forget not to help your brother to eat, drink and be merry by your side." The Christmas Carol, most popular of all, was admirably contrived to fulfill its mission in life. Never before nor since has there been such a

grand apotheosis of good cheer. What fine descriptions of the Christmas shops—the grocers, the poulterers, the fruiterers, with their wealth of heaped-up stores! What art in the details of the Cratchits' Christmas dinner, an immortal dinner for which our appetites can never fail! What a master-stroke of genius in the choice of the name "Scrooge!" Above all, what knowledge of sentimental England, sure to be pleased and touched by the purely conventional figure of Tiny Tim! No one was better aware than Dickens that the great reading public loves with its whole heart a thoroughly unchildlike child over whom it can shed tears. He gave us several such, and they have been vastly admired and faithfully copied ever since.

When "Boz" was not writing Christmas stories on his own account, he was busy editing other people's Christmas stories in the holiday numbers of *All the Year Round*. Scattered among these tales from various hands are some of his own most charming sketches. There may be found *The Ghost in Master B's Room*, that delightful narrative which tells how two little boys—real little boys this time, with vivid imaginations and depredatory habits—establish a seraglio in the very heart of Miss Griffen's respectable boarding-school, and persuade eight little girls of tender age to be its innocent occupants. Other spectres less beguiling than Master B. roam through these half-forgotten pages, for it cannot be denied that Dickens was largely responsible for the Christmas ghost, that indefatigable spirit which has never been laid to rest. Every December he reappears with monotonous regularity in English periodicals, especially in the *Graphic* and the *Illustrated London News*. The machinery which winds him up is of the simplest and most antiquated order. There is the usual Christmas house-party in the noble old Tudor mansion; the usual haunted chamber, with its sombre drapery, hidden door and the portrait of some particularly vicious ancestor on the wall; the usual calm young Englishman or fair young English girl who sees the apparition at midnight; the usual lack of purpose on the part of the spectre, who has nothing to say for himself when he does appear, and who returns in this uncalled-for manner from the other world merely to show his resemblance to the portrait; the usual imbecility in the behavior of the occupants of the Tudor mansion who know the erratic habits of their family ghost and yet deliberately expose their friends to this very serious annoyance.

Now the alliance between Christmas and the Christmas ghost is purely one of habit. There is no reason why apparitions should be so intrusively active at this joyous time, and every reason why they should reserve their forces until we are in a more gloomy and spectre-loving frame of mind. The other "dramatis personæ" of the Christmas story, though worn threadbare by long handling, are not without some faint excuse for their persistent reappearance, some shadowy association with the season. The miser who suddenly becomes a philanthropist and gives away turkeys by the score; the cold-hearted man of the world whose little son is lost on

Christmas eve and found on Christmas morning; the washerwoman whose large and interesting family is regaled with roast beef and plum-pudding by wealthy neighbors; the Italian boy who fiddles in the snowy streets, faints, hunger-stricken, at some lordly doorway, is rescued by a fair-haired little girl and becomes a great musician; the rich uncle—long unknown—who recognizes an heirloom hanging in a pawnbroker's window, discovers with its help his widowed sister who has married a poor artist many years before, forgives her the misalliance and provides joyfully for her seven promising children—all these characters, whom we meet so frequently and know so well, may claim a reasonable connection with the Christmas tale. They are its natural and common ingredients, and it can always be manufactured out of them alone, if they are mixed according to some good, old-fashioned and approved recipe.

As a matter of fact, the generality of readers dislike nothing so much as innovation. They prefer the familiar ground over which they can walk with their eyes shut. They enjoy a story in which the appointed end stands clear like a goal before their eyes, and which does not puzzle nor annoy them with any unexpected deviations. When Mr. Ansley, whose irrepressible originality stands sorely in his way, wrote two little Christmas tales, *The Sugar Prince* and *A Toy Tragedy*—mere trifles, both of them, yet curiously unlike other trifles published in the holiday papers—no especial interest was manifested by the public. The touch of pathos—that carefully subdued pathos to which the author never wholly yields himself—the undertone of irony, the grace and felicity of the style counted for little with people accustomed to have their lights and shadows strongly defined; plenty of tears on one page, plenty of laughter on the next; above all, tears first and laughter afterwards, according to orthodox rules.

"I love these merry festive times,
And all the joys they bring,
The good old tales which now we tell,
The good old songs we sing;
The good old social meeting
Round the good old people's board,
The good old fare and rich old wine
The good old stores afford."

There is the true Christmas spirit which extends itself even to Christmas literature, and to please which writers assiduously repeat to us the "good old tales" with every succeeding year. Perhaps the most popular holiday book which has appeared since Dickens died is *The Birds' Christmas Carol*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin Riggs. So many editions have been exhausted, so many thousand copies have been sold, that other competitors in the field may well grow pale with envy when they speculate upon this unexampled success. . . . Now, the author of *The Birds' Christmas Carol* being well aware of the prejudice in favor of all that is familiar and inevitable, has adroitly avoided the use of new material, and has contented herself with clever handling of the old. She has given us the same angelic little girl we knew and loved in childhood; a little girl who, being much too good for earth and earthly ways, is afflicted with one of those vague, crippling, wasting diseases so common in old-fash-

ioned stories, before writers felt themselves bound by the narrow limits of a scientific diagnosis. This small heroine is appropriately placed in the centre of a gentle, loving family group to whom she talks in a pathetically cheerful way. Then, lest the atmosphere should be too oppressively gloomy and virtuous, it is dextrously lightened by the introduction of a broadly comic element, the Ruggleses, who come in and save the situation, just as Topsy always enters with a caper when little Eva's relentless perfections have strained our endurance to the utmost. The Ruggleses are poor, they are Irish, they are as merry as grigs; and to them the angelic little girl proposes to give a Christmas dinner, and a Christmas tree, laden with the usual story-book abundance of Christmas gifts. The dinner is a good one; less veracious, indeed, than the Cratchits' simpler meal—it is no shame to be eclipsed by Dickens in his own peculiar province—but, nevertheless, a hearty feast devoured with reckless zeal, and the part of Tiny Tim is played by Carol to the entire satisfaction of thousands and thousands of readers. Then, when all is over, and the laughter has faded away, the angelic child dies—literally to slow music, for the Christmas choirs are heard chanting their joyous strains as she wings her flight to heaven.

Now only a brutal realism could suggest that the long, loud, noisy dinner probably killed Carol, or that death—the grimmest of humorists—seldom waits for a poetically appropriate moment. It is the privilege of people in books and upon the stage to die when they like, and to have an unbroken command of language to the end. We say a great deal about fidelity to truth and Nature, but, as a matter of fact, truth and Nature are awkward, unmanageable things which the adroit writer leaves discreetly alone, and which the unadroit public—for all its favorite catchwords—is glad at heart to be spared. We praise the veritist; we love the impossible. We praise the novelty; we love the familiar. We praise the sombre; we love the sentimental. Therefore, a Christmas story, like a Christmas pie, is best made out of the good, old materials mixed in the good, old way.

Ugliness in Fiction.....*Ian Maclaren*.....*Literature*

Novel readers have escaped from the sex novel with a sense of relief and were beginning to hope that fiction was returning to the decencies of life when the slum novel appears and fills us with despair. . . . Nor are we really squeamish and prudish, some of us having had occasion to know almost as much of life as a woman novelist, but let us confess that we would prefer to keep (fairly) good company in our hours of rest. We are perfectly aware that people swear and do other things which are worse, but without being Pharisees we distinctly object to books which swear on every page and do the other things on the page between being our companions for the hour when the lamp is lit and the streets are quiet. It may be our narrowness, and we are prepared to hear that we are Philistines and destitute of the very beginning of culture if we are rather sick of a certain monotonous adjective and the other things. We condoned oaths in Thackeray because it was the custom of very agreeable people to swear then, but it is only the custom

of very disagreeable people now, and while some of us in various walks of life have to endure such people at times we do not hanker after their unnecessary and voluntary company.

This deplorable disability to appreciate a highly-flavored book does not blind one to its frequent force and partial veracity. It deals, let it be granted, with elemental facts of savage life at home and at first hand. The author has heard with his own ears and not another's, and has seen with his own eyes, and whatsoever he has heard and seen he has written, or if there be some things kept back they are only such as could not be legally put into print. One must also, as a rule, acknowledge with admiration the dramatic sense of the author who recognizes a situation at a glance, and his artistic skill, who presents it with a firm touch. It is the substance, not the workmanship, which offends and repels. Very likely the subject is a chapter in the life either of a coster girl or a street arab, which is sometimes disgusting, sometimes immoral, and always unpleasant. . . . One breathes throughout an atmosphere of filth, squalor, profanity and indecency, and is seized with moral nausea. There are such things as drains, and sometimes they may have to be opened, but one would not for choice have one opened in his library.

When one asks why this kind of book should be written, and, let us suppose, by an author of power, it will doubtless be replied, because it is true and it is desirable that people should know the truth. If costers or any other people are living after a bestial fashion, then this ought to be known to all whom it may concern. Which means that such books are really semi-philanthropic and are novels with a purpose, falling into the class of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Never Too Late to Mend*. This leaves the question of their art untouched, but it vindicates their intention, and so at the worst the slum novel is only a mistake. It is, however, a very distinct mistake. For one thing the people who are to be addressed would be far more likely to be impressed were the life of this under-world stated in terms of fact and not tricked out as fiction. Besides, it is impossible that this can be the whole life of the East End—this Inferno of vice and violence. Is there no purity, no loyalty, no kindness among these people? It is incredible that they should all be ruffians and loose women; and, therefore, it is certain that one side of life is ignored; and, if this be so, the description is disproportionate and unreliable. The writer has seen only such things as he proposed to see; they could not, of course, be the things he wished to see; and, instead of being realistic, his book is an inverted idealism in which—manipulating facts according to his mind—the author presents what is morally ugly as another idealist would present what is morally beautiful. Possibly the author may repudiate any purpose and may content himself with pleading the compulsion of his art. This life exists, as a matter of fact, and it has appealed to his literary sense; it is a subject and he has represented what he has seen. As a painter takes a black, sullen pool, so a novelist has chosen this sink of human life—this is his "*métier*," and nothing remains to be said. It is his form of art and has to be judged by the rules of art. If so, a question at once occurs to the

simple reader, and he would be greatly obliged by an answer. Is the representation of moral ugliness really artistic? As one understands it the chief end of, say, sculpture is to create in marble that idea of physical beauty which lies in the background of the mind; and while suffering may be included in the beautiful, as for instance in the *Dying Gladiator*, or much of Michaelangelo's work, no sculptor of the first order has set himself to embody in marble hideous deformity. Painters have not shrunk from crucifixions, but they have not chosen leprosy, although the silver sheen had lent itself well to treatment, nor a surgical operation, although the blood—well, one need not press that point. Why is a humpback or a leper inadmissible? Because they are the violation of the law of things; they are imperfection and disease. Why should the artist in life forsake the quest of the perfect and the beautiful, wrought out often through poverty and agony, and spend his skill on what is loathsome and disgusting? Is he not also bound to the service of the ideal, and is it not his function to fling out before us that model of high character and living which we all have imagined, after which we all strive, but which we cannot express; or is it that the canon of beauty which guides the sculptor and the painter has no authority over the novelist, and he alone of artists has the liberty of deformity?

A Plea for the Translator.....Mary J. Serrano.....The Critic

If work is to be judged at all by the qualities that go to its execution, the work of the translator—the professional translator, it is understood—would seem to be not altogether unworthy of respect, even as compared with that of the original writer. His technical equipment, in the first place, must be far more extensive than that of the latter, his general information greater and more varied, if he would attain to anything like perfection in his work. He must have a knowledge of all arts and sciences, of all trades, professions and pursuits, of all peoples and of every period of their history, of all sorts and conditions of men, of every phase of human development, political, social and religious. He can count upon small assistance from the dictionary, especially in regard to scientific terms, foreign dictionaries making little effort to keep pace with science. In addition to all this, he must have an intimate acquaintance with foreign literatures; for his author will be by no means infallible, and it is quite possible that he may make a mistake as to the source or the exact words of a quotation which woe betide the translator if he allow to stand uncorrected.

He must have all the versatility of an actor, to assume the personality of each author, in turn, and with it his style, for "the style is the man." His command of language must be greater than that of the original writer, who, if he cannot find fitting expression for his thought, can fit his thought to the mold of expression. All which requirements presuppose in the translator creative powers "*in posse*" if not "*in esse*." And his mental requirements are nothing compared to his moral requirements. He must, to begin with, be absolutely unselfish, content to live a reflected intellectual life, thinking always the thoughts of others, reflecting, like a mirror, the beauties of others, for which he receives no credit,

and their defects, which are attributed to the distorting medium of his translation; held responsible for opinions which may be diametrically opposed to his own, for faults of taste which shock his æsthetic sense, and for views on morals and on life which he holds in detestation. He must be conscientious beyond all proof, capable of resisting the temptation to alter or to modify in the slightest degree his author's meaning, though to render it faithfully may be bitterer to him than wormwood; though he may be required, in doing so, to vilify his country or his creed, religious, social, or political.

Apart from the pecuniary compensation he receives—and this to the conscientious workman can never be a complete equivalent for his labor—what is, generally speaking, the translator's reward? To be regarded with hostility by his author, toward whose works he stands in the position of a step-mother; with indifference by the general public, for which, as a personality, he has no existence; and with contempt, as we have seen, by the reviewer; to linger, an unreverenced shade, on the confines of the world of letters, or to be sent from it, a scape-goat, into the wilderness of oblivion, bearing on his devoted head the literary sins of the authors whose works he has translated.

A New Ideal in American Fiction.....Margaret Steele Anderson.....The Dial

No student of American life and literature, however slight his claim to the title, can have failed to observe that in the past few years a marked if not vital change has come over American fiction. As the century draws to a close, it becomes evident that the fiction of its last decade is to be chronicled as presenting almost a contrast to that of the decade preceding it—and this even more in the radical matters of spirit and choice of subject than in the matter of art.

In the eighties, the American ideal of fiction was summed up in the magical and much-abused word "realism"—by which was meant, sometimes the analysis of character, sometimes the delicate and subtle setting forth of episode, and sometimes the portrayal of life as it appears on the surface, with only floating hints as to its great undercurrents of motive and passion. It was generally thought that "in some way or other the stories had all been told"; and it was thought, too, that the history of a soul, to be artistically rendered, should be written as by one who stood without and guessed, rather than as by one who stood within and knew. Life, it was argued, has such and such an appearance—therefore, paint it so, and leave the picture to be interpreted as it may be; in like manner, the greater passions and emotions are generally hidden under a mask of conventionality, and the artist should show the mask, letting the secret things be guessed at.

That this ideal has been followed by some of our rarest talent, and that the work it necessitated was often of great artistic beauty, is not to be denied; and we remember, also, that its followers have at times overstepped their own prescribed bounds, to deal with the openly sublime, magnificent or beautiful. But it was too limited an ideal to compel any long period of service, save from a scattered few; it was not realism in the larger sense, but only a phase

of it; and as a popular ideal of fiction (one says "popular" with an inward surety of contradiction) it has given way to another, limited itself, but of greater stature and richer life-blood.

But while the fiction of the former ideal gave us life highly individualized, and falls therefore into the realm of realistic art, the fiction of the present day does not belong entirely to the realm of ideal art; it strives, indeed, to give "life essential," but it would also present the individual life. It differs from the other inasmuch as its tendency is toward the typical rather than the single; inasmuch as it is apt to show the growth of a soul rather than to analyze a given character; inasmuch as it chooses, not the commonplace, in which realism found its best material, but the high, the heroic, the confessedly great or tragic or pathetic elements of human life. We are reading—as in Hugh Wynne—stories of the Revolution, where, not so many years ago, we read analyses of modern society; we are reading—as in the work of Mr. Gilbert Parker and Mrs. Catherwood—of men who, in peril and daring and conquest, renew for us the youth of our race; we are reading—as in *The Choir Invisible*—of great spirits, fighting their way upward to peace through the hardships and mistakes of earth.

We speak of this fiction as belonging to the present decade; but immediately comes the correction that the new note was at least set vibrating in the latter part of the eighties, by such pieces of fiction as *Marse Chan*, *The White Cowl*, and *The Romance of Dollard*—stories that seized upon naked pathos, passion, and splendor, and presented them with no affectation of indifference. But these and a few like them were only the heralds of the changed order. At this time American fiction is almost entirely occupied with the heroic affairs of life—with bold self-sacrifices, with magnificent fidelities, with the signal passions of love and hate and war, with man's sin and penitence and expiation. Even our short stories deal with these high matters; and the writer who has won the most immediate popularity of his day, and has set a style for the emulation of others, is a young man who dared to take a youth of New York fashiondom, put a forsaken child in his arms, and send him out at midnight to deliver a speech of quiet but intense appeal to the child's unloving father. The public—critical and uncritical, sensitive and dull—was ready at that very time for such expressions of feeling; so ready that it would accept even sentimentalities from one who had proved his power over genuine emotion.

That this fiction should be considered "romantic" is not at all strange; and if by "romanticism" is meant the revival of wonder at the mystery and the greatness of life, the adjective is well applied. There has been such a revival, the second in our century, and it has struck out two broad avenues of expression—the one, fiction; the other, the historical essay. Our interest in our own history, in the splendid makings of our nation, in those stirring scenes of which our near fathers were the protagonists, is as much a part of this romanticism as our most romantic fiction—which, indeed, is fathered by historical research. And the argument from all this is greatly in our favor. Despite the mock-heroics and sentimentalities which are foisted on us in its

name, despite the invitation which it extends to a lower order of talent, to a weak or flamboyant art, it is a movement which "means intensely and means good." When it takes the form of history, it signifies a deepening of our national consciousness and a desire to be worthy of the courage from which we sprang; when it takes the form of fiction, it is a sign that we are thinking of the majestic proportions of humanity, of the nobler possibilities of our nature. It is well for us, both as public and as individuals, to have a day of such great things; their effect upon us is, in some measure, the effect of the sublime epics of the world—of the beautiful sculpture and painting and architecture and music, under the spell of which our pettiness falls away from us like a garment, and we are raptured by the glory of life. This new fiction has faults and shortcomings, but at its best it can stir the blood, it can rouse the larger emotions, it can cheer the soul. For it is based on this truth: that, though our more ordinary affairs may furnish a great part of the gamut of tragedy and comedy, the things which appeal to all men as great or brave or lovely or pathetic are also, and as deeply, the verities of our existence.

Marion Crawford's Italian Novels.....Ouida.....Nineteenth Century

I believe that the novels of Mr. Crawford, of which the scene and the characters are Italian, are not among those of his works which are the most generally popular. This fact, if it be a fact, must be due to the general inability of his English and American public to appreciate their accuracy of observation and delineation. Nearly all of them have qualities which cannot be gauged by those to whom the nationality of his personages in these works is unknown. . . . I do not think his portraiture of the Italian aristocracy always redolent of the soil, but that of the lower and middle classes is faithful to a wonderful degree. . . . I think in his studies of the Italian aristocracy he has given them less charm and more backbone than they possess. He has drawn their passions more visible and furious than they are, and their wills less mutable and less feeble than they are in general. He seems to have mistaken their obstinacy for strength, while if he have perceived it he has not rendered that captivating courtesy and graceful animation which are so lovable in them, and which render so many of their men and women so irresistibly seductive. . . .

But in his Italian "genre" pictures, and in portraiture of the people whom we meet every day in society, Mr. Crawford has a delightful pencil; little side studies also of more humble persons, which many writers would neglect, are charming in his treatment; take, for instance, the old priest of Aquila in Saracinesca; with how few touches he is made to live for us. We only see him once, but he will always remain in our memory; in his whitewashed room with its sweet smell from the pot of pinks, and his touching regret that he has never seen Rome, and at his age cannot hope to do so. . . . All these charming little details, like the pot of pinks, can only be thoroughly appreciated by those who know intimately Italian character and habits; but they abound, and show so much of fine observation and delicate discernment in the author that one can-

not forgive him for ever beating the big drum of florid sensation.

Let me not be understood to mean that crime, or the impulse of crime, is not a perfectly legitimate subject for the novelist; both can be made so, but they are only so when treated as Mr. Crawford himself treats them in *Marzio's Crucifix*. When treated as he treats them in *To Leeward* and *Grieffenstein* and *Casa Braccio* they are merely coarse and inartistic. He has a leaning towards melodrama which is chiefly to be regretted because it mars and strains the style most natural to him, and does not accord with his way of looking at life, which is not either poetic or passionate, but slightly sad, and slightly humorous, modern and instinctively superficial, superficial in that sense in which modern society itself is so. In *Marzio's Crucifix* he is perfectly natural, and one cannot but wish that he had never left that manner of treatment. Every motive therein is natural, every character consistent with itself. This naturalness in his characters is Mr. Crawford's greatest attraction, and when he departs from it, as he does in such detestable melodramas as the *Witch of Prague* and *Grieffenstein*, he is no longer himself. It is hard to understand that the same author can create the most delicate of aquarelles and the most glaring of posters, or why one who can draw so well and finely in silver-point can descend to daub with brooms in such gross distemper. If this be the price of versatility, it were best not to be versatile.

Degenerate Days in Literature.....Maxwell Gray.....The New Review

A glance at current fiction proves the Ten Commandments to be quite obsolete. Good folk are out of vogue; the worse the characters the better, in fiction, drama, and even poetry. Do not Mr. Hardy's people daily degenerate, while our newest Miltons revel in jail and gutter studies? Virtue went out when Bret Harte came in, and, with half a dozen strokes of his wizard pen, made us the slaves of vice and blackguardism, and the adorers of brutality dashed with sparks of benevolence. Faintness of heart steals over the average living sinner on closing the brilliant pages of Mr. Kipling; despondency weighs upon him. "We cannot all be ruffians," he sighs; "such heights of proianity and vice are attainable only by the few." A serious lapse from villainy is a frequent motive in this writer's dramas; but it must be said for his characters that they are rarely, if ever, guilty of respectability. As for the pen but now laid down in Samoa, what rascals it limned! What double-barrelled villainy in the brothers of Ballantrae! Beginning with a single scoundrel, the story gradually brings the good brother to an almost greater badness than that of the wicked one. The virtue of Dr. Jekyll is faint and feeble, but Edward Hyde is a fiend. In *The Ebb-tide* there is not one decent character. Women are usually omitted, from the writer's evident conviction of the irredeemable goodness of the sex. We cannot hope for a continuation of villain-worship, since fashion is as capricious in fiction as in clothes and manner; politeness and virtue will doubtless come in again (without crinoline, let us hope), and respectability lie upon us with a weight, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life."

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: JOHN VANCE CHENEY

BY F. M. HOPKINS

Mr. John Vance Cheney's new volume, *Out of the Silence* (Copeland & Day, Boston, \$1.50), is deservedly receiving a great deal of attention. The collection is about evenly divided between poems that appear here for the first time and revised selections from *Thistle-Drift* and *Wood Bloom*—Mr. Cheney's two previous books of poetry now out of print.

Mr. Cheney's poetry is not easily characterized. Although there are lines and stanzas that remind one of Blake, of Heine, of Emerson, and of Tennyson, he is, nevertheless distinctly original, both in his thought and his manner of expressing it. As Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard says he could not be an imitator if he would, and the disposition is nowhere apparent. The thought—often ethical and philosophical, always poetical—is the first consideration, although some of the lyrics—*Snowflakes*, for instance—are peculiarly and hauntingly melodious. Of the longer poems, *Fallen* (In Memoriam, May 30), a musical and reverential poem, is perhaps the most successful, but even here it is apparent that the poet's strength lies in his short lyrics which appear, however the case may be, to be the result of impulse—a characteristic which gives them a spontaneity, that is one of their greatest charms.

Of the selections reprinted here, with both the poet's and publisher's permission, *Whither*, *Yesterday*, *In Primeval Woods*, *Calm*, *The Body and the Soul*, illustrate admirably the poetical setting Mr. Cheney gives to ethical thoughts; *Honey Bees*, *Evening Song*, and *My Choice*, his love of nature—and this, by the way, is not just the sunny happiness of trees and flowers and brooks which Tennyson loved, but rather the philosopher's love of the truths which they so beautifully illustrate. *My Children* and *Snowflakes* are beautiful poems with a haunting melody. *Collie Kelso*, an epitaph, and *The Kitchen Clock*, are good specimens of his lighter verse, and the latter is unique in its way.

WHITHER ?

Whither leads this pathway, little one?—
It runs just on and on, is never done.

Whither leads this pathway, mistress fair?—
That path to town, sir; to the village square.

Whither leads this pathway, father old?—
To the white quiet of the churchyard fold.

YESTERDAY.

Lorn yesterday
Came back to stay,
"Let me a shadow be,
A shade, if nothing more,
To follow faithfully
The days that go before."

I could but say,
"Sweet, have your way";
And so the gone day clings.
Since pleasures are too few,
Why lose the old sweet things,
Though sweeter prove the new?

IN PRIMEVAL WOODS.

Primeval woods, they are how still!
Silence here makes all his own;
Veiled shapes, with finger on the lip,
Stand round about his darkened throne.

The patient pleading of the trees,
Deep it shames the soul's despair;
In supplication, moveless, mute,
They keep their attitude of prayer.

CALM.

Hast thou been down into the deep of thought
Until the things of time and sense are naught;
Hast sunk—sunk—in that tideless under-deep
Fathoms below the little reach of sleep?
Hast visited below, where he must go
That would the secrecies of being know?
Hast been a guest where, lost to smiles and tears,
The quiet eye looks on beyond the years?

Hast thou been down into the deep thought
Beloved of prophets, where their work is wrought?
Then doubt is whelmed in hope, and care in calm,
The tumult melts in music of a psalm.

THE BODY AND THE SOUL.

I.

Pure spirit, pure and strangely beautiful,
What body fledst thou? Where in all this dull,
Unlovely world was there such loveliness
That thou couldst wear it for thy fleshly dress?

*Before this hour thou must have looked on me;
As men look on old friends I look on thee.*

It cannot be. Far-wandering music blown
From heaven thy voice is. In what garden grown
Wert thou, too lovely blossom, in what vale?
Who wert thou ere the flushing cheek fell pale?

*The quick winds change, and change the fields and sky;
Look well, thou mayest know me by and by.*

II.

What hate dispatched thee out of Hell
To mock me? Shapeless, smoky mass,
Thou hideous mist, I curse thee: pass!

*Time was when I was welcome to thy breast;
I knew it as the wild bird knows her nest.*

Thou liest! never on that fell
The sight that took not instant blight.
Pass! Pass! Blot on God's light!

*Ay, through the portal whence this hour I stole;
Open thy breast to me, take back thy soul.*

HONEY BEES.

Free as the silvery thistle-wheels, which roll
All noiselessly on axles of the air,
So, tiny wantons, to and fro you fare,
But dropping, stopping oft to drain a bowl
At cozy inns of hollow or of knoll.
Brown bacchants, maskers bold and debonair,
Alack, what deftness, flowrets, sweet and fair
With love's delicious giddiness deceiving,
And victors ever! It is past believing
What can be done if lovers only dare.

EVENING SONG.

A shining here, and shadow there,
 With little winds at play between;
 The fairy folk are gathering where
 The sunbeams vanish in the green;
 Lisp of wind and odor of roses,
 And the gate of the daylight closes.

On gleamy step, on dreamy stair,
 The airy artisans begin;
 And thick and quick the sparkling where
 The golden nails are going in,
 Loving winds and slumber of roses,
 And the gate of the sunlight closes.

MY CHOICE.

I would rather be
 'Neath a greenwood tree,
 With a song and a handful of daisies,
 Than the darling of victory
 'Mid the bray of the rabble's praises.

I would rather ride
 On the wings inside,
 Where the hoofs and the horns come not after,
 Than fold loud Fame as a bride,
 Rouged Fame, with her leer and her laughter,

MY CHILDREN.

Dear buds of flesh and blood,
 So dear, so dear to me,
 I dread the thoughts that dwell
 Upon the years to be.

More kind the early blight
 Than are the ripening suns;
 To blossom is to fall,
 My sweet unfolding ones.

"Only the children's hearts
 Go down, unhurt, to rest!"
 I hear the voice and hold
 You closer to my breast.

SNOWFLAKES.

Falling all the night-time,
 Falling all the day,
 Silent into silence,
 From the far-away;

Stilly host unnumbered,
 All the night and day
 Falling, falling, falling,
 From the far-away,—

Never came like glory
 To the fields and trees,
 Never summer blossoms
 Thick and white as these.

To the dear old places
 Winging night and day,
 Follow, follow, follow,
 Fold them soft away;

Folding, folding, folding,
 Fold the world away,
 Souls of flowers drifting
 Down the winter day.

COLLIE KELSO (Epitaph).

The rhythmic beating of his tail,
 As though two hearts took turn about,
 One thump inside, and then one out,—
 Like all things earthly, it must fail.

Pacific gesture, made to span
 The gap 'twixt animal and man,
 Death stopt it. One last waggle; so
 Went Kelso where the good dogs go.

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

Knitting is the maid of the kitchen, Milly,
 Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy:
 "Seconds reckoned,
 Seconds reckoned,
 Every minute,
 Sixty in it;
 Milly, Billy,
 Billy, Milly,
 Tick-tock, tock-tick,
 Nick-knock, knock-nick,
 Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
 Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
 Every whit as close and cozy, Billy:
 "Time is flying,
 Worth your trying;
 Pretty Milly,
 Kiss her, Billy!
 Milly, Billy,
 Billy, Milly,
 Tick-tock, tock-tick,
 Now—now, quick—quick!
 Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
 Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened, very red is Milly,
 Billy boy is looking very silly:
 "Pretty misses
 Plenty kisses;
 Make it twenty,
 Take a plenty;
 Billy, Milly,
 Milly, Billy,
 Right-left, left-right,
 That's right, all right,
 Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
 Goes the kitchen clock.

Weeks gone, still they are sitting, Milly, Billy,
 Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
 "Winter weather,
 Close together;
 Wouldn't tarry,
 Better marry;
 Milly, Billy,
 Billy, Milly,
 Two, one—one, two,
 Don't wait, 'twon't do,
 Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
 Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
 Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
 "Give me credit,
 For I did it;
 Treat me kindly,
 Mind you wind me;
 Mister Billy,
 Mistress Milly,
 My—O, O—my,
 By-by, by-by,
 Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"—
 Goes the kitchen clock.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Alphonse Daudet

Of Alphonse Daudet, the well-known French novelist, who died in Paris, December 16, Adrian Schade van Westrum, writing to *The Critic*, has this to say:

Alphonse Daudet was born at Nîmes, in May, 1840, of Jewish or Moorish ancestry. His parents were very poor, as he has told us in *Trente Ans de Paris*. There was a legend of past splendor, but that was long ago. The child grew up, happy notwithstanding his privations, an omnivorous reader of all that appealed to his imagination. He was sent by friends to the Lycée at Lyons, and started on his career as assistant teacher in a school for workingmen's children at Alais. The record of those dark days may be found in his first novel, *Le Petit Chose*, which first called forth the persistent comparison of his work with that of Charles Dickens—a comparison of which he was proud, though he denied, undoubtedly with truth, the implied charge of plagiarism. A certain trick of caricature in his earlier books certainly smacks of Dickens' humor; but the great resemblance between them is found in their deep affection for the poor and unfortunate, their pity for suffering childhood, which found its birth in the darkness of the early days of both. Another echo of the Frenchman's bitter youth is heard in *Jack*, which is too sombre to be a work of art; and the miseries of the young at the Gymnase Moronval reëcho again in the *Œuvre de Bethléhem*, founded with the Nabob's money for the greater glory of Dr. Jenkins.

In 1857 Daudet followed his elder brother Ernest, his heartiest admirer in later years, to Paris, and entered the ranks of literature as a contributor to *Le Spectateur*, a paper that was suppressed on the day after Orsini's attempted assassination of the Emperor, and just before his first paper could be published. At eighteen he brought out a volume of poems—*Les Amoureuses*—which attracted the attention of the Duc de Morny, the *Mora* of *Le Nabab*. Then followed *Tartarin de Tarascon* (1872), which was not at first recognized as the masterpiece it is; to be succeeded, in turn, by *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné* (1874), which was crowned by the Academy. From this novel Daudet dated his success; it gave him his first taste of popularity, of the sympathy of the reader with the author's characters, which shows that the true chord has been struck.

Meanwhile Daudet had been a constant contributor to the daily press, notably *Le Figaro*, which published the series of papers on the miseries of the country school teacher, which he wrote under the title of *Les Gueux de Province*. He produced, also, during this period, the delicious *Lettres de Mon Moulin*, *Lettres à un Absent*, and *Contes du Lundi*. *Jack* was published in 1876. Daudet married in 1867, and Mme. Daudet, herself an author, remained to the end his collaborator and critic. His debt to her, too, he has generously and gratefully acknowledged in the charming history of his books.

It is difficult, in the case of so prolific and uniformly excellent a writer, to single out certain of his works as best representing his talent. It can be

done, of course, but the list must needs be a long one. Those that may be selected without fear of injustice or incompleteness are *Le Nabab* and *Les Rois en Exil*; the *Tartarin* series and *Numa Roumestan*; and *Sapho*, the dedication whereof, "Pour mes fils, quand ils auront vingt ans," is unhappily of perennial application in Europe; and happily to but a very small degree among us. . . .

Like all modern French authors, Daudet was not content to limit himself to one field. He made his début as a poet, and his verses, though perhaps not of the very first rank, bear the stamp of his great talent. Curiously enough, his longing for fame as a dramatist was never fulfilled. He wrote many plays, mostly in collaboration, but all of them were unsuccessful; nor did the adaptations of his novels for the stage fare better. The dramatization of *Les Rois en Exil* met with a reception not unlike that accorded to *Thermidor*; the Royalists of the Parisian clubs went nightly to hiss the play, especially a reference it contained to a member of the House of France running after an omnibus. *Numa Roumestan*, produced at the Gymnase, fared but little better; and only a "succès d'estime" can be claimed for the others, among which are *La Dernière Idole*, *L'Œillet Blanc*, produced at the Théâtre Français in 1865; *Le Frère Aîné*, *Le Sacrifice*, *Lise Tavernier*, *L'Arlésienne*, *La Lutte pour la Vie*, *L'Obstacle*, and *La Menteuse*. Réjane created the title rôle of *Sapho*, the most successful of his plays; and but a few weeks before his death, Massenet's opera, based on that novel, won a brilliant success in Paris.*

His method of work, or, rather, his lack of method, probably shortened his life. Long periods of idleness would be succeeded by days of eighteen hours' unremittent work. He spent endless care upon his products, revising and revising them again, always aided by his wife; and he would sometimes spend days and weeks searching for a "milieu" (as in the case of *Fromont Jeune*), a bit of landscape, or even a building. He could not dictate his novels; hence much manual labor was added to his intellectual activity, and his ten years' invalidism has been directly traced to his irregular, reckless manner of production. But the result was invariably perfect; scorning traditions, he invented and perfected his own literary creed, and the quality of his style is not among the least of the tributes to the genius of the French language. His career closed with the publication of *Rose et Ninette*, which revealed with almost brutal suddenness the approaching end. *La Petite Paroisse*, published some years later, was much superior to it in workmanship, but failed equally to add new laurels to his fame. *L'Immortel*, that headlong attack upon the French

* Massenet's *Sapho* had its first performance at the Opera Comique on November 28, Mme. Calvé singing the title rôle. The Nineteen Hundred, a Parisian journal, says in its latest issue, just received: "Daudet was looking anxiously forward to Christmas eve, when he intended giving a soirée, a house warming, in his new apartment in the rue de l'Université, at which his two Saphos, Réjane and Calvé, were to be present."—Editors.

Academy which he always scorned, was his last notable book, and its bitterest sting lay in the incontestable fact that its learned Academician, who was duped with forged documents, had his prototype in real life, and in the Academy itself. That institution shared with the Théâtre Français and the Revue des Deux Mondes Daudet's aversion. He never presented himself at its doors, as Zola has been doing with his characteristic dogged perseverance, to furnish one more pawn in what Guy de Maupassant has so cleverly described as "Le Jeu de la Mort et des Quarante Vieillards." But the company of the illustrious dead outside its portals that he has joined, may well cede to him, the latest comer, the far more famous forty-first "fauteuil." His place is secure in the history of French literature in the nineteenth century, as one of its most brilliant, attractive and sympathetic figures.

Mrs. Browning's Appreciation of American Recognition

The following extracts from the recently published Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning (The Macmillan Company, 2 vols., \$4.00), are taken from several different communications to various persons, which bear dates ranging from January 5, 1842, to May 18, 1860, and are here printed as a continuous paragraph only for the sake of convenience. These few words of Frederic G. Kenyon, editor of the Letters, may well serve as introductory to extracts from the Letters themselves: "It is to the honor of America that it recognized from the first the genius of Miss Barrett; and for a large part of her life some of the closest of her personal and literary connections were with Americans. The same is true in both respects of Robert Browning. As appears from some letters printed farther on in these volumes, at a time when the sale of his poems in England was almost infinitesimal, they were known and highly prized in the United States. Expressions of Mrs. Browning's sympathy with America recur frequently in the letters, and it is probable that there are still extant in the States many letters written to friends and correspondents there."

I had another letter from America a few days since, from an American poet of Boston, who is establishing a magazine, and asked for contributions from my pen. The Americans are as good-natured to me as if they took me for the high Radical I am, you know. . . . I confess to a good deal of pleasure myself from these American courtesies, expressed not merely in the magazines, but in the newspapers; a heap of which has been sent to me by my correspondent—the New York Tribune, The Union, The Union Flag, etc.—all scattered over with extracts from my books and benignant words about their writer. . . . By the way, did I tell you of the good news I had from America the third of this month? The Drama of Exile is in the hands of a New York publisher, and having been submitted to various chief critics of the country on its way, was praised loudly and extravagantly. This was, however, by a *private reading* only. A bookseller at Philadelphia had announced it for publication—he intended to take it up when the English edition reached America; but upon its being represented to him that the New York publisher had proof sheets direct from the author and would give

copy money, he abandoned his intention to the other. I confess I feel very much pleased at the kind spirit—the spirit of eager kindness indeed—with which the Americans receive my poetry. It is not wrong to be pleased, I hope. In this country there may be mortifications waiting for me, quite enough to keep my modesty in a state of cultivation. I do not know. . . . My Americans—that is, my Americans who were in at the private reading, and perhaps I myself—are of opinion that I have made great progress since The Seraphim. It seems to me that I have more *reach*, whether in thought or language. But then, to *you* it may appear quite otherwise, and I shall be very melancholy if it does. . . . I have had from Leigh Hunt a very pleasant letter of twenty pages, and I think I told you of the two from John Ruskin. In America, also, there's great success, and the publisher is said to have shed tears over the proofs (perhaps in reference to the hundred pounds he had to pay for them), and the critics congratulate me on having worked myself clear of all my affectations, mannerisms, and other morbidities. . . . That thin-skinned people, the Americans, exceed some of you in generosity, rendering thanks to reprovers of their ill-deeds, and understanding the pure love of the motive. Let me tell you rather for their sake than mine. I have extravagant praises and *prices* offered to me from "over the western sun," in consequence of these very Poems before Congress. The nation is generous in these things, and not "thin-skinned." As to England, I shall be forgiven in time. . . . To you I may say, that the blindness, deafness, and stupidity of the English public to Robert are amazing. . . . Robert is. All England can't prevent his existence, I suppose. But nobody there, except a small knot of pre-Raffaelite men, pretends to do him justice. Mr. Forster has done the best in the press. As a sort of lion, Robert has his range in society, while in America he's a power, a writer, a poet. He is read—he lives in the hearts of the people. "Browning readings" here in Boston; "Browning evenings" there. For the rest, the English hunt lions, too, Sarianna, but their favorite lions are chosen among "lords" chiefly, or "railroad kings." . . . Being turned out of the old world, I fall on my feet in the new world, where people have been generous, and even publishers turned liberal. Think of my having an offer from a periodical in New York of a hundred dollars for every single poem, though as short as a sonnet—that is, for its merely passing through their pages on the road to the publishers proper.

Joaquin Miller

Elizabeth A. Vore writes to Current Literature as follows concerning Joaquin Miller:

Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," might as aptly be called the poet of the West, since his genius long ago won for him appreciation and fame beyond that achieved by any other Western poet. Cincinnatus H. Miller was born in Oregon. Even as a boy, his love of nature and solitude was one of the ruling elements of his character. He came to San Francisco in 1870, when that city was in its inception, and the State was little more than a waste of sand. He

made his first appearance among the citizens of the young seaport town in a wide sombrero, buckskin moccasins, and broad sash of no modest hue, and even among the somewhat bizarre population of those early days he was a striking and conspicuous figure. Since that time he has kept up his reputation for eccentricity, and a more unique character as regards personality and mannerisms can hardly be found on American soil. Miller is a true child of nature, and lives and dwells and has his being near to nature's heart. This is well illustrated in his choice of a home. "The Heights," in Oakland, Cal., which has for years been the poet's home, is one of the most picturesque spots in the State—if a thousand acres of foothill-land can be called a "spot." Aside from its picturesqueness, "The Heights" possesses all the attractions that high cultivation can bring. Nature and art have done everything to make it one of the most beautiful places in the State. The house is of simplest architecture, quaint and rambling in style, with many gables and odd, little additions. The individuality of the owner is stamped everywhere, and one exclaims inwardly at every step: "This is just what one would expect in Joaquin Miller's home."

Since he made his first advent in California to become one of its most prominent characters, Miller has changed greatly. The cowboy style of dress, although often assumed, is usually replaced by the garb of conventional society. Years have told upon him; his eyes are not so keen, his face has grown more rugged, but he is still a striking figure, stalwart and well-knit; his grizzled hair is worn long, falling upon his shoulders; his fast silvering beard sweeps his chest, and the heavy mustache almost hides the grim humor of his mouth.

Whoever originated the name "The Poet of the Sierras" must have been, not only familiar with his best verse, but understood his great love for his "friends," as he calls the Sierras, every peak of whose rugged sides, from base to crown, he loves as the devotee loves his religion. His poems are known the world over. The most famous of his bound volumes are Songs of the Sierras, Songs of the Mexican Sea, and Songs of Italy. "The Heights" at present is occupied by Miller's aged mother, for Joaquin Miller is in the Klondike regions for the San Francisco Examiner.

Henryk Sienkiewicz
Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, publishers of Sienkiewicz's novels in this country, have issued a pamphlet about the distinguished Polish writer, from which the following is taken. (For a reading from Hania, Sienkiewicz's latest romance, see page 130.)

In an age when of making books there is no end, when mere cleverness is often a drug upon the literary market, at rare intervals there has appeared in the world of letters, unheralded by any trumpet-blast of fame, a personality marked and unique, whose genius and merits are of so transcendent an order that they dominate literature, and without effort or self-seeking win for themselves foremost rank in the great republic of letters.

Such a personality is Henryk Sienkiewicz. It is seven years since the first work in his now celebrated Trilogy of historical romances—With Fire

and Sword, The Deluge, Pan Michael—was offered to the American public, and though the work is, in some respects a greater one than *Quo Vadis* . . . yet it is to the readers of the later work that the name of Henryk Sienkiewicz appeals most strongly. A work which has impressed the reading public as lastingly as this creates something more than a mere passing interest in its author; behind such a work one strives to see the man himself, his environment, tendencies, characteristics. And while mere personalities in literature are often of most trivial and ephemeral value, especially when they relate to a living writer, it surely is no worthless task to endeavor to discover in the works of a great contemporary the *man*, as he relates himself to life and art, to every phase and problem of modern thought and feeling.

To do this it is not necessary to descend to personalities or to possess in great detail the incidents of his life, but, knowing the general outline, to note how this relates itself harmoniously to the great background of life—at times allowing the imagination the liberty of filling in the meagre outline, giving it light and color.

And perhaps more eloquent than many a printed page is the face of Sienkiewicz as it looks at us in the first volume of *The Deluge*. It is the face of a thinker, of a man who has lived deep, felt deep, loved and joyed and suffered. It is peculiarly an artist's face, stamped with the fine sensitiveness of temperament that belongs to such. The gaze is kindly, yet sad. There is nothing of that exuberance of gayety which shines in the countenance of Dumas Père, or of the gentle, genial good-humor that speaks from Sir Walter's kindly visage. It is the face of a poet, of a cosmopolitan Hamlet of the nineteenth century, of a man who has traveled much in distant lands, is equally at home in the Orient or the Occident, but has remained always of the Poles, Polish even to the fine finger-tips.

Turn from the picture to the writer. What is the source of his hold upon his own countrymen and the reading public everywhere?

If from the many characteristics of his work we could name but two, those two would stamp him at once as a great artist; they are the splendid vitality of his creations, and the sincerity and breadth of purpose which have marked all his work from first to last.

At the age of thirty-six Sienkiewicz was comparatively unknown, and apparently content to be. When many a younger man would have written himself out, Sienkiewicz was still preparing for his best work. His genius has ripened slowly, "ohne Hast, ohne Rast," apparently undisturbed by the pressure of circumstances, the treacherous and glittering quicksands that have swallowed up many an able young writer. He has never turned aside even for a moment, seduced by "that last infirmity of noble minds." His genius shows an orderly, healthy development, undisturbed by outer influences, bearing no evidence of any other pressure than the fine inner compulsion. When he writes, it is because he has something to say which he can say, which must be said. He utters convictions and positive knowledge. He adopts fiction as the fittest vehicle for his thought; but it is never fiction purely for fiction's

sake he gives us, consequently his work is something more than pure fiction. Whether he touches upon some problem of art or religion or modern ethics, whether he deals with the history of a past epoch or the archaeological details of the first century, he has mastered his subject as far as human knowledge can master it, and is able to touch and transfigure it with some new light. Whatever the nation or the era of which he writes, he is quick to discern that "tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune"; and having discerned that great onward movement of mankind, he creates figures built upon so large and heroic a plan that they breast undaunted the very crest of the great wave of life that passes before us. And what he writes is given with absolute freedom from self-consciousness, a lucid grasp of his subject, an easy mastery of its details which come only when a great creative artist has lived so completely in his creations that they actually exist for him. . . .

And now to speak briefly of those facts in the life of Sienkiewicz which have direct bearing upon his art and genius.

He was born at Wola Okrejska in Lithuania, in 1845. He comes of an old and noble family, and his instincts and tastes have always been those of a patrician.

It will be remembered that Lithuania itself, though united with Poland since the fifteenth century, presented in some respects the characteristics of a distinct nationality—a nationality even more interesting to the philologist than to the historian, because of its peculiar dialects, which present a more startling affinity to ancient Sanskrit than any other dialect known. It has scarcely any printed literature, but is rich in spoken dialects, in fragments of song, elegies of rare beauty tinged with a melancholy at once chaste and tender and profound. The country stretching from the Baltic southward is a land of great and gloomy forests which have had not a little influence upon the people.

The land itself, its natural and strongly religious and political influences, its melancholy, have left their strong and lasting impression upon him. He has a passionate fondness for the Lithuanian, and paints him and his surroundings most lovingly. . . .

The student-days of Sienkiewicz were passed at the University of Warsaw, and it would be interesting to learn from his own lips how the life of that city impressed him, when he entered its university, a mere youth. For it will be remembered that those days were troublous ones. It was a disastrous, critical period in the history of Poland; and inseparable from that history was the city of Warsaw itself, which had been identified with nearly every national movement against Russia. Against this rebellious city the strongest and severest measures had been adopted for the denationalization of the Pole. Even the use of his native tongue was forbidden at the University. Russians superseded Poles; the old relations between the University and the aristocracy were interrupted. There was an atmosphere of suspicion which every one felt. For the year 1863 marked that Reign of Terror which did not end for Poland until much blood had been shed, and fortunes lost, and endless banishments compelled the Pole to admit the superiority of Russia. Peace was

restored, but it was the peace of death that descended upon the unhappy country.

When he was twenty-two, after he had left the University, began those wanderings which have influenced not a little his work and genius—that restlessness, and desire for strange scenes and faces, and a thoroughly nomadic life. This gypsy-life was the very tonic most needed for his genius. It must be remembered that between the Polish aristocrat and the mere bourgeois or peasant is a gulf so profound and fixed that each class is comparatively ignorant of the other. Sienkiewicz has lived among both classes. In his wanderings there is scarcely a corner of Poland that he has not explored.

The various social strata of his country; the marked contrast between the simplicity of that life and the culture of the ecclesiastic and aristocratic bodies; the religious, poetic, artistic temperament of the people—none of these escape him. His sympathies and affiliations belong to no one class. If he depicts the Polish patrician, you feel sure that the picture is vivid and real. But the picture is none the less vivid if he describes to you the little, starved, stunted peasant, Yanko the Musician, with a soul too big for his battered and beaten body.

The intense tenderness of his sympathy with life, whether it be of the palace or of the hovel, is one of the strongest characteristics of Sienkiewicz. His own wandering life has contributed not a little to this breadth of feeling. He has known material need.

His wanderings did not prevent occasional essays in the field of literature; in 1872 appeared a volume of sketches from his pen, in the vein of Auerbach, but with a power of satire the latter does not possess.

Later we hear of Sienkiewicz editing a journal in St. Petersburg. Whether this enterprise proved disastrous or not, we do not know; possibly life in the capital city of the Czar did not appeal to the Pole. We next hear of him in France.

In 1877 a scheme fathered by a Polish fraternity of expatriated artists and musicians took definite shape. The project was first discussed in Paris. Its object was no less than to establish in America a Polish commonwealth and home for denationalized genius.

The fraternity, which was at last reduced to a mere handful of enthusiasts, set sail from Havre. Among their number were Count Bozenta Chlapowski, his wife Helena Modjeska, and Sienkiewicz. Thus the scene of his Homeric wanderings was transferred to America, and he appeared upon the Pacific coast, unheralded, unknown, yet one of the founders of a scheme as interesting as that transcendental one of the Brook Farm visionaries which has always fascinated Americans, because, while a part of our life, it has seemed so remote from it.

This fraternity of Polish artists desired to found not merely Utopia, but Arcadia as well. They settled near Los Angeles, and called their settlement Anno Luni.

Against what rocks the enterprise foundered we know not, but financially and in other ways it proved a failure, and our artists found themselves, if not in as dire straits as the fraternity of La Vie de Bohème, at least in circumstances which it required heroic energies to face.

Little did Sienkiewicz realize, in 1877, what a home for Polish genius America would prove twenty years later, and that in the Mercantile Library of the most cosmopolitan city in America seventy-five copies of a work of his would prove insufficient to satisfy the demand in a single quarter of that city.

The failure of the Polish colony proved in the long run productive of greater results than its success would have accomplished. Modjeska turned her attention to the study of English, and made her American debut in Adrienne Lecouvreur in San Francisco. Sienkiewicz embodied his experiences and impressions of America in a series of papers which were published in Warsaw, and attracted the attention of the Polish public towards their author.

He returned to Poland, where he has continued to reside a portion of the year, although much of his time is still spent in travel. His wife died while still young, and the loss was a terrible one to him. He has two children, Henryk, a boy of fifteen, and Yadviga, a maid of thirteen.

Sienkiewicz is somewhat reserved and uncommunicative to strangers, but his voice expresses the deepest tenderness, and his face brightens when he speaks of his children.

In 1880 began that undertaking which has made him a household name in Poland—the publishing of *Fire and Sword*, *The Deluge*, and *Pan Michael*. They were first given to the world in a Warsaw journal, translations appearing simultaneously at Vienna and Berlin. For eight years, we are told, the writer was at work upon them. One cannot restrain a smile. Imagine an American public waiting eight years for the completion of a work!

Sienkiewicz is an incessant and tireless worker. It is scarcely possible even to enumerate the various writings which have come from his pen. In America have appeared already, besides the *Trilogy*, *Without Dogana*, *Children of the Soil*, *Quo Vadis*, and two volumes of short stories. Another volume, *Hania*, has been recently translated by Mr. Curtin; in addition to these mentioned are numerous publications which have been translated into German, Russian, French—contributions to journalistic literature, impressions of travel in various countries, etc.

Warsaw, the scene of his student life, remains his favorite city when at home, and there he spends the winter months. He writes for several papers there. His summers are spent in wandering, but a portion of the season is passed in the Carpathian Mountains, where he has a summer home.

But wherever he makes his temporary abode he is a citizen of the world, equally at home on the banks of the Tiber or the Seine, on the banks of the Dnieper or beside the Nile.

Yet he is intensely Polish in taste, pride, and tender patriotism. What Wagner has done for Germany in music, what Dumas did for France, and Scott for all English-speaking people, Henryk Sienkiewicz has achieved for his country in literature. This unique combination, the love of country mingled with the breadth of the true cosmopolitan, the reverence of the past mingled with a hope almost prophetic for the future—these are the qualities which make his contributions to literature of deep and permanent value.

Clarence Hawkes, the
Blind Poet

Writing from his home in Hadley, Mass., in response to a request from *Current Literature* for personal data, Clarence Hawkes, the blind poet, sends the following:

I was born on a picturesque and verdant little farm in the western part of the town of Goshen, Mass., about a quarter of a century ago. Please notice that it was the town of Goshen, and not the land of Goshen. Moses and several other historical personages claim the latter place as the spot of their nativity, and I do not wish to be confounded with them. My early childhood was spent in the very heart of nature, among the birds and the flowers, with sweet sunshine and fresh ozone to nourish the spiritual and physical fibre of youth. Probably the dominating influence in my life has been sorrow, for when nine years of age an accident cost me a limb and when thirteen another mishap lost me my eyesight. Through much introspective thought, which my changed condition naturally enforced, I early became impressed with the lack of ideality in a commonplace life, and determined to make my existence as eloquent with truth and beauty, as circumstances would permit of. After graduating from Perkins Institute, and subsequently studying oratory, I turned my attention to the legal profession, but a few weeks' contact with courts and lawyers convinced me that I was not cut out for a villain, and so I abandoned this profession.

About this time my health became poor, and while convalescing at home in the charming little rural town of Cummington, I began writing short poems and stories for papers and magazines, and at the same time entered the lecture field. Since then I have lectured in many states of the United States, published two volumes of poems and have a third ready for publication. These volumes have been received by the press with all degrees of favor, but generally critics have been very friendly. My favorite poem is an irregular sonnet entitled *The Mountain to the Pine*, which was inspired by a lone sentinel pine that stood on a jagged cliff upon our old homestead. My principal lifework thus far has been writing verse and lecturing, but I hope soon to branch out into the wider, if not loftier field of fiction, and work all of the sunshine and shadow of a life in darkness into a novel. My highest ideal of a noble existence is one replete with love and service, and I hope some day to wield a pen that will shatter falsehood and strengthen truth, encourage the downcast and comfort the broken-hearted, and, even more, that the frail fabric of a poet's dream may shape itself into brick and mortar, and become the refuge of other lives whose sun has been extinguished. For recreation, I indulge in fishing, carriage riding, and attending athletic games of all kinds.

It is one of my favorite theories that every human life should contain three kinds of intelligence, namely, uncommon sense, common sense and nonsense. The first to distinguish the great truth and purpose of life, the second to balance and adjust us to meet all of life's ever-changing conditions, and the third, to scare away the ugly little dwarf of age, who is always knocking at the heart.

LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Impressions of South Africa. By James Bryce. New York: The Century Co. \$3.50.

Mr. James Bryce's New Historical Study It is generally conceded that one of the most important of recent historical works is Mr. James Bryce's new book about South Africa. In a careful and discriminating review the New York Evening Post says: "We need spend no time in assuring our readers that Mr. Bryce possesses rare qualifications for the treatment of such a subject as that to which he has here devoted himself. The American Commonwealth proved him a master of the art of scientific description as applied to that complex entity which we call a 'country.' He knows how to estimate the influence of the past upon the future, the interaction of the material and the spiritual, the relative effects of race, institutions, and traditions, and to combine and blend his judgments so as to produce a symmetrical whole. In special lines of investigation and description there are always pre-eminent experts. We should not expect Mr. Bryce to offer us a treatise on the geology of South Africa or its fauna, but we do expect that his 'impressions' will indicate his acquaintance with such particulars, and we are not disappointed.

"Take, for example, his explanation of the failure of the Portuguese to occupy the land which they were the first to discover. He provides us with three maps of South Africa, and shows by reference to them that the interior of the continent could have been in the first place penetrated only from its southern end. The orographical map reveals a range of mountains on the eastern edge of the continent, with a narrow alluvial fringe containing one or two good harbors. On the west coast there is not a harbor for a thousand miles. It was therefore natural for the Portuguese traders to begin their settlements on the comparatively accessible eastern rather than on the uninhabited and forbidding western coast. On the eastern coast, moreover, a trade in gold and ivory had been already developed by Arabian merchants, whom the Portuguese dispossessed, while the southern extremity of the continent offered no commercial inducements. But the alluvial strip on which the Portuguese settlements were placed was so unhealthy as to be a practically insurmountable barrier against expeditions to the interior; so that even if the Portuguese had possessed the colonizing instinct, they could not have exercised it.

"The Dutch, however, occupied the Cape peninsula as a place of call for water and fresh vegetables. The crews of their East Indian merchantmen suffered badly from scurvy on their long voyages, and thus, Mr. Bryce says, 'It is from the small beginnings of a kitchen garden that Dutch and British dominion in South Africa has grown up.' For when agriculture was once established, it flourished; and in the dry but salubrious table-land that constitutes the interior of South Africa, pasturage was unlimited. Through the eastern part of this table-land the rainfall, although scanty, is sufficient for grazing, the air is invigorating, and neither fever nor pulmonary disease prevails. As in the case of the

New England settlement, the way for the whites had been prepared by the destruction of the natives by pestilence. Impelled in the first place by the natural expansiveness of a vigorous stock, the Dutch were after a time pushed on from behind by the advent of the English, who, in these latter years, have overtaken them, and, as it were, leaped over their heads to occupy regions still farther north. Thus a wave of Teutonic settlement has swept up through the interior, until it has fairly paralleled the coast settlements of the Portuguese and in some cases flowed down upon them from the highlands.

"Such in brief has been the course of the European occupation of South Africa; what it has been in detail should be read in Mr. Bryce's admirable narrative. It is gratifying to find that his dispassionate review of the facts leads him to the conclusion that few conquests have been marked by so little wanton cruelty and injustice. Many of the natives have been slaughtered in battle, many enslaved; but neither the slaughter nor the slavery compares in extent or atrocity with that inflicted by the natives on one another. A modified form of slavery, in the guise of compulsory labor for wages, has existed under the rule of the South Africa Company; but it cannot long maintain itself against British public opinion, and in general it may be said that the social status under British rule resembles that which prevails in our Southern States. The climate does not forbid manual labor to the whites; but, having depended on slaves in the first place, they have learned to think that all heavy work should be done by natives. The inferior races, the Bushmen and Hottentots, long since practically died out; the superior Kafirs, or Bantu, under civilized rule, are increasing at a rate which excites apprehension concerning the future. But the problem can never be so grave as it is in India, for in South Africa the whites multiply and do not lose their vigor. It is satisfactory to learn that the curse of alcoholic abuse is comparatively restricted, and that the efforts of Christian missionaries have produced very substantial results.

"The name South Africa naturally suggests the recent attempt at revolution in the Transvaal, and although Mr. Bryce came away before the outbreak took place, it was near enough to cast its shadow before it. The particulars of the affair have been so abundantly discussed by the newspapers as to make it unnecessary to review Mr. Bryce's account of them, nor does he attempt to narrate the later details. But he examines with great care the causes that were operating to produce such a result and that continue to operate. His observations are of the same judicial character here as elsewhere, and we detect no trace of national partiality. He is plainly convinced that a continually increasing majority of English-speaking people will not permanently continue to be submissive to the rule of the Dutch minority, if it is to be as onerous as at present, and he especially deplores Dr. Jameson's raid because it tended to postpone inevitable reforms. His forecasts of the future of the Transvaal and of South Africa will be read with the interest that at-

taches to any forecast made by so experienced an observer; but it must be confessed that they are not intrinsically of a nature to arouse our enthusiasm.

"For, after all, the subject is a small one for Mr. Bryce's powers. He furnishes us with many beautiful descriptions of African scenery, and gives the climate abundant praise. He speaks appreciatively and pleasantly of the various peoples and of their moderate advances in civilization. But the country is comparatively uninteresting, and the dry, clear air, as he says, obliterates all foregrounds. In spite of his efforts to enlist our sympathies—and it would not be easy to do better—we feel that we can get along very comfortably without ever visiting South Africa. Its history has had episodes of dramatic interest; events of great importance (for the South Africans) have taken place within its limits. But they have not been events of such a nature as to affect materially the course of civilization in other parts of the world, and Mr. Bryce half confesses that there is little prospect, except on the general principles of progress, that such events will take place. How many generations, we feel inclined to ask, will have passed away before South Africa can produce any one so competent as Mr. Bryce to write about her?

"We must not give the impression that his book is not readable from beginning to end. It is a capital book of travels, an excellent epitome of history, and an admirable political essay. The interest of the reader will not flag from the first page to the last; but he will rise satisfied. He will feel that he has a sufficiently complete acquaintance with the subject; that he understands the features of the country and the character of its inhabitants; that he knows their past and can imagine their future. To be able to enjoy this comfortable feeling of having increased our knowledge without painful exertion is certainly something to be grateful for, and Mr. Bryce will be heartily thanked by the rest of the world as well as by the South Africans for telling their story so well."

The Kentuckians: A Novel. By John Fox, Jr. 12mo pp. 228. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

Mr. John Fox, Jr.'s Successful Novel

No recent American writer has received fairer treatment than that accorded to Mr. John Fox, Jr., in a review of *The Kentuckians*, by the London Academy. "To men and women, city-born and city-bred," says the English critic, "such a novel as *The Kentuckians* makes an irresistible appeal. Streets, houses, shifting crowds and the dazzle of shop windows were the poor material that filled their childhood. A book like this opens the shutters to the sunlight of a world they have missed. To look is to be glad—not envious. It is to see the spacious growing life of a young and gallant people, to hear their birds, to touch their flowers and grasses, to feel their skies overhead, and to smell the scent of their good, rich earth. They speak our speech. They are our friends. We understand them—these kinsmen we have never seen.

"To belong to a land! What good luck! What an aid to writing! What a consolation for old age! Poor souls who belong only to a city. Hard is your fate. 'To belong to a land!' It was the text

of Bourget's latest speech. It was Daudet's inspiration, as of a dozen others—Stevenson in exile cried:

Be it granted me to behold you again in dying,
Hills of home.

"It makes the charm of those American writers who remember things seen through 'eyes of youth.' California, Louisiana, Virginia, Kentucky are magic words. Granted the tales are well written, we never tire of their gray State houses, their mansions, their swarthy pioneers, their capable men, their fearless, elusive, tantalizing women. Wind blows through their pages, trees rustle, strange crops and flowers with haunting names are there. It is so new, so spacious, so gay. We peer into the wilderness 'undulating away for hundreds of miles like a vast green robe with scarce a rift of human making.' We stand face to face with Indian fighters, 'swarthy, lean, tall, with long thigh-boots of thin deer hide, open at the hips, ornamented with a scarlet fringe, and rattling with the hoofs of fawns and the spurs of the wild turkey.' Not for us the great American cities. We are tired of cities where everything is spread out thin like butter upon a piece of bread. Rather, for choice, the Kentucky mountaineers, who speak of the capital as 'settlements,' who still wear fringed hunting shirts, moccasins, and coon-skin caps, who live like pioneers, 'singing folk-songs centuries old, talking the speech of Chaucer, loving, hating, fighting and dying like the clans of Scotland.' Also they are generous with their potatoes at dinner. 'Take out, stranger,' says your host. 'Have a tater; take two of 'em; take damn nigh all of 'em.'

"Mr. John Fox, Jr., 'belongs to a land.' He is a Kentuckian, his father is a Kentuckian, he dedicates this fine book 'to my father and my father's Kentuckians.' He gives you atmosphere, color, living souls. You tread the blue grass, you climb the mountains, you follow Marshall to his mother's house when the blow falls—rat to its hole, lion to its lair, man to his home when the blow falls. 'Up in the sun, the hillside was covered with sheep. A ewe with one white lamb was lapping water at the grassy edge of the creek. Just to one side of the path lay another—its twin, no doubt—dead and mutilated, and across the creek hung its murderer, a robber crow, dangling by his wings from a low limb, with his penitent beak between his feet. . . . He was not the only thing on earth that had to suffer. . . . He must take his share. There were other motives to action in life than love, than duty to his mother—the duty to those of whom he had not thought much, and of whom suffering was teaching him to think now, others than himself, his duty to the world around, above and below. He might have drawn tears from an audience on that theme once with his tongue and brain; it was sinking to his heart now.'

"The story? Well, it is the story of two men who love a woman to their hurt, and to their making, and she to her hurt and to her making. It is modern and hoary at the same time. You might meet Anne in Bond street, you might encounter Marshall any afternoon in Piccadilly if they cared to travel so far from their little Kentucky capital. But you must seek Boone Stallard in the Ken-

tuckian mountains: 'Its woods are primeval, its riches are unrifled, and its people are the people of another age—for the range has held her own. These men of the mountains and the people of the blue-grass are the extremes of civilization in the State. A few years ago there was but one point where they ever came in contact, one point where their interests could clash. That was the capital, the lazy little capital.' In that little, lazy, friendly capital the things with which this story deals happen. There Anne, Marshall and Stallard sorrow and suffer and fight, till in the end comes to each the victory they desired. Mr. John Fox, Jr., has done his work well—extremely well. His characterization is good; he has a clean, swift style, not without charm, and the privilege—ineestimable privilege!—to love a land, and to be able to convince others of his sincerity."

St. Ives: By Robert Louis Stevenson. Concluding six chapters by A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Stevenson's St. Ives

"It is very easy to characterize Mr. Quiller-Couch's concluding chapters of *St. Ives*," says the Commercial Advertiser. "They are an astonishingly clever attempt to mimic the construction and style of the author of the first thirty. Of these it is more difficult to speak. It is by the extraordinary standards which he has himself supplied that the work of Robert Louis Stevenson is judged. *St. Ives* has the ingenuity of construction, the pregnant portraiture, the pungent, fresh and vivid dialogue, the bright local color, the swift appeal to the imagination, the shrewd wit, the constant surprise which in his works has become a custom. The story is hardly likely to be willingly relinquished by any reader until he has threaded the mazes which lead the hero through three hundred and odd pages of narrative. A score of scenes remain in the memory almost distinctly as though they had been actual pictures from an artistic brush. People whom we seem to have known pass through these scenes, revealed by traits which endear or repel as though we had experienced them. The language of the narration is forcible or tender, brusque or winning, as the motive requires, and words are marshalled and deployed, sweep onward, charge in detachments, or engage singly like the manoeuvres of a review under the command of a great general. But who that has read *St. Ives* is not conscious that he is constantly admiring methods rather than results, that wonder at the variety and elaboration of the fancy prevents his absorption in effects, that he is chiefly impressed with the composition of a clever mosaic? A collection of a great number of anecdotes, circumstances and incidents has been woven together, bits of personality and contemporary events have been worked in and an immense labor employed in polishing, refining and strengthening modes of expression, so that there is scarcely a turgid phrase or even a superfluous word. The taste is so well satisfied, as it were, that one is inclined to rest there. Between the arrival into the world of M. le Vicomte Anne de Kéroual de Saint-Ives by a rope down the side of Castle Rock in Edinburg to his escape by ascent in a balloon he has plenty of adventure. But the crises in which he is involved are a little too obviously gratuitous, the di-

lemmas, deftly contrived, demand the inevitable heroic solution and deep mysteries mingle with truculent bravado in quite too accurate proportions. Far more serious in intention and finished in detail, *St. Ives* is mechanical alongside of *Kidnapped*. A rigid critic of his own work in an age of hypercriticism, Mr. Stevenson shows the evidence in this post-humous work of an elaboration which forced the process of assimilation. His use of language, studied as it is, becomes hyperbolic; it seems as if that which is to tell, if it be worth the telling, might be clothed in more simple and direct language, while the strain to make a thrilling story results in melodramatic unreality. The stage is crowded with Dumas and Scott types, French prisoners, Scotch lawyers, spies, bullies, cut-throats, landladies, informers, all the 'dramatis personæ' of the romantic school. Far more clever than Sir Walter and capable of controlling his wonderful facility as he has elsewhere proved, yet it is refreshing to turn to the opening chapters of *Rob Roy* from *St. Ives* and feel how adequate the franker appeal is to the imagination of the reader, which needs and likes to do some work of its own. The story is a brilliant tour de force. It may be that its author might have recast it and pruned it, if he had been given the opportunity for final revision, but it seems improbable. The tools and 'the name he gives his tools' become very potent nowadays to the literary craftsman. He is driven to increasing consciousness by the pervading 'critical' tone of our day and the inventive power must be tremendous to overcome its influence. We are accustomed to felicitate ourselves on being born into a world of enlightenment, but it is doubtless the case that many a genius which might have burned clear and inspiring in freer conditions grows pale and feeble in the atmosphere of our second-hand era, charged with the carbon dioxide of our exhaled humanity."

General Grant's Letters to a Friend, 1861-1880. With Introduction and Notes. By James Grant Wilson. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.00.

The New Collection of General Grant's Letters

The friend to whom the forty-eight letters of this collection were addressed, was the late Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, our minister to France during the troubled period of the Franco-Prussian War, and who died in Chicago in 1887. The letters do not form a historical series, nor do they present a connected view of any period of the late war, nor of the political history of the country. "Their interest lies wholly," says *The Independent*, "in the glimpses they give of General Grant himself, and of his views and position at certain important junctures in our affairs and on certain aspects of public policy. General Grant's life and opinions have been so fully exploited that even in this aspect, the letters, though they will be read with interest, and though they make a high and just impression of the writer, add but little to what was previously known. If General Grant understood himself, they do show his entire indifference to a third nomination, and that he was determined not to accept one. They show also his strong and intelligent recognition of the obligation to redeem in gold and of the legal-tender decision as a provisionally necessary but financially dangerous

measure. The revelation of the writer's character, his silent suffering under persistent misrepresentation, the simplicity of his tastes, his stanch democratic ideals and steadiness in his course and his convictions, make the attraction of the correspondence."

—"It is no exaggeration to say," says the Hartford Post, "that Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward's *The Story of Jesus Christ* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50) is her richest and most important work. No one can read this book without a profound sense of the value and the reality of the life it presents. Christians will read it with deep reverence, and will receive a profound inspiration, while to the agnostic and the skeptical it will appeal as a truthful and absorbing story of the noblest life."

—In a large volume of nearly six hundred pages Mr. Richard Mead Bache has produced a *Life of General George Gordon Meade* (Henry T. Coates & Co., \$3.50), that is not only an admirable biography of General Meade, but a history of the Army of the Potomac, with which he was so long associated. It is a painstaking work, and the carefully winnowed information presented in the text is supplemented by sketches drawn on a reduced scale from the excellent battle maps of the government.

—Tennyson's *In Memoriam* (Fords, Howard & Hulbert, \$3.50), has been beautifully illustrated and finely printed, and has been an exceedingly popular holiday book. Mr. Fenn's drawings portray not only English rural scenes, but serve to interpret many of Tennyson's allusions to distant lands as well. Dr. Henry van Dyke has written a preface for this edition.

—In *Romance and Reality of the Puritan Coast*, by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00), the north shore of Massachusetts is described and pictured with enthusiastic vigor, and many stories and legends worked in. Nearly a hundred full-page plates and vignets in pen and ink are reproduced from Mr. Garrett's drawings.

—Mr. Cy Warman's new volume of railroad stories, *The Express Messenger and Other Tales of the Rail* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, \$1.25), is receiving a great deal of praise. "Within its range," says Mr. R. H. Stoddard, it is "the most entertaining collection of short stories that we have read for years past, possessing throughout a degree of interest which we should not have supposed could center around simple, offhand narration of everyday experience along the lines of our Western railways, and which far surpasses any interest that Mr. Kipling has yet imparted to them, either in his prose or his verse, in both of which exercises of his skill we feel, if we cannot see, the careful preparatory study and the technical padding of an accomplished and practiced writer. It is not Mr. Warman's writing that attracts and impresses us, but its verity, its force and the certainty that he describes only what he has seen and known, the perils of a faithful official, for instance, in the first of his clever tales, *The Express Messenger*, and the plucky pathos of a girl's life, in *The Mysterious Message*."

—Miss Alice Brown writes a most appreciative review of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (Houghton, Mifflin & Company,

Boston, \$1.25), in *The Book Buyer*. Miss Brown says the story "is the flower of a sweet, sane knowledge of life, and an art so elusive that it smiles up at you while you pull aside the petals, vainly probing its heart. The title is exacting, prophetic; a little bit of genius of which the book has to be worthy or come very 'tardy off.' And the book is worthy. Here is the idyllic atmosphere of country life, unbroken by one jarring note; even the attendant sadness and pathos of being are resolved into that larger harmony destined to elude our fustian words. It is a book made to defy the praise ordinarily given to details; it must be regarded 'au large.' For it takes hold of the very center of things. . . . No such beautiful and perfect work has been done for many years; perhaps no such beautiful work has ever been done in America."

—The *Colonial Parson of New England*, by Frank S. Child (The Baker Taylor Company, New York) is an interesting collection of sketches in which the old time New England parson is outlined in his various phases of usefulness, faithfulness and picturesqueness. "It will help us to realize," says *The Independent*, "our indebtedness to the early preacher whose intelligence, if not always great, was generally directed by a sturdy conscience. What the parson did in the way of politics, religion, economics, social influence, domestic activities and the training of youth is very pleasingly set forth in ten tersely written and notably readable chapters. It is a good book, well worth having at hand in every library."

—*Bird Neighbors*, an introductory acquaintance with one hundred and fifty birds commonly found in the gardens, meadows, and woods about our homes (Doubleday-McClure Company, \$2.00), by Neltje Blanchan, just published, is one of the most interesting and useful bird books brought out in recent years. It is illustrated by fifty plates remarkable for beauty and accuracy. In an introductory chapter Mr. John Burroughs says: "I can say that it is reliable and is written in a vivacious strain and by a real bird lover, and should prove a help and stimulus to any one who wishes by the aid of its pages to become better acquainted with our songsters."

—The fourth volume of Donald G. Mitchell's *English Lands, Letters and Kings* (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50) deals with the period of the Later Georges to Victoria. "It opens upon that delightful country of hills and waters known as the Lake District of England," says the *Dial*, "and pictures the interesting lives of its illustrious brotherhood of poets and essayists, passes on to Scott at Abbotsford, to Edinboro' and its famous 'Review,' full of power and pyrotechnics, to London and Walter Savage Landor, 'master of classicism, master of language, but never quite master of himself,' and so on to the great names of the beginning of the century—Byron, Shelley, Keats. Only the very early days of Victoria's reign come into view, and thus we may look forward to at least one more volume in this delightful series—the sooner the better, for these little books have a certain charm distinct from any others, one which age cannot wither nor custom stale for those who read and loved Ik Marvel when both they and he were young."

THE SONNET: MIDWINTER TOPICS

The Snow.....Lillian Blanche Fearing

Between thy frozen eyelids, in swift grace,
Touched with the form and splendor of the spheres,
As white as angel's thoughts, thy gelid tears,
O mourning Nature, down thy bosom trace
Their way, and fold thee in a white embrace.
Oh, soft as footsteps of retreating years
That vibrate only in the soul's quick ears,
Oh, pure as kisses on an infant's face!
Thus may my days fall—white, and pure, and still—
Upon the world's cold forehead, lending so
More grace to her bleak brows which throb and thrill
With inward fevers; noiseless as the snow,
Oh, white and noiseless, may they drift and fold
Dark spaces of the earth with grace untold.

Winter Woods.....Lloyd Miffin

'Tis sweet to wander through new-fallen snow
Far in the wooded uplands miles from town,
With head bent forward and eyes looking down
All unenticed by the surrounding show—
The stir of small birds in the laurel low,
Or partridge whirring by on wings of brown:
Still wearing on the forehead as a crown
The recollections of the long ago;
And while the feet are moving 'mid the cold,
To pace beneath the olive and the vine;
At every step to tread through temples old;
To lie on Capri, basking by the pine,
And see far Naples where the sunset brine
Makes her a pearl within a shell of gold!

February.....Samuel Francis Batchelder

The old, old wonder of the lengthening days
Is with us once again; the winter's sun,
Slow sinking to the west when day is done,
Each eve a little longer with us stays,
And cheers the snowy landscape with his rays;
Nor do we notice what he has begun
Until a month or more of days have run,
When we exclaim: "How long the light delays!"
So let some kindly deed, however slight,
Be daily done by us, that to the waste
Of selfishness some light it may impart,—
Mayhap not noticed till we feel the night
Is less within our souls, and broader-spaced
Has grown the cheerful sunshine of the heart.

Aurora Borealis.....Clinton Scollard

A hand as icy as the hand of death
Rests on the hills inviolably white;
And while a brazen bell invokes the night
With deep reverberant voice that clearly saith,
"I mark each hour that swiftly hasteneth,"
Behold within the north a crimson light
That reaches to the heavens' farthest height,
As fiery as the fabled war-god's breath.
'Tis grim old Thor who, in the halcyon days
Of seasons gone, his searing bolts let fly
Until no shaft was left wherewith to slay;
Now, in his polar furnace's fiercest blaze,
He forges darts with which to terrify
When summer treads again her sunlit way.

Midwinter Thaw.....Charles G. D. Roberts

How shrink the snows upon this upland field,
Under the dove-gray dome of brooding noon!
They shrink with soft, reluctant shocks, and soon
In sad, brown ranks the furrows lie revealed.
From radiant cisterns of the frost unsealed
Now wakes through all the air a watery rune—
The babble of a million brooks atune,
In fairy conduits of blue ice concealed.
Noisy with crows, the wind-break on the hill
Counts o'er its buds for summer. In the air
Some shy foreteller prophesies with skill—
Some voyaging ghost of bird, some affluence rare;
And the stall-wearied cattle dream their fill
Of deep June pastures where the pools are fair.

Winter Boughs.....Louise Imogen Guiney

How tenderly, spread to the sunset's cheer,
Far on the hill, our quiet tree-tops fade!
A broodery of northern sea-weed, laid
Long in a brook, were scarce more fine and clear.
Untangled, on the frosty atmosphere
The web floats darkening. Never June but's made
For grosser worship with her builded shade:
The green domes fall, to leave this wonder here.
O ye, forgetting and outliving boughs,
With not a plume, gay in the jousts before,
Left for the archer! So, in evening's eye,
So stilled, so lifted, let your lover die,
Set in the upper calm no voices rouse,
Stript, meek, withdrawn, against the heavenly door.

Winter Skies.....Charles Henrysege

The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
Numerous as pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host.
Alive all heaven seems! with wondrous glow
Tenfold refulgent every star appears,
As if some wide celestial gale did blow,
And thrice illumine the ever-kindled spheres.
Orbs, with glad orbs rejoicing, burning, beam
Ray-crowned, with lambent lustre in their zones,
Till o'er the blue, bespangled spaces seem
Angels and great archangels on their thrones;
A host divine, whose eyes are sparkling gems,
And forms more bright than diamond diadems.

An Ice Storm.....Elaine Goodale

All night keen winds have scourged the frosty plain;
All night the groaning boughs have clashed and swung;
Now chaste and clear the morning breaks along
The still, cold glory wrought by wind and rain.
What wondrous grace a fettered limb may gain!
Earth seems a grand white flower from tempest pruned,
In perfect poise uplifted, drooped and hung,
With petals lily-curved and pure of stain.
The ground is ridged with crystal, every tree
Bending and swaying, cased in glittering mail,
And fringed with icicles the swinging vine;
Witer's white radiance deepens dazzlingly;
Now milk-white pearls, in shimmering crescent pale,
Now flashing diamonds l'ght her crystal shrine.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES

William M. Evarts.....Henry O'Connor.....Midland Monthly

As a lawyer William M. Evarts is easily the first on this continent. This has long been conceded by the profession everywhere, except in the big city where he lives, where there have always been a few men envious of his success and fame.

The records of the Court of Appeals of New York and of the Circuit and the Supreme courts of the United States are illuminated by his masterly professional efforts and wonderful successes.

He is in no sense of the word a specialist—as we say “a great commercial lawyer,” “a great criminal lawyer,” or “a great constitutional lawyer.” He is simply great in all these branches of the law, and on every question that may arise under any of them, in either the “*nisi prius*” court or the court of last resort, up to the Supreme Court of the United States; and his wonderful power, and acumen as an international lawyer was demonstrated to the world by his irresistible logic and eloquence in the conduct of the American case before the Geneva Tribunal in 1872-3.

Evarts came to the bar early, when he was only about twenty-two years old, but at a time when the United States was filled with learned and brilliant lawyers. In the South, Sargent S. Prentiss, Badger, Butler, Yancey, Crittenden and Clay; in New England, Webster, Rufus Choate, Phelps of Vermont, whom Daniel Webster pronounced the best lawyer he ever met; and Ohio, then the West, with an array of legal talent that might challenge the world: in the interior of the State such men as old Tom Ewing and Allan G. Thurman, and Cincinnati with a galaxy of its own rivaling the great cities of the country and the world—Chase, Walker, Storer, Fox, Grosbeck, Spencer, both the Pughs, and many others; New York and Philadelphia, then as now, filled with great lawyers. It was on such a field that young Evarts began the battle of his life. He has lived to get not only to the front, but to the top.

As an orator it is more difficult to give Evarts his true position. His style was his own, and although by no means the equal I think he is more like Wendell Phillips in style and manner than he is like any other of our great American orators. “Of course,” said he once, when I was complimenting him on his Cooper Institute speech of 1879, “I cannot soar like Conkling.” (Who could?) But that same speech, in which he talked of men “voting in the air,” was a masterpiece of eloquent oratory.

Henry Ward Beecher once said of himself, “When I quit oratory and learned to talk, then I could make a speech or preach a sermon.” Mr. Evarts’ wonderful speech in nominating William H. Seward at the convention of 1860, at Chicago, when he was listened to by over six thousand people for nearly two hours, was as fine as anything ever uttered before an American convention. Evarts was then forty-two, and looked about thirty years of age. In that convention speech he made the vast audience hold its breath as he uttered that splendid eulogy. When the pallor gave place to the delicate rose tint on his cheeks all eyes were fixed upon him

and from that moment to the last of the thrilling peroration the audience was his own and the burst of enthusiasm that followed was caught up by the crowd outside.

The body of Evarts’ speeches is argument. His syllogism is so plain from unbroken logic that a child can make the deduction. It is irresistible. . . .

As Secretary of State, Evarts wanted to be called conservative, but with the sternest sense of justice, always a stickler for the personal rights of American citizens at home and abroad. . . . In the tricky small arts of diplomacy, Evarts, perhaps, would not be called an expert or skillful diplomatist, but in the discussion of great international questions and broad statesmanship he held his own, and more, with the best of them.

His wit is almost inspired. Like a man’s first love the goddess is ever present with him, never deserts him. When the monetary conference met in Washington, in 1878 I think, it became the duty the duty of the Secretary of State to pay them some social as well as political attention. Evarts, of course, took them all down to Mount Vernon to see the home and tomb of Washington. The boat took them up the little river spanned by the Natural Bridge. A tradition of the neighborhood tells the story that Washington, who was something of an athlete, once threw a silver dollar over the bridge from about where the party then stood. All expressed astonishment at the feat of the Father of his country. Some tried with bits of stone. All failed, of course. Some even ventured to express a doubt. “Oh, well, gentlemen,” said Evarts, “you must remember that a dollar went a great deal farther in those days than it goes now.”

When the trouble occurred in Colorado in which some Chinese were killed, some one said to the Chinese minister, “What are you going to do with your surplus population if the United States excludes them from this country and kills those that are here?” The minister did not seem to know. “Send them to Ireland, Mr. Minister,” said Evarts. “That is the only country in the world that the Irish do not govern.”

Justin McCarthy, M.P.....London Tit-Bit

It is not often that a man attains such eminence in so many directions as that which has been achieved by Mr. Justin McCarthy. Historian, politician, and novelist, Mr. McCarthy has fought his way up the ladder.

His earliest literary effort was made nearly half a century ago. His first appearance in London was as a reporter in the press gallery of the House of Commons, from whence he watched the debates in which he was subsequently destined to take such a prominent part. He is the author of many exceedingly popular novels, among which, perhaps, *Dear Lady Disdain* is the best, while his political career has been long, varied, and, above all, thoroughly honorable.

Refined and cultured to a degree, and a man of rare classical attainments, he is happiest at home and among his much-beloved books, but, neverthe-

less, it was to the quiet, scholarly man of letters that the Irish party turned for a leader.

Yet it is probably as an historian and the author of *The History of Our Own Times* that Mr. McCarthy will be best and most permanently known. Nor is it often that the writer of history is also a maker of history, and it can truly be said that, notwithstanding his severe self-suppression, his is by no means the least interesting personality of the era which he has so brilliantly and accurately depicted.

Born in Cork City sixty-seven years ago, Mr. McCarthy has enjoyed a very robust and vigorous old age ("the prime of life" he has always very happily described it), and it was only recently that everyone was grieved to hear of his illness, the seriousness of which was not exaggerated; but our readers will be glad to know that, while wintering at a seaside resort (where the writer called on him), Mr. McCarthy is rapidly recovering his health. So much so, in fact, that he has returned with renewed vigor to his work, the result of which will be another volume of history which shall connect his *History of the Four Georges* with our own times, so that his historical work shall cover the entire period from the death of Queen Anne down to the present date.

A chat with Mr. McCarthy always proves an exceedingly pleasant experience. Rather under than over the medium height, but very erect, and with his head thrown well back on his shoulders, attired in the blue pilot jacket which he usually affects when at home—the cheeriest optimist imaginable—you find it difficult to believe, as he talks to you, his eyes twinkling behind his "pince-nez," that, at one time—many long years ago—Mr. McCarthy was looked upon as a bold and bad Irishman, and capable of all sorts of wickedness.

Yet this was so, and his connection with politics affected the sale of one or two of his earlier books; but he has added to his patriotism such geniality and humor, qualities which one naturally associates with the cultured Irishman, that this view of him has long since been effaced from the public mind, and the difficulty is to bring one's self to believe that such a view ever existed.

As the result of this and other chats which the writer has had with Mr. Justin McCarthy, it would be possible to make up almost a complete page of that terrible social torture, *Book of Confessions*, and part of it can be put briefly in this way. His favorite writer is Dickens. "To me," said Mr. McCarthy, "he is ever fresh and inspiring. His work interests me no less now than it did when I first read it," and, of course, the genial Irishman read Dickens' novels when they were published in the green-covered parts in serial form, and he enjoyed some personal acquaintance with the great writer.

The work of the Greek tragedians is Mr. McCarthy's favorite study, while, he added, "Not only Shakespeare, but most of the authors of the Elizabethan era hold a very strong place in my affections." Concerning contemporary writers, Mr. McCarthy mentioned Miss Wilkins, Rudyard Kipling, and Meredith. John Bright is Mr. McCarthy's favorite orator, whom in many respects he ranks above his hero and friend, Mr. Gladstone.

Then Mr. McCarthy humorously added that his ideal of life, from a social and monetary point of

view, was to live in the heart of London and to do all one's work for America. In this way, he said, one lived in the cheapest market, and sold one's goods in the market where they obtained the best prices. "The best after-dinner speaker I know," Mr. McCarthy told me, "is Chauncey Depew; the best after-dinner speaker of my earlier days was Charles Dickens. Dickens was admirable in manner, matter, and in voice," he exclaimed; "and well I remember the flash and sparkle of his wonderful eyes. He had such a fine voice and manner that he really seemed to electrify one. The greatest oratorical effort I have ever heard in the House was Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule speech of 1880."

There is, however, some limit to the process of putting a public man through his "confessions," and as a final point I elicited the fact that Mr. McCarthy's favorite recreation has always been a visit to America—he thought that had always given him the keenest sense of enjoyment.

Mr. McCarthy's career would seem to have been one of never-ceasing activity, for while writing novels, his history and other literary work, and very actively representing his constituency in the House of Commons, making speeches both in the Assembly and on the platform, he has carried on in one form or other the work of a journalist, and only recently terminated a connection of many years by resigning the post of leader-writer on the *Daily News*, a position which he has held since 1870.

His first literary work was for the *Cork Magazine*, a little paper which his father had founded. Then came reporting and similar work, until 1852, when he migrated from Ireland to Liverpool, where he worked steadily on, improving his journalistic position and marrying Miss Charlotte Allman, until in the year 1860 he came to London, and finally became editor of the long-since defunct *Morning Star*. Entering Parliament in 1879, he accepted the chairmanship of the National party in 1890, a position which he resigned nearly two years ago.

Mr. McCarthy told me that he hoped to write his reminiscences, modestly adding that he thought they would prove more interesting than any attempt at autobiography; and, though this may be doubted, Mr. McCarthy has had so many very warm friends among the great men of the last forty years on both sides of the Atlantic, that it would be difficult to imagine any reminiscences which could prove equally interesting.

Mr. McCarthy is very business-like in his methods, and has used a typewriting machine since the first introduction of typewriters to this country.

"No; I never plan out a novel," he remarked, "any more than I prepare a speech. It must come spontaneously. With a novel I have probably a central character in my mind, and the novel grows around it. I find my characters very troublesome at times, especially my heroines, but if I follow them on they seem to come right in the end." Mr. McCarthy gave it as his opinion that one was helped in the writing of history by the writing of novels. Such work helped one to give life-like portraits of men of the day.

While Mr. McCarthy has been a close student of the Greek and Latin classics, his knowledge of modern languages is considerable; but he was very

much amused with a paragraph, clipped from an American paper, which he handed to the writer and which runs as follows: "Mr. McCarthy writes Greek better than a native. He speaks the language of Cicero as well as Cicero himself ever did—perhaps better; and with every European language he is perfectly familiar." "I'm afraid that glowing little tribute must be taken as a bit of American humor," said Mr. McCarthy, gravely.

One cannot close a sketch, however brief it may be, of the personality and work of Mr. Justin McCarthy without mention of his daughter, Miss Charlotte McCarthy, a delightful conversationalist of rare charm of appearance and manner, who has been of invaluable assistance to her father in domestic and literary matters; or of his son, Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy, whose work as author and dramatist has been so widely appreciated.

Henri Rochefort.....Rowland Strong.....St. Paul's

M. Rochefort seems to me to be indispensable to the intellectual completeness of Paris. What shall we do when his daily article in the *Intransigeant*, with its indefatigable "verve," its sparkling wit, its extraordinary justness of view, its refreshing frankness, its felicity of inspiration, its unswerving probity, is no longer to our hand the first thing in the morning when we wake up? Some of us, I am sure, will be inclined to leave the country. The *Intransigeant* itself will disappear, for in Rochefort's article is its sole "raison d'être." The influence of these daily comments on the principal topic of the day is not only enormous upon all classes of society; but if a collection of them were made, they would prove with what unflinching instinct their author has foreseen the outcome of the various political situations in which his country has been placed during the past half-century. And this justifies the claim made that M. Rochefort is not only the greatest political journalist of his age, but a statesman of the first eminence.

It is too often thought that he is a mere iconoclast, a demolisher of empires and governments, a cynic, and a sceptic. People who say this have not studied history. Take up Buckle's analysis of the decline of France under the reign of Louis XIV., and you might think that you were reading Rochefort's attack upon the Second Empire. Rochefort never read Buckle. The English philosopher, in his comments upon Louis XIV., had the advantage of nearly two centuries of perspective; his conclusions were arrived at leisurely and dispassionately; his methods were ostensibly scientific, and laid the basis of what he considered to be a philosophy of history, of which he felt himself to be in a large measure the originator. It is all the more amazing that from day to day, as the various situations developed themselves, and fresh incidents of a startling character cropped up, in the turmoil of political revolution, in exile, in persecution, in imprisonment, Rochefort always put his finger on the fatal mistake, always denounced the wrong that had been committed and the doer of it, prophesying with the same accuracy as the wisest philosopher of history could have done the inevitable consequences of the wrongdoing. The philosopher worked with his head, Rochefort with his heart, which is as big as the sea;

with his nerves, which are as delicate as a poet's and as sensitive as a woman's, and with a marvelous nature in which there are mingled unrivaled common broad as Swift's, and yielding nothing in irony to Voltaire's, and last, and curiously enough not least, Voltaire's, and last, and curiously enough not least, an exquisite conception of personal honor which one cannot help associating with the "noblesse oblige" of his rank; for, though not always a nobleman's possession, a sense of honor is at least a nobleman's tradition, and with Rochefort it has ever been as true and finely tempered as Bayard's sword.

"When my enemies have exhausted every insult against me," he is wont to say with a laugh, "they call me a Marquis." And in spite of his refusal to be known otherwise than as M. Henri Rochefort, in his appearance, his bearing, his manners, and to a large extent in his tastes, he is still the typical French marquis of the old régime. His title is the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay, and he was amused and a little disgusted when the authorities of the National Gallery insisted upon inscribing his name in full as the donor of a picture which, in gratitude for the hospitality he had received in London, he had presented to the British nation. For Rochefort is a great connoisseur of pictures and bibelots of all sorts. What he buys, however, he does not generally keep very long. It is his delight to purchase for a few francs some gem of an old master which the dealers have overlooked, and to sell it again for many times what he gave for it. He makes so many bargains of this kind that they constitute for him a serious source of income.

The *Intransigeant*, of which he is the principal shareholder, brings him in on an average about three hundred and fifty thousand francs a year. Of this he spends every sou, for he is the most generous of men; and, besides paying annuities to a number of broken-down politicians, old comrades in arms (including, by the way, Louise Michel), he distributes a great deal in occasional charity. "If the *Intransigeant* were to be suppressed to-morrow," I have heard him say, "I should have to borrow a thousand francs to get some lunch with." Then he added, "Still, my picture bargains would be enough to keep me in comfort.

His gallery, therefore, is small, but select, and does not inconveniently overcrowd the little villa which he inhabits in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne. Many of the choicest things in it were purchased in England for an old song. London, he says, is the paradise of the bibelot hunter. He bought a Géricault for a few shillings, which he sold afterwards for sixty thousand francs, and he has told me that even in the pawnbrokers' shops there are wonderful finds for those who know how to seek them. His keen eye would detect in a pawnbroker's window an old French watch priced at a couple of pounds, and worth fifty, he would pounce upon it, and make a New Year's present of it to some friend who little knew what the treasure had originally cost.

M. Rochefort is sixty-six, and still vigorous and athletic, though a slight tendency to obesity is beginning to display itself. This he attributes to his water-drinking habits, for all his life long he has had a horror of alcohol.

MEN IN EPIGRAM *

—There is no fact more observable in literature than how many beautiful things have been said about man in the abstract and how few about men in particular.—Madame Le Strange.

—Bachelor, a peacock; betrothed, a lion; wedded, an ass.—Proverb.

—When a man gits tew talking about himself, he seldum fails tew be eloquent, and often reaches the sublime.—Henry W. Shaw.

—Men will face powder and steel because they cannot face public opinion.—Edwin Hubbell Chapin.

—I dare say, now, even a man fortified with a knowledge of the classics might be lured into an imprudent marriage, in spite of the warning given him by the chorus in the Prometheus.—George Eliot.

—Until he is forty, a man is too young to marry, and after he is forty, he is too old.—Molly Elliott Seawell.

—There are men made of such stuff that an angel could hardly live with them without some deceit.—Anthony Trollope.

—The husband is the only creature entirely selfish. He is a low organism, consisting mainly of a digestive apparatus and a rude mouth.—I. Zangwill.

—Of the misbegotten changelings who call themselves men, and prate intolerably over dinner tables, I never saw one who seemed worthy to inspire love.—R. L. Stevenson.

—Some old men like to give good precepts to console themselves for their inability longer to give bad examples.—Antoine Depuy.

—Man is creation's masterpiece. But who says so? Man!—Sulpice Guillaume Gavarni.

—Self-made men are most alwus apt tew be a leetle too proud ov the job.—Henry W. Shaw.

—Once you are married there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.—R. L. Stevenson.

—The man who has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestry is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.—Sir Thomas Overbury.

—If every man worked at that for which nature fitted him, the cows would be well tended.—Jean Pierre Claris de Florian.

—We do not wonder when a man gives a false character to his neighbor, but it is always curious to see how a man contrives to present a false testimonial to himself.—Leslie Stephen.

—When a woman falls in love, you can't make her believe all men are alike; and when she has been married ten years, you can't make her believe they are not.—Kate Field.

—When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we are leaving them.—François de la Rochefoucauld.

—A man must be faithless to something—either to a woman, or his God, or his firmest belief.—John Oliver Hobbes.

—Man is an ungrateful being in love, bounty loses instead of winning him.—Washington Irving.

—A man cannot show his vanity in a tight skirt that forces him to walk sideways down the staircase; but let the match be between the respective vanities of largest beard and tightest skirt, and here, too, the battle would be to the strong.—George Eliot.

—About the only man we ever heard of that wasn't spoiled by being lionized was a Jew named Daniel.—George Denison Prentice.

—It is always incomprehensible to a man that a woman should ever refuse an offer of marriage.—Jane Austen.

—Men are less afraid of injuring one who awakens love than one who inspires fear.—Niccolo Machiavelli.

—Marriage has its unknown great men, as war has its Napoleons, poetry its Cheniers, and philosophy its Descartes.—Honoré de Balzac.

—Every man is a quotation from all his ancestors.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

—Every man has in his heart a slumbering hog.—A. Préault.

—How old the men would feel if they were only half as virtuous as they pretend!—Madame Le Strange.

—Yet woman is not capable of friendship; but, say, ye men, which of you is capable of friendship?—Friedrich Nietzsche.

—Men spend their lives in the service of their passions instead of employing their passions in the service of their lives.—Richard Steele.

—The man who never in his life was foolish was never a wise man.—Heinrich Heine.

—I'm not denyin' that women are foolish. God Almighty made 'em to match the men.—George Eliot.

—Most men die without creating; not one has died without destroying.—Alexandre Dumas.

—When a man is in a rage and wants to hurt another in consequence, he can always regard himself as the civil arm of a spiritual power.—George Eliot.

—Such is man! No use in having their hearts if you don't have their stomachs. Mind me and mark me: Don't neglect your cookery. Kissing don't last; cookery does.—George Meredith.

—It does not matter whom you marry, for you will find next morning you have married some one else.—S. Rogers.

—Man loves little and often; woman much and rarely.—Baste.

* Selected from Men in Epigram; Views of Maids, Wives, Widows and Other Amateurs and Professionals. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, publishers.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

So Much to Learn.....Richard Burton.....Memorial Day (Copeland & Day.)

So much to learn! Old Nature's ways
Of glee and gloom with wrapt amaze
To study, probe and paint,—brown earth,
Salt sea, blue heavens, their tilth and dearth,
Birds, grasses, trees,—the natural things
That throb or grope or poise on wings.

So much to learn about the world
Of men and women! We are hurled
Through interstellar space awhile
Together, then the sob, the smile,
Is silenced, and the solemn spheres
Whirl lonesomely along the years.

So much to learn from wisdom's store
Of early art and ancient lore.
So many stories treasured long
On temples, tombs, and columns strong.
The legend of old eld so large
And eloquent from marge to marge.

So much to learn about one's self:
The fickle soul, the nimble elf
That masks as me; the shifty will,
The sudden valor and the thrill;
The shattered shaft, the broken force
That seems supernal in its source.

And yet the days are brief. The sky
Shuts down before the waking eye
Has bid good-morrow to the sun;
The light drops low, and life is done.
Good-by, good-night, the star-lamps burn;
So brief the time, so much to learn!

Song.....Wil iam Carman Roberts.....Illustrated American

A wind is astir in my garden
Who spills the rose to death.
I will not, will not hearken
The bitter thing he saith.

A sinister, strange intruder,
He chills my heart with fear;
Wrecked dreams and ruined visions
At his approach draw near.

By the dial's menacing finger
The sweet hours wither and fall,
And the shadows leer and whisper
Along my garden wall.

For they know the viewless stranger,
With colder eyes than dawn,
The rustle of whose footstep
Tells me that youth is gone.

By the ShoreM. A. DeWolfe Howe.....Shadows (Copeland & Day.)

Town-bells over the land,
Fog-bells over the sea;
On the beach between in the mist I stand,
And each bell calls to me.

Out of the fog I hear:
"Come, I am cool and sweet;
My veil shall wrap thee away from fear,
My paths shall rest thy feet.

"Come as the ship that came
Into me on a morn of gray;
Follow it, naming Love's dear name,
And find what it bore away.

"Find? Yes, so it may chance;
Yet come for the respite's sake;
Enough that I pledge you my ocean's chance;
And oblivion—come, and take!"

And the land bells ring me: "Here,
Here are the fixed and true;
We ring for the lifted mists, the clear
Sure noons of gleaming blue.

"Out into the day we call
You and your peers, like men,
Girt as ye are, to win and fall,
And falling to win again.

"Strength is yours for a shield;
Take heart and grasp it fast!
Come, and bear from the hard-fought field
The guerdon of love at last!"

On the beach in the mist I stand,
And voices are calling me, —
Town-bells over the land,
Fog-bells over the sea.

Two Women's Lives.....Chicago Tribune

Two babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms
In the very self-same way:
And both were pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair;
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other saw through the curtain's part
The world where her sister moved;
And one was smiling a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone
On her pallet all thin and bare;
And one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for the rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in his arms
And carried them above,
Then all the differences vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

The Wild Ride.....Louise Imogen Guiney.....Chap-Book

I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All night, from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.
Let cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle,
Straight, grim and abreast, vault our weatherworn galloping legion,
With stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.
The road is through dolor and dread over craigs and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall and entice us:
What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding!
Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy a cobweb,
And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam;
Not here is our prize, nor, alas! after these our pursuing.
A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle,
A passing salute to this world and her pitiful beauty!
We hurry, with never a word, in the track of our fathers.
I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses
All day the commotion of sinewy, mane-tossing horses,
All right from their cells the importunate tramping and neighing.
We spur to a land of no name, outracing the storm wind;
We leap to the infinite dark, like the sparks from the anvil.
Thou leadeest, O God! All's well with thy troopers that follow.

The Lily Bed.....Margaret E. Sangster.....Harper's Bazar

<p>A hundred years of sunshine And a hundred years of snow Have fallen on the garden Where sweet the lilies grow, Set out by loving woman's hands That long, long time ago. The house that owned the garden Is but a chimney now; Another statelier mansion Crowns the mountain's rugged brow; But still the fragrant summer through The queenly lilies bow. They sway to passing breezes, They yield to yearning hands; I think they laugh when children Troop by in merry bands; These are the passing vagrants; The lilies are the land's.</p>	<p>Long gathered to their fathers Are lover and are maid, And wedded hearts are cold that saw For bridal bloom displayed The fair and winsome flowers In their vestal robes arrayed. Old furrows in the churchyard, The old deep graves no more Are sought by any footsteps From any lonesome door, Swept into heaven and gladness All those old aches are o'er. They did but plant the lilies, And then they went away, But they left behind for memory, Through golden and through gray, The story of their happy lives Spelled in the lilies' way.</p>
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Bob White.....Annie Fellows Johnston.....Songs Ysane (L. C. Page & Co.)

<p>Just now, beyond the turmoil and the din Of crowded streets that city walls shut in, I heard the whistle of a quail begin: "Bob White! Bob White!" So faintly and far away falling, It seems that a dream voice was calling "Bob White! Bob White!" How the old sights and sounds come thronging And thrill me with a sudden longing! Through quiet country lanes the sunset shines. Fence corners where the wild rose climbs and twines, And blooms in tangled blackberry vines, "Bob White! Bob White!" I envy yon home-going swallow, Oh, but swiftly to rise and follow— Follow its flight, Follow it back with happy flying, Where green-clad hills are calmly lying.</p>	<p>Wheat fields whose golden silences are stirred By whirring insect wings, and naught is heard But plaintive callings of that one sweet word, "Bob White! Bob White!" And a smell of the clover growing In the meadow lands ripe for mowing, All red and white, Over the shady creek comes sailing, Past willows in the water trailing. Tired heart, 'tis but in dreams I turn my feet, Again to wander in the ripening wheat And hear the whistle of the quail repeat "Bob White! Bob White!" But oh! there is joy in the knowing That somewhere green pastures are growing, Though out of sight. And the light on those church spires dying, On the old home meadow is lying.</p>
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Now.....Andrew Downing.....The Trumpeters and Other Poems*

<p>I want no pledge of joys to be,— No false, uncertain vow; That friend, alone, is kind to me Who proves his friendship now. Then, sweetheart, come to-day and bring Love's flower in perfect bloom; I shall not care what wreaths you fling To-morrow on my tomb.</p>	<p>Life's changing year is brief, so brief, And I shall slumber long, When autumn binds the yellow sheaf, And winter ends the song.</p>
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* Hayworth Publishing House, Washington, D. C.

A POLISH ELOPEMENT*

BY HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

[Henryk, a young Polish nobleman, the narrator of the story which follows, is secretly in love with his ward, Hania, who is also a member of his father's household. His father suspects this attachment, and plans to send Hania away on a visit. Henryk assents, not for the father's reason, but because he hopes that Hania's departure will break off the relations between Hania and Selim, a neighbor's son and Henryk's rival.]

On the second day after the conversation I saw Hania hide hastily a written paper, beyond doubt a letter to or from Selim. I divined even that perhaps they would see each other, but though I watched in the gray hour for Selim, I could not catch him. Meanwhile two days passed quickly, like an arrow through the air. On the eve of the day when she was to pass the night at Ustrytsi, my father went to the next town to buy horses, and took Kazio to try them. Father Ludvik and I were to escort Hania. I noticed that as the decisive moment drew near a wonderful disquiet took possession of her. She changed in the eyes, and her whole body trembled. At moments she shivered as if terrified. At last the sun set in a kind of gloom, behind thick yellowish clouds piled on one another—clouds that threatened storm and hail. On the western horizon distant thunder-rolls were heard in succession, like the terrible grumbling of a coming tempest. The air was sultry and filled with electricity. The birds had hidden under roofs and trees; only swallows were rushing quietly through the air. The leaves ceased to rustle on the trees, and hung as if they had fainted. From the direction of the farmyard came the plaintive bellowing of cattle, returning from pasture. A species of gloomy unrest pervaded all nature. Father Ludvik had the windows closed. I wished to reach Ustrytsi before the outbreak of the storm, so I sprang up to go to the stable and hurry the stableboys. When I was leaving the room Hania stood up, but sat down immediately. I looked at her. She blushed and then turned pale. "The air oppresses me somehow," said she; and, sitting near the window, she began to fan herself with a handkerchief.

Her strange disquiet increased evidently.

"We might wait," said the priest; "the storm will burst forth in half an hour or so."

"In half an hour we shall be at Ustrytsi," answered I; "besides, who knows but our fears may be vain." And I ran to the stable.

My horse was saddled already, but there was delay with the carriage, as usual. Half an hour had passed before the coachman drove up to the porch with the carriage. I was behind it on horseback. The storm seemed to be just overhanging, but I did not wish to delay any longer. They brought out Hania's trunks at once, and strapped them behind to the carriage. Father Ludvik was waiting on the porch in a white linen coat, a white umbrella in his hand.

"Where is Hania? Is she ready?" asked I.

"She is ready. She went half an hour ago to pray in the chapel."

I went to the chapel, but did not find Hania. I went to the dining-room, from there to the drawing-room,—no Hania in any place.

"Hania! Hania!" I began to call.

No one gave answer. Somewhat alarmed, I went to her room, thinking that she might have grown faint. In her room the old woman Vengrosia was sitting and crying.

"Is it time," asked she, "to take farewell of the young lady?"

"Where is the young lady?" asked I, impatiently.

"She went to the garden."

I ran to the garden immediately.

"Hania! Hania! It is time to go."

Silence.

"Hania! Hania!"

As if in answer to me the leaves began to rustle under the first breath of the tempest; a few large drops of rain fell, and silence set in again.

"What is this?" asked I of myself, and felt that the hair was rising on my head with fright.

"Hania! Hania!"

For a moment it seemed to me that from the other end of the garden I heard an answer. I recovered myself. "Oh, what a fool!" thought I, and ran in the direction whence the voice came. I found nothing and nobody.

On that side the garden ended at a paling; beyond that was a road toward a sheepfold in the field. I seized hold of the paling and looked on the road. It was empty; but Ingas, a farm-boy, was herding geese in a ditch near the paling.

"Ingas!"

Ingas took off his cap and ran toward the paling.

"Hast thou seen the young lady?"

"I saw the young lady when she was going away."

"How? when she was going away?"

"Toward the forest with the Panish* from Horeli. Oh, they went, how they went, as fast as ever the horses could gallop!"

Jesus, Mary! Hania had fled with Selim.

It grew dark in my eyes, and then a lightning flash, as it were, flew through my head. I remember Hania's disquiet; that letter which I had seen in her hand. Then all had been arranged. Selim had written to her and had seen her. They had chosen the moment before our departure, for they knew that all would be occupied then. Jesus, Mary! A cold sweat covered me. I do not remember when I stood on the porch.

"The horse! the horse!" shouted I, in a terrible voice.

"What has happened? What has happened?" cried the priest.

He was answered only by a roar of thunder, which was heard at that moment. The wind whistled in my ears from the mad rush of my horse. Dashing into the alley of lime-trees, I crossed it in going toward the road which they had taken; I rushed across one field, then another, and hurried on. The traces were evident. Meanwhile the storm

* A selected reading from Hania, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers; cloth, \$2.00.

* Lord's son.

had begun; it grew dark. On the black pile of cloud fiery zigzags of lightning began to define themselves. At times the whole sky was one blaze; then a still denser darkness came down; rain poured in one torrent. The trees swayed and bent on the roadside. My horse, struck by the mad blows of my whip and pressed by spurs, was snorting and groaning, and I also snorted from rage. Bent over the neck of the horse I watched the tracks on the road, not seeing aught else and not thinking of it. In this mood I rushed into the forest. At that moment the storm became still more intense. A kind of rage seized the earth and the sky. The forest bent like wheat in a field, and brandished around its dark branches; the echoes of thunder spread from pine-tree to pine-tree in the gloom; the roar of the thunder, the sound of the trees, the crash of breaking limbs, were all mingled in a kind of hellish concert. I could not see traces now, but I flew onward like a whirlwind. Only beyond the forest, by the glare of lightning, did I recognize tracks again; but I noticed with terror that the snorting of my horse grew more and more violent, while his speed became less. I redoubled the blows of the whip.

Just beyond the forest began a real sea of sand, which I could avoid by going to one side, while Selim had to pass through it. That must delay his flight.

I raised my eyes. "Oh God! bring it about that I overtake them, and then kill me, if 'tis Thy will!" cried I, in despair. And my prayer was heard. All at once ruddy lightning rent the darkness, and in its bloody glare I saw an escaping *britska*. I could not distinguish the faces of the fleeing, but I felt sure that they were Selim and Hania. They were less than one-third of a mile ahead, but were not going very swiftly; for because of the darkness and floods, which the rain had raised, Selim was forced to drive cautiously. I uttered a cry of rage and delight. Now they could not escape me.

Selim looked around, shouted too, and fell to beating the frightened horses with a cane. By the gleam of lightning Hania too recognized me. I saw that she grasped Selim in despair, and he told her something. In a few seconds I was so near that I could hear Selim's voice.

"I have weapons!" cried he, in the dark. "Do not come near; I shall shoot."

But I cared for nothing. I pushed on and on.

"Halt!" cried Selim; "halt!"

I was scarcely fifteen yards away, but the road began now to be better, and Selim urged his horses into a full gallop. The distance between us increased for a moment, but again I began to overtake them. Selim turned then and aimed his pistol. He was terrible, but he aimed coolly. Another moment, and I might have touched the carriage with my hand. Suddenly the report of a pistol was heard. My horse threw himself to one side, sprang still a number of times, then sank to his knees. I raised him; he reared on his hind legs, and, snorting heavily, rolled on the ground with me.

I sprang up at once and ran with all the strength left in me, but that was a vain effort. Soon the *britska* went farther and farther from me; then I saw it only when lightning rent the clouds. I tried to shout. I could not; breath failed in my breast.

The rattle of the *britska* came to me fainter and fainter; at last I stumbled against a stone and fell.

In a moment I rose again. "They have gone! they have gone! they have vanished!" repeated I, aloud, and do not remember what happened to me. I was helpless, alone in the tempest and the night. That Satan of a Selim had conquered me. But if Kazio had not gone with my father, we should have pursued them together, and then what would have happened?

"What will happen now?" screamed I, loudly, so as to hear my own voice and not go mad. And it seemed to me that the whirlwind was jeering at me, and whistling: "Sit there at the roadside, without a horse, while he is off there with her." And thus the wind howled and laughed and roared. I went back slowly to my horse. From his nostrils flowed a stream of dark stiffening blood, but he was alive yet; he panted and turned his dying eyes toward me. I sat near him, rested my head on his side, and it seemed to me that I too was dying. But meanwhile the wind whistled above my head and laughed and cried, "He is there with her!" It seemed to me at times that I heard the hellish rattle of the *britska*, flying off in the night with my happiness. And the whirlwind whistled, "He is there with her!"

A marvelous stupefaction seized hold of me. How long it lasted I cannot tell. When I recovered the tempest had passed. Along the sky bright flocks of light, whitish clouds were moving; in the intervals between them the blue of heaven was visible, and the moon was shining brightly. From the field a mist was rising. My horse, already cold, reminded me of what had passed. I looked around to see where I was. On the right I perceived distant lights in windows, so I hurried toward them. It turned out that I was right near Ustrytsi.

I resolved to go to the mansion and see Pan Ustrytski, which I could do the more easily, since he lived not in the mansion itself, but had his own little house; in this he slept and spent his time usually. The light was shining yet in his window. I knocked at the door. He opened it himself and started backed frightened.

"Farce!" cried he; "what a look thou hast, Henryk!"

"Lightning killed my horse out there on the road; I had nothing to do but to come here."

"In the name of Father and Son! But thou art wet through, cold. It is late. Farce! I will have something to eat brought in and dry clothes for thee."

"No, no; I wish to go home at once, nothing more."

"But why did not Hania come? My wife will start at two in the morning. We thought that you would bring her to spend the night."

I resolved at once to tell him all, for I needed his assistance.

"A misfortune has happened," said I. "I reckon on this, that you will not mention the matter to any one, neither to your wife, nor your daughters, nor the governess. The honor of our house is at stake here."

I knew that he would tell no one, but I had little hope that the affair would be concealed; therefore I

preferred to anticipate, so that in a given event he could explain what had happened. And I told him all, declaring that I was in love with Hania.

"But thou must fight with Selim, I suppose? Farce! what—" said he, listening to the end.

"Yes; I wish to fight with him to-morrow. But to-day I must pursue them, and therefore I beg you to give me your best horse immediately."

"Thou hast no need to pursue them. They have not gone far. They took various roads and returned to Horeli. Where could they go? Farce! They returned to Horeli, and fell at the feet of the old Mirza. They had no other escape. The old Mirza confined Selim in the granary, and the young lady he will take back to thy house. A farce, is it? But Hania! Hania! well!"

"Pan Ustrycki!"

"Well, well, my child, be not angry. I do not take this ill of her. My women, that is different. But why lose time?"

"That is true; let us not lose time."

Pan Ustrycki stopped for a moment. "I know now what to do. I will go straightway to Horeli, and do thou go home, or better wait here. If Hania is in Horeli, I will take her and go to thy house. Thou thinkest they may not give her to me? Farce! But I prefer to be with the old Mirza when we take her, for thy father is quick-tempered, ready to challenge the old man, but the old man is not to blame. Is he?"

"My father is not at home."

"So much the better!"

Pan Ustrycki slapped his hands.

"Yanek!"

The servant entered.

"Horses and a britska for me in ten minutes. Dost understand?"

"And horses for me?" said I.

"And horses for this gentleman! Farce! lord benefactor."

We were silent for a time.

"Will you permit me to write a letter to Selim?" asked I. "I wish to challenge him by letter."

"Why?"

"I am afraid that the old man will not let him fight. He will confine him a time and think that sufficient. But for me that is little, little! If Selim is in prison already, you will not see him; that cannot be brought about through the old man; but a letter may be left for any one. Besides, I shall not tell my father that I am going to fight. He might challenge the old Mirza, and the old Mirza is not to blame. But if Selim and I fight to begin with, there will be no reason for their fighting. Indeed, you said yourself that I might fight with him."

"I thought this way: fight, fight! That is always the best way for a noble; whether old or young, it is one. For some one else, a farce! but not for a noble. Well, write; thou art correct."

I sat down and wrote as follows: "Thou art contemptible. With this letter I slap thee in the face. If thou wilt not appear to-morrow near Vah's cottage with pistols or with swords, thou wilt be the last of cowards, which very likely thou art."

I sealed the letter and gave it to Pan Ustrycki. Then he went out. The britskas had come already.

Before sitting in mine, one terrifying thought came to my head.

"But," said I to Pan Ustrycki, "if Selim took Hania not to Horeli?"

"If not to Horeli, then he has gained time. It is night; there are fifty roads in every direction, and—look for a wind in the fields. But where could he have taken her?"

"To the town of N."

"Sixteen miles with the same horses. Then be at rest. A farce! isn't it? I will go to N. to-morrow, to-day even, but first to Horeli. I repeat to thee, be at rest."

An hour later I was at home. It was late at night, very late even, but lights were gleaming everywhere in the windows. Soon people were running with candles through various rooms. When my britska stopped before the porch, the doors squeaked, and Father Ludvik came out with a lamp in his hand.

"Be quiet!" whispered he, putting his finger to his mouth.

"But Hania?" inquired I, feverishly.

"Hania is here already. The old Mirza brought her back. Come to my room. I will tell thee all." I went to the priest's room.

"What happened to thee?"

"I pursued them. Selim shot my horse. Is father here?"

"He came just after the old Mirza had gone. Oh, misfortune! misfortune! The doctor is with him now. We were afraid that he would have an apopleptic stroke. He wanted to go and challenge the old Mirza immediately. Don't go to thy father, for it might harm him. To-morrow beg him not to challenge the Mirza. That would be a grievous sin, and, besides, the old man is not to blame. He beat Selim and confined him; Hania he brought home himself. He enjoined silence on his servants. It is fortunate that he did not find thy father."

It turned out that Pan Ustrycki had foreseen everything perfectly.

"How is Hania?"

"Every thread on her was wet. She has a fever. Thy father gave her a dreadful scolding. The poor child!"

"Did Doctor Stanislav see her?"

"He did, and commanded her to go to bed without delay. Old Vengrosia is sitting near her. Wait here for me. I will go to thy father and tell him that thou hast come. He sent horsemen after thee in every direction. Kazio, too, is not at home, for he has gone to look for thee. O God! O God, Thou Almighty, what has happened here?"

So saying, the priest went to my father. But I could not wait in his room. I ran to Hania. I did not wish to see her, oh, no! that would cost her too much. I wished rather to be sure that she had really returned, that she was again out of danger, under our roof, near me, sheltered from the tempest and the terrible events of that day.

Wonderful feelings shook me when I approached her room. Not anger, not hatred, did I feel in my heart, but a great and deep sorrow, an inexpressible compassion for that poor unfortunate victim of Selim's madness. I thought of her as of a dove, which a falcon had swept away. Ah! how much humilia-

tion the poor thing must have felt, through what shame she must have passed in Horeli in presence of the old Mirza! I swore to myself that I would not reproach her to-day or ever, and would act with her as if nothing had happened.

At the moment when I reached the chamber door, it opened; old Vengrosia came out. I stopped her and inquired:

"Is the young lady sleeping?"

"She is not; she is not," repeated the old woman. "Oh, my golden young master, if you had seen what was here! When the old lord bellowed at the young lady, I thought the poor dear would die on the spot. And she was terrified and wet through. O Jesus! Jesus!"

"But now how is she?"

"You will see that she is sick altogether. It is lucky that the doctor is here."

I commanded Vengrosia to return at once to Hania, and not to shut the door; for I wished to look at her from a distance. In fact, looking from the dark chamber through the open door, I saw her sitting on the bed, dressed in night-clothing. A deep flush was on her face; her eyes were gleaming. I saw besides that she was breathing quickly; evidently she had a fever.

I hesitated for a time whether to go in or not; but at that moment Father Ludvik touched my shoulder.

"Thy father calls thee," said he.

"Father Ludvik, she is sick!"

"The doctor will come at once. Meanwhile thou wilt talk to thy father. Go, go; it is late."

"What o'clock?"

"One in the morning."

I struck my forehead with my hand. But I had to fight with Selim at five in the morning.

After a talk with my father which lasted half an hour, I returned to the station, but did not lie down. I calculated that to reach Vah's at five I must leave the house by four at least, therefore I had not quite three hours before me. Soon after, Father Ludvik came to see if I were not ill after that mad ride, and if I had changed clothing properly after being wet; but for me to be wet was the same as not to be wet. The priest urged me to go to bed at once; meanwhile he forgot himself in talk, and so an hour passed. . . . After the priest had gone, I took down that famous old sabre, given me by my father, and the pistols, to prepare for the meeting of the morning. In spite of something like two hundred years, it had not one dent; the golden inscription, "Jesus, Mary," shone distinctly. I tried the edge, it was as fine as the edge of a satin ribbon. . . . Meanwhile the light of day had begun to look in with increasing force through my window. I quenched the candles burning on the table; it was almost daylight. Half-past four struck clearly in the hall of the house.

"Well, it is time!" thought I; and, throwing a cloak over my shoulders to hide the weapons in case some one met me, I went out of the station.

While passing near the house I noticed that the main door in the entrance, which was fastened at night usually by the jaws of an iron lion, was open. Evidently some one had gone out; hence I needed to take every precaution not to meet that person. . . . Thus meditating, I reached the bank of the

pond. Mist and steam had dropped from the air onto the water. Daylight had painted the blue surface of the pond with the colors of dawn. Early morning had only just begun. The air was growing more and more transparent; it was fresh everywhere, calm, rosy, quiet; only from the reeds came to my ears the quacking of wild ducks. I was near the sluices and bridge, when I stopped on a sudden, as if driven into the earth.

On the bridge stood my father, with his arms behind him and a quenched pipe in one hand. Leaning on the railing of the bridge, he was looking thoughtfully at the water and the morning dawn. It was evident that he as well as I had been unable to sleep, and he had gone out to breathe the morning air, or perhaps to look here and there at the management.

I did not see him at once, for I was walking at the side of the road, so the willows hid the railing of the bridge from me; but I was not more than ten yards away. I hid behind the willows, not knowing at the moment what to do.

But my father stood in the same place all the time. I looked at him. Sleeplessness and anxiety were apparent on his face. He cast his eyes at the pond and muttered the morning prayer.

To my ears came the words:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace! The Lord be with Thee!" Here he whispered the continuation, and again aloud:

"And blessed be the fruit of Thy womb. Amen!"

I was impatient at standing behind the willows, and I determined to slip by quietly over the bridge. I could do that, for my father was turned toward the water; and, besides, he was a little deaf, as I have mentioned, for during the time in the army he had been deafened by the excessive roar of artillery. Stepping along cautiously, I was passing the bridge beyond the willows, but unfortunately a badly fastened plank moved. My father looked around.

"What art thou doing here?" asked he.

"Oh, to walk, father,—I am going to walk only," answered I, growing as red as a beet.

My father approached me, and opening slightly the cloak with which I had covered myself carefully, he pointed to the sabre and pistols.

"What is this?" asked he.

There was no help for it; I had to confess.

"I will tell father everything," I said; "I am going to fight with Selim."

I thought that he would burst out in anger, but beyond my expectation he only asked:

"Who was the challenger?"

"I."

"Without consulting thy father, without saying a word?"

"I challenged him yesterday in Ustrytsi, immediately after the pursuit. I could not ask about anything, father, and, besides, I was afraid that thou wouldst forbid me."

"Thou hast guessed right. Go home. Leave the whole affair to me."

My heart was straitened in me with such pain and despair as never before.

"Father, I entreat thee by all that is holy, by the memory of my grandfather, do not forbid me to fight with the Tartar. I remember how thou didst

call me a democrat and wert angry with me. Now I remember that thy blood as well as grandfather's is flowing in me. Father, he injured Hania! is that to go unpunished? Give not people the chance to say that our family let an orphan be wronged, or would not avenge her. I am greatly to blame. I loved her, and did not tell thee; but I swear that even if I had not loved her, I would, for the sake of her orphanhood, our house, and our name do what I am doing now. Conscience tells me that this is noble; and do thou, father, not oppose me; for if what I say is true, then I do not believe that thou wouldst forbid me to be noble. I do not! Remember, father, that Hania is wronged; and I challenged, I gave my word. I know that I am not mature yet, but have not the immature just the same feelings and the same honor as grown persons? I have challenged; I have given my word; and thou hast taught me more than once that honor is the first right of nobles. I gave my word, father; Hania was wronged; there is a spot on our house, and I have given my word. Father, father!"

And pressing my lips to his hand, I wept like a beaver; I prayed almost to my father; but in proportion as I spoke, his severe face became gentle, milder and milder; he raised his eyes, and a large, heavy tear, really a parental one, fell on my forehead. He fought a grievous battle with himself, for I was the sight of his eyes, and he loved me above all things on earth; therefore he trembled for me; but at last he inclined his iron-gray head and said in a low, barely-audible voice:

"May the God of thy fathers conduct thee! Go, my son, go to fight with the Tartar."

We fell into each other's arms. My father pressed me long; long did he hold me to his breast. But at last he shook himself out of his emotion, and said with strength and more joyously:

"Now then, fight, my son, till thy battle is heard in the sky!"

I kissed his hand and he asked:

"With swords or pistols?"

"He will choose."

"And the seconds?"

"Without seconds. I trust him; he trusts me. Why do we need seconds?"

Again I threw myself on his neck, for it was time to go. I looked back when I had gone about a third of a mile. My father was on the bridge yet, and blessed me from afar with the holy cross. The first rays of the rising sun fell on his lofty figure, encircling it with a kind of aureole. Ah, how the heart rose in me then! I had so much confidence and faith and courage that if not one, but ten Selims had been waiting for me at Vah's cottage, I should have challenged all ten of them immediately.

I came at last to the cottage. Selim was waiting for me at the edge of the forest. I confess that when I saw him I felt in my heart something like that which a wolf feels when he sees his prey. We looked each other in the eyes threateningly, and with curiosity. Selim had changed in those two days; he had grown thin and ugly, but maybe it only seemed to me that he had grown ugly; his eyes gleamed feverishly, the corners of his mouth quivered.

We went immediately to the depth of the forest,

but we did not speak a word the whole way. At last, when I found a little opening among the pines, I stopped and asked:

"Here. Agreed?"

He nodded his head and began to unbutton his coat, so as to take it off before the duel.

"Choose!" said I, pointing to the pistols and the sabre. He pointed to a sabre which he had with him: it was Turkish, a Damascus blade, much curved toward the point.

Meanwhile I threw off my coat; he followed my example, but first he took a letter from his pocket and said:

"If I die, I beg to give this to Panna Hania."

"I will not receive it."

"This is not a confession; it is an explanation."

"Agreed! I will take it."

Thus speaking, we rolled up our shirt-sleeves. Only now did my heart begin to beat more vigorously. At last Selim seized the hilt of his sabre, straightened himself, took the position of a fencer, challenging, proud, and holding the sabre higher than his head, said briefly:

"I am ready."

I struck on him at once, and so impetuously that he had to retreat a number of steps, and he received my blows on his sabre with difficulty; he answered, however, each blow with a blow, and with such swiftness that stroke and answer were heard almost simultaneously. A flush covered his face; his nostrils distended; his eyes stared out slantingly in Tartar fashion, and began to cast lightning.

For a while there was nothing to be heard but the clink of blades, the dry sound of steel and the whistling breath of our breasts.

Selim soon understood that if the struggle was to continue he must fall, for neither his lungs nor his strength would hold out. Large drops of sweat came out on his forehead; his breath grew hoarser and hoarser. But also a certain rage possessed him, a certain madness of battle. His hair, tossed around by the movement, fell on his forehead, and in his open mouth shone his white teeth. You would have said that the Tartar nature had become roused in him and grown wild when he felt the sabre in his hand and smelt blood. Still I had the advantage of equal fury with greater strength. Once he could not withstand the blow, and blood trickled from his left arm. After a few seconds the very point of my sabre touched his forehead. He was terrible then, with that red ribbon of blood mixed with sweat and trickling down to his mouth and chin. It seemed to rouse him. He sprang up to me and sprang away like a wounded tiger. The point of his sabre circled with the terrible swiftness of a fiery thunderbolt, around my head, arms, and breast. I caught those mad blows with difficulty, all the more since I was thinking rather of giving than taking. At times we came so near each other that breast almost struck breast.

All at once, Selim sprang away; his sabre whistled right near my temple; but I warded it off with such strength that his head was for a moment undefended. I aimed a blow capable of splitting it in two, and—a thunderbolt, as it were, struck my head suddenly. I cried, "Jesus, Mary!" the sabre dropped from my hand, and I fell with my face to the earth.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

A British View of the Crisis in Spain... Leonard Williams... Fortnightly Review

A very interesting state of things is going forward in Spain, a state of things worth honest study and a proper exposition by an expert. I have been in Porto Rico, examining the projected "reforms" of January of this year; I have been in Cuba, examining the war; I live in Spain, examining her politics and contemporary growth from hour to hour and day to day, and my object is to set before the curious and unenlightened a plain relation of the facts, and memories, and means, and needs of recent and immediate party government in the Peninsula.

Seldom in the world's history has a nation been confronted by perils so many and so grave as Spain at the precise moment of my composing these remarks. American intervention in Cuba, national bankruptcy of the most complete and desperate order, and the harrowing possibility—if not probability—of internal dissension in the form of a revolution—Carlist or otherwise; such is the triple menace impending over the unhappiest of European countries. The attitude of the Spanish people is, not unnaturally, one of supreme dejection. They realize only too well that their administrators have played them false, and that the late Conservative Government, by reason of its utter inadequacy to rule, by the mess it made of the Cuban war, and by disgraceful preference for the pettiest, most personal and most selfish individual intrigue to the sovereign and concrete guidance of the nation, is doomed to figure as their crowning pitch of administrative shamelessness. Never has party disunion in Spain been so instructive or so sad to contemplate as at the present critical juncture of the country's retrograde development, never the cession of patriotism to self been more pitifully exemplified than now, when saner commonwealths would cling to party interalliance, cohesive and co-operative union of one and every faction, and cheerful oblivion of bygone jealousies till the peril should be met and past, as the only chance of general salvation.

A short while ago the Conservative ministry, which represented Cánovas and his ideal in modern Spanish politics, ceased to exist. But what astonishes a critical observer is that it lived so long—indeed, that so miserably frail an organism survived by a single week or hour the stern and dictatorial chief who had chosen and moulded it to his own liking, who held in the palm of his hand its myriad littlenesses and mutual vituperations, and who defied the will of an entire nation, and snapped his fingers in the popular face—for what? To meet a violent and unbecoming end at the Baths of Santa Agueda. The horrible death of Cánovas was the retribution of his pernicious ideal of modern statesmanship. It needs some bravery to say so. For many of my readers will gather from this assertion that I seek to defend an act of anarchy for anarchy's sake. Such is not the case. That an anarchist fired the fatal shot to me is nothing more than a coincidence. A cautious and observant student of Spanish politics and feeling might have expected Cánovas to be assassinated at any moment during the past year. I did, and many weeks before his death I

reported that "For every jeer I have heard directed against the 'mambises' I have heard ten thousand deep and sullen curses aimed at Señor Cánovas."

The temper of the Spanish people is marvelous indeed. A firm Government—firm with the just intention of doing right—they are slow to recognize and tolerate, but tyranny they readily swallow, making a wry face, perhaps, but no resistance. The more merciless the force opposed to them the more they find in it to admire and make obeisance to. This idiosyncrasy of the Spanish character Cánovas del Castillo was swift to appreciate and take advantage of. A writer who complacently sets him down as a great statesman and patriot in the general—the European—sense of the word, is no master of the facts. Cánovas was the strong man of Spain. He was not the educator of the people, or the worker of the popular inclination. His vigorous understanding was their muscular master. The police were on his side; a useful portion of the press, hired judiciously for the purpose; the army; and the brains to set them all in motion; and, so equipped, Antonio Cánovas del Castillo confronted the Spanish people and said, "Come on." It was a resolute and daring attitude, and kept the crowd triumphantly at bay for thirty years. But of late a change had taken place. A good deal of the old fire had burned out. Fifteen years of colonial revolt, again, impress even the thickest-headed Spanish peasant into conceiving that the trouble has no business to last so long, and that his rulers, if hard and exigent towards himself, are weak, extravagant, and undexterous elsewhere. And this suspicion ripens into certainty when he sees his sons torn from his side and packed over sea, and when his taxes swell and swell, and the price of bread goes up and up, and still no alteration for the better.

This cumulative truth is what the Spanish plebs have learned at last, within a year ago, and if Cánovas had had the foresight of the true statesman, instead of the blind egoism of the autocrat, he would have thrown up his losing cards while there was time and said: "The Cuban war is a mistake. Forgive me." But his unflagging obstinacy held him to his desperate and aimless course. Although his complicity with his emissary, Weyler, in sending and publishing one lying telegram after another, was manifest as day, he smiled and rubbed his hands, and vowed the war was all but over; and behind that smile he half despised and half defied the victims he invited to believe him. He made no claim to be a patriot. He knew he was unpopular. He knew that for every cottage whence a son had been torn away to that disastrous strife in Cuba the Conservative Government of the nation may count upon one bitter foe—the Republicans or the Duke of Madrid upon one sure ally. What would have happened in Spain, had he lived longer, is quite beyond the average power to say. The prospect was too horrible for words. However, he died, and his ministry, after feebly mimicking the stubborn temper of their chief, succumbed also, leaving to the Liberal party a legacy which may be likened to a bomb with time-fuse well alight and sputtering into

the explosive. In plainer words what faces Señor Sagasta is the following: Spain is a beggar. Her credit is gone. Her army, always of late years behindhand in discipline, instruction, commissariat, and the thousand and one minutiae other nations are solicitous to attend to, is decimated by disease, dispirited, and utterly incompetent to engage in war with any civilized power. Her navy is rotten. Her people are discontented and divided into various creeds. Some are for the existing régime, some for Don Carlos, and some for the Republic.

Now, plainly, if a man who finds himself at the head of such a commonwealth as this talks big and uses threats without accomplishment, his ultimate outlook will be perilous indeed. And, to do him justice, Señor Sagasta has evidently gathered that the presence in Madrid of General Woodford as the bearer of concise instructions from President McKinley, is not to be sneezed at. It would, of course, interest us comparative outsiders to know exactly how much of this autonomy business has been dictated to Señor Sagasta by the Government of the United States—for though, as far as verbiage went, colonial autonomy has long been the recognized Sagastan platform, I fancy my reports from San Juan de Puerto Rico as to the practical application of Señor Cánovas' Porto Rican reforms, gracefully presented by him to Mr. Olney, have opened the eyes of the American executive to what Castilian promises are worth, if their fulfilment be not carefully looked after. If Señor Sagasta has quietly and unresistingly surrendered to the United States "carte blanche" to interfere in matters Cuban, with the one proviso that the Spanish masses be kept discreetly in the dark, he has chosen the very wisest course open to him—and proved a genuine benefactor to his country. For you may liken Cuba to a gangrenous limb of Spain. Leave it and the whole body will become infected; amputate it, and the patient may be saved and live to thank you for your drastic measure. It is easy for a Fleet street leader writer of the average class to gabble of American pretensions and the misty Monroe doctrine, but I have seen in Cuba the number of American citizens, honest and upright owners of the land, whose everything was torn from them by the Spanish troops, with a peculiar spite in that they were Americans; and the United States, from what I witnessed, not only possess the most transparent right to press for peace in Cuba, but they have possessed it for many months, and tolerantly forborne to put that pressure into operation. Because we English are too ignorant or stupid to jump upon the Turk a thousand miles from home, is no cause why we should forbid our American cousins to shut the shambles at their very threshold.

The time for international arrangement of the Cuban war has amply come at last, and Señor Sagasta appears to have chosen to feel the velvet glove alone, nor ventured to provoke the iron grip that underlies it. And when, by American help, Cuba is comfortably amputated from the mother country, he will cast his eyes about him nearer home to mark what needs repairing. He will watch, if he be well advised, General Valeriano Weyler, who thinks to take a leaf out of the books of Generals Espartero and Narvaez, and make mischief in the Peninsula.

He will watch the chief Carlist centres, and above all, Barcelona, the most unruly city of Europe. But he will not imprison without a charge or warrant, or suffer the jailers of Montjuich to torture untried suspects, as his ruthless predecessor did before him. And he will study by degrees to make his party popular, and, if possible, loved for equable procedure and benevolent inclination. . . . Unless the present Administrators of the boy King mend their predecessors' conduct towards the nation, there will be bloody fighting once anew in the Peninsula. The Spanish people must be compensated for high taxation, repugnant military service, and crass administrative neglect, by peace and education, lessened taxes, and agricultural and mercantile encouragement. In this case they may adapt themselves to the present régime with a good grace and a loyalty well worth acceptance. Otherwise the Pretender's chance will come again, and come without delay.

"Swan Song" of a Contemporary. A Tale of Misery. City Chat

[The following, "by the Obituary Editor," appeared recently in the fourth and last issue of City Chat, a little periodical "entered at the post office, Kalamazoo, Mich., as second-class mail matter—the only second-class thing about it." A note at the head of the editorial page pathetically invites the public to "Address all condolences to City Chat, Kalamazoo."]

It becomes my sad duty this week to announce the death of the last rival of the Ladies' Home Journal. City Chat is no more. It never was much more, and now it is even less.

When we issued the first number we had supreme confidence in the good sense of the people who advertise, and but very little faith in the people whom we wanted to subscribe. Now we have a great deal more respect for the judgment of the latter and a great deal less of it for the former.

There are a good many subscriptions on our books, and we know that each of these appreciated our effort. Our motto at the start was: "*There is nothing we would not do for Kalamazoo if we thought we could make it pay,*" and we are clinging to it even now. We think we can make it pay very well indeed to discontinue, and so we are discontinuing.

We could say a great deal that we consider perfectly justifiable under the circumstances, but we refrain from so doing, as we know it would hurt the feelings of many of our generously indisposed public individuals.

And as we go forth into the rough, cold world to seek some kindlier climate, we will moralize a little on the futility of attempting to translate any original or novel ideas and conceptions into commodities of a baser value. It is very evident that anything new or out of the ordinary run of things is looked upon as being the vague, fanciful creation of a mind diseased, or afflicted with wrongly constructed mental machinery. Anything that is ventured with the view of giving value for value, and not to disguise a fake, is frowned on, given the throw-down, the marble heart, the cold face, and various other similes calculated to dishearten and impede the upward, onward march of its projectors.

And then there is the hypocrisy that meets you with a cold, steely glance as if to thrust its shafts into the vital soul, and with a forced semblance of

a ghostly smile, wishes you in honied tones the best of success, and at the same time chills the marrow with an icy blast from a refrigerated conscience. Oh, yes, we know there are exceptions, but they are blamed few.

You may say that nothing can be expected when we try to rub against the cross-grained natures of successful business men. That's just our fix; we expected a whole lot, and got—nothing, even worse than nothing, the "I told you so" sort of consolation that so many delight to traffic in and hawk about upon the streets.

We could easily keep up this train of thought "ad infinitum," but we fear to weary you, and will close our remarks with the trusting hope of an innocent babe, that you may all be blessed with a Merry Xmas and a very Happy New Year.

Yours, with tears in our eyes,

The erstwhile publishers of

City Chat.

The Curious Number Nine.....Wendell Van Hook.....Contributed

Though possibly familiar to many of the readers of Current Literature, it may be that the following account of some curious features of the number nine will be interesting. It is well known that if any number is a multiple of nine the sum of its digits is also a multiple of nine. Thus, 567 is a multiple of nine, and the sum of its digits, $5 + 6 + 7 = 18$, is also a multiple. The reverse of this proposition is true also. If the sum of the digits of any number is a multiple of nine, the number itself is a multiple of nine. The writer has never seen any proof of, or reason for these facts, and submits the following. Take any multiple of nine, say, 567. This number is made up of

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \times 100 = 500 \\ 6 \times 10 = 60 \\ 7 \times 1 = 7 \\ \hline 567 \end{array}$$

If we subtract from this $5 + 6 + 7$, the remainder is

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \times 99 = 495 \\ 6 \times 9 = 54 \\ 7 \times 0 = 0 \\ \hline 549 \end{array}$$

It is evident that this remainder is a multiple of nine, because we see that it is composed of nines. The difference between the multiples of any number must be a multiple of that number, therefore the difference between 567 and 549 must be a multiple of nine. This difference is the sum of the digits of the first number, and the first part of the proposition is proved. Second, the sum of the digits of a number is divisible by nine. By the same operation as before, we have a remainder that is a multiple of nine, and as the sum of two multiples of any number must be a multiple of that number, the sum of 549 and 18 (the digits of the original number) equal 567, must be a multiple of nine. The same demonstration can be made algebraically.

The Legendary Tree of Life.....London Standard

Authorities are convinced now that the "Tree of Life," which figures so commonly on Assyrian sculpture, was the date palm. Formerly they

thought it a pine, and drew interesting conclusions from the error. For the Assyrians borrowed their mystic tree from the Akkads, and if it were a pine the fact would prove that those wonderful people had migrated from the northern hills. But the date proves nothing, of course. In point of fact, the object so delineated generally resembles a post infested with snakes, which curl outward with a graceful bend at due intervals, giving an effect much like that of the "Greek honeysuckle ornament." When we are told that such a device represents a tree, the species becomes an absolutely open question. But an Akkadian hymn assures us that "in Eridu a palm tree stood, overshadowing. In a holy place did it become green." Its root, however, was blue as lapis lazuli "stretching towards the deep. Before the god Ea was its growth, in Eridu teeming with fertility. Its seat was in the central place of Earth its foliage was the couch of Zikkim, the Primeval Mother; but the heart of its holy house, which spreads shade like a forest, hath no man entered. This is the home of the Mighty Mother who passes across the sky. In the midst of it was the god Tammuz."

Here we have doubtless a portion of the legend preserved in Genesis. The tree was watched by two Kirubi (cherubim in the Hebrew), winged creatures with heads sometimes of men, sometimes of eagles. In their hands is an object which Dr. Tyler showed to be a cluster of date blooms for fertilizing the palm—a process which the Egyptian tourist may observe at this day in the season. There was another tree in the Akkadian Paradise even more interesting. "It might be described as the Tree of Knowledge," says Prof. Sayce, and very striking are the hints we gather about it from a fragment of the tablets known as the "Creation Series." The morsel begins " . . . command established in the garden of the god. The Asnan tree they ate, they broke in two. The stalk they destroyed, the moist juice which injures the body. Great is their sin. Themselves they exalted. To Magodach, their redeemer, he (the god Lae) appointed their fate." No more can be deciphered, and nothing that bears upon this episode has yet been found elsewhere. Cuneiform scholars have long been seeking the Akkadian version of the story of the Fall.

Dwarfs in the Pyrenees.....Theory of Their Origin.....Cosmos

There has long dwelt in the heart of the Pyrenees, on the old Catalan border of Spain, a race of dwarfs, supposed by some to be of Tartar origin.

They inhabit the valley of the Ribas in the north-western part of the Spanish province now called Gerona. They never exceed $51\frac{1}{2}$ inches in height, and have short, ill-formed legs, great bellies, small eyes, flat noses, and pale, unwholesome complexions. They are usually stupid, often to the verge of idiocy, and much subject to goitre and scrofulous affections. The chief town of the Ribas Valley is Ribas, a place of 1,500 inhabitants, about 800 feet above sea level. The mountains rise about the town to a height of 6,000 to 8,000 feet, and command an amazingly beautiful panorama of mountain, plain and river, with Spanish cities visible upon the one side and French upon the other. The re-

gion is rich, both agriculturally and minerally, and is famous for its medicinal springs. In this paradise dwell the dwarfs, perhaps as degraded a race of men and women as may be found in any civilized community. They are almost without education, and inhabit wretched huts when they have any shelter. The most intelligent are employed as shepherds, and in summer they live for months at an elevation of more than 6,000 feet without shelter. Here they see no human creature save some of their own kind, often idiots, who are sent up every fifteen or twenty days with a supply of food.

It is said that formal marriage is almost unknown among them. The women in some instances are employed in the village of Ribas as nurses for children, and as such are found tender and faithful. Before communication throughout the region was as easy as it is now it was thought lucky to have one of these dwarfs in a family, and the dwarfs were hired out and even sold to be used in beggary in neighboring cities. There are somewhat similar dwarfs in other valleys of the Pyrenees, but the number is decreasing, and those of the Ribas Valley are reduced to a few individuals.

The writer rejects the theory of a Chinese origin for the dwarfs, and believes that they are merely the degenerate descendants of the ordinary natives, ill-nourished for generations upon a diet of potatoes and black bread. The fact that with improved means of communication the dwarfs are decreasing helps to confirm the writer's theory, and he believes that with proper nourishment and decent shelter their descendants would gradually return to the normal type. Meanwhile the neighbors of the dwarfs look upon them with a curious mixture of feelings. The fact that the dwarfs drink much at a particular mineral spring has given rise to a superstition that whoever drinks of it will become deformed, and the normal natives are horrified to see visitors experimenting with the dreaded waters. There is reason to believe that the waters of the spring are beneficial to the stomachs of well-nourished persons, but injurious to those who are accustomed to an unwholesome diet, and it is entirely possible that the ill-fed dwarfs have been injured by drinking of the spring.

Manifold Uses of Cold Storage.....New York Sun

Cold storage warehouses were originally established for the storing of surplus dairy products, butter, cheese, and eggs. With enormous production these things had been plentiful and cheap in season, scarce and high out of season. Sometimes the production was more than could be consumed or sold, and then it was sacrificed or wasted. With cold storage the producer could put away his surplus product to be held until the season of comparative scarcity, and prices were equalized. Cold storage for dairy products filled a want, and gradually its operations were extended to include other things of a perishable nature. Nuts are among the things now taken into cold storage and so preserved from worms. Tobacco, also, is kept in cold storage to protect it from worms. Dried fruits of various kinds are kept in cold storage; raisins and currants, and apples and peaches, and so on. Poultry is now a great item in cold storage warehouses. Thou-

sands of tons of Western poultry are put into cold storage every year. The poultry is killed in the fall and winter, after the harvesting of the crops. The poultry killing is practically the harvesting of a poultry crop. It is then in good condition, it is a convenient season for the farmer, and the best season for shipment from the farm to the freezer. Not much meat is put into cold storage. Cattle are slaughtering all the time, and the products marketed daily. Game at some seasons is stored in large quantities; and fish in great quantities. Potatoes are sometimes put into cold storage, and various green fruits are regular articles of cold storage. Raw furs awaiting manufacture or shipment have for some time been kept in cold storage. Manufactured furs are now stored in the same manner. Some safe deposit and storage companies that store household effects provide cold storage for fur garments, fur rugs, the mounted heads of animals, curtains, carpets, clothing, and so on, for protection against moths. Cold storage has been established as a business for about twenty years. Outside of New York and Chicago the business in the country has grown up mainly within fifteen years. But there is now no considerable city that is not provided with cold storage facilities. In New York there are now about thirty cold storage warehouses. One company here has eighteen warehouses with an artificial cooling capacity representing in the aggregate 600 tons of ice daily.

Railway Accidents in the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission Abstract

The Ninth Statistical Report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, prepared by its statistician, being the complete report for the year ending June 30, 1896, was recently issued at Washington, and contains the following:

The statistics submitted show that the number of railway employees killed during the year ending June 30, 1896, was 1,861, and the number injured was 29,969. These figures indicate an increase of 50 in the number killed, and of 4,273 in the number injured, as compared with the preceding year. The number of passengers killed was 181, and the number of passengers injured 2,873, being an increase of 11 in the number killed and of 498 in the number injured. The number of persons other than employees and passengers killed was 4,406, and the number injured 5,845. These figures include casualties to persons reported as trespassers, of whom 3,811 were killed and 4,468 were injured. From summaries showing the ratio of casualties it is found that for every 444 men employed on railways 1 was killed, and for every 28 men employed 1 was injured. A similar comparison as to trainmen shows that 1 trainman was killed for each 152 trainmen employed, and that 1 trainman was injured for each 10 trainmen employed. The number of passengers carried for 1 passenger killed was 2,827,474, and the number of passengers carried for 1 passenger injured was 178,132. As showing in another way the immunity of passengers from accidents, the report gives ratios based upon the number of miles traveled, from which it appears that 72,093,963 passenger-miles were accomplished for every passenger killed, and 4,541,945 passenger-miles for every passenger injured.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

A Gondola Race.....F. Hopkinson Smith.....Gondola Days

[Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *Venice of To-day*, published a short time ago in a large, beautifully illustrated subscription edition, has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Company in a finely printed 12mo volume bearing the title *Gondola Days*. In a prefatory note Mr. Smith says: "I have contented myself rather with the Venice that you see in the sunlight of a summer's day—the Venice that bewilders with her glory when you land at her water-gate; that delights with her color when you idle along the Riva; that intoxicates with her music as you lie in your gondola adrift on the bosom of some breathless lagoon. The Venice of mould-stained palace, quaint *caffi* and arching bridge; of fragrant incense, cool, dim-lighted church, and, noiseless priest; of strong-armed men and graceful women;—the Venice of light and life, of sea and sky and melody. No pen alone can tell this story. The pencil and palette must lend their touch when one would picture the wide sweep of her piazzas, the abandon of her gardens, the charm of her canal and street life, the happy indolence of her people, the faded sumptuousness of her homes. If I have given to Venice a prominent place among the cities of the earth it is because in this selfish, materialistic, money-getting age, it a joy to live, if only for a day, where a song is more prized than a soldo; where the poorest pauper laughingly shares his scanty crust; where to be kind to a child is a habit, to be neglectful of old age a shame; a city the relics of whose past are the lessons of our future; whose every canvas, stone and bronze bear witness to a grandeur, luxury and taste that took a thousand years of energy to perfect, and will take a thousand years of energy to destroy." Those who are familiar with Mr. Smith's writings will need no assurance of the freshness, vigor, picturesqueness and charm of this book on Venice. From it we select an account of a gondola race—a very effective piece of descriptive writing.]

The course is to begin at the Lido, running thence to the great flour mill up the Giudecca, and down again to the stake boat off the Public Garden. Giuseppe is to row, and Pasquale, both famous oarsmen, and Carlo, the brother of Gaspari, who won the great regatta; better than all, young Pietro, of the *Traghetto* of Santa Salute.

"Not Pietro of this '*traghetto*,' right here below us?" I asked.

"Yes; he rows with his brother Marco. Look out for him when he comes swinging down the canal. If you have any money to wager, put it on him. Gustavo, my waiter at Florian's, says he is bound to win. His colors are yellow and white."

This last one I knew, for had he not made his toilet, half an hour before, within sight of my table? No wonder Teresa looked proud and happy!

While the professor is bowing himself backward out of the garden, hat in hand, his white hair and curled mustache glistening in the sun, an oleander blossom in his buttonhole, Espero enters, also bareheaded, and begs that the Signore will use Giorgio's gondola until he can have his boat, now at the repair yard next to San Trovaso, scraped and pitched; the grass on her bottom was the width of his hand. By one o'clock she would be launched again. San Trovaso, as the Signore knew, was quite near the "*Caffe Calcina*," would he be permitted to call for him at the *caffè* after luncheon? As the regatta began at three o'clock there would not be time to return again to the Signore's lodging, and still secure a good place at the stakeboat off the Garden.

No; the illustrious Signore would do nothing of the kind. He would take Giorgio and his gondola for the morning, and then, when the boat was finished, Espero could pick up the professor at the "*Caffe Veneta Marina*" in the afternoon and bring him aboard Giorgio's boat on his way down the canal.

Giorgio is my stand-by when Espero is away. I often send him to my friends, those whom I love, that they may enjoy the luxury of spending a day with a man who has a score and more of sunshiny summers packed away in his heart, and not a cloud in any one of them. Tagliapietra Giorgio, of the *Traghetto* of Santa Salute, is his full name and address. Have Joseph call him for you some day, and your Venice will be all the more delightful because of his buoyant strength, his cheeriness and his courtesy.

So Giorgio and I idle about the lagoon and the Giudecca, watching the flags being hoisted, the big "*barcos*" being laden, and various other preparations for the great event of the afternoon.

After luncheon Giorgio stops at his house to change his "*tenda*" for the new one with the blue lining, and slips into the white suit just laundered for him. He lives a few canals away from the *Calcina*, with his mother, his widowed sister and her children, in a small house with a garden all figs and oleanders. His bedroom is next to his mother's, on the second floor, overlooking the blossoms. There is a shrine above the bureau, decorated with paper flowers, and on the walls a scattering of photographs of brother gondoliers, and some trophies of oars and flags. Hanging behind the door are his oilskins for wet weather, and the Tam O'Shanter cap that some former *padrone* has left him, as a souvenir of the good times they once had together, and which Giorgio wears as a weather signal for a rainy afternoon, although the morning sky may be cloudless. All gondoliers are good weather prophets.

The entire family help Giorgio with the "*tenda*"—the old mother carrying the side curtains, warm from her flat iron, and chubby Beppo, bareheaded and barefooted, bringing up the rear with the little blue streamer that on gala days floats from the gondola's lamp-socket forward, which on other days is always filled with flowers.

Then we are off, picking our way down the narrow canal, waiting here and there for the big "*barcos*" to pass, laden with wine or fruit, until we shoot out into the broad waters of the Giudecca.

You see at a glance that Venice is astir. All along the *Zattere*, on every wood boat, "*barco*" and barge, on every bridge, balcony, and housetop abreast with the wide "*fondamenta*" fronting the great warehouses, and away down the edge below the *Redentore*, the people are swarming like flies. Out on the Giudecca, anchored to the channel spiles, is a double line of boats of every conceivable description, from a toy "*sandolo*" to a steamer's barge. These lie stretched out on the water like two great sea serpents, their heads facing the garden, their tails curving toward the *Redentore*.

Between these two sea monsters, with their flash-

ing scales of a thousand umbrellas, is an open roadway of glistening silver.

Giorgio swings across to the salt warehouses above the Dogana and on down and over to the Riva. Then there is a shout ahead, a red and white "tenda" veers a point comes close, backs water, and the professor springs in.

"Here, professor, here beside me on the cushions," I call out. "Draw back the curtains, Giorgio. And, Espero, hurry ahead and secure a place near the stakeboat. We will be there in ten minutes."

The professor was a sight to cheer the heart of an amateur yachtsman out for a holiday. He had changed his suit of the morning for a small straw hat, trimmed with red, an enormous fieldglass with a strap over his shoulder, and a short velvet coat that had once done service as a smoking jacket. His mustachios were waxed into needle points. The occasion had for him all the novelty of the first spring meeting at Longchamps, or a race off Cowes, and he threw himself into its spirit with the gusto of a boy.

"What colors are you flying, 'mon Capitaine'? Blue? Never!" noticing Giorgio's streamer. "Pasquale's color is blue, and he will be half a mile astern when Pietro is round the stakeboat. 'Vive le jaune! Vive Pietro!'" and out came a yellow rag—Pietro's color—bearing a strong resemblance to the fragment of some old silk curtain. It settled at a glance all doubt as to the professor's sympathies in the coming contest.

The day was made for a regatta—a cool, crisp, bracing October day, a day of white clouds and turquoise skies, of flurries of soft winds that came romping down the lagoon, turned for a moment in play, and then went scampering out to sea; a day of dazzling sun, of brilliant distances, of clear-cut outlines, black shadows, and flashing lights.

As we neared the Public Garden the crowd grew denser; the cries of the gondoliers were incessant; even Giorgio's skillful oar was taxed to the utmost to avoid the polluting touch of an underbred "sandalo," or the still greater calamity of a collision—really an unpardonable sin with a gondolier. Every now and then a chorus of yells, charging every crime in the decalogue, would be hurled at some landsman whose oar "crabbed," or at some nondescript craft filled with "barbers and cooks," to quote Giorgio, who, in forcing a passage, had become hopelessly entangled.

The only clear-water space was the ribbon of silver beginning away up near the Redentore, between the tails of the two sea monsters, and ending at the stakeboat. Elsewhere, on both sides, from the Riva to San Giorgio, and as far as the wall of the Garden, was a dense floating mass of human beings, cheering, singing and laughing, waving colors, and calling out the names of their favorites in rapid "crescendo."

The spectacle on land was equally unique. The balustrade of the broad walk of the Public Garden was a huge flower bed of blossoming hats and fans, spotted with myriads of parasols in full bloom. Bunches of over-ripe boys hung in the trees, or dropped one by one into the arms of gendarmes below. The palaces along the Riva were a broad ribbon of color with a binding of black coats and

hats. The wall of San Giorgio fronting the barracks was fringed with yellow legs and edged with the white fatigue caps of two regiments. Even over the roofs and tower of the church itself specks of sightseers were spattered here and there, as if the joyous wind in some mad frolic had caught them up in very glee, and as suddenly showered them on cornice, sill, and dome.

Beyond all this, away out on the lagoon, toward the islands, the red-sailed fishing boats hurried in for the finish, their canvas aflame against the deepening blue. Over all the sunlight danced and blazed and shimmered, gilding and bronzing the roof-jewels of San Marco, flashing from oar blade, brass, and "ferro," silvering the pigeons whirling deliriously in the intoxicating air, making glad and gay and happy every soul who breathed the breath of this joyous Venetian day.

Suddenly there came down on the shifting wind, from far up the Giudecca, a sound like the distant baying of a pack of hounds, and as suddenly died away. Then the roar of a thousand throats, caught up by a thousand more about us, broke on the air, as a boatman, perched on a masthead, waved his hat.

"Here they come! 'Viva Pietro! Viva Pasquale! Castellani! Nicoletti! Pietro!'"

The dense mass rose and fell in undulations, like a great carpet being shaken, its colors tossing in the sunlight. Between the thicket of "ferros," away down the silver ribbon, my eye caught two little specks of yellow capping two white figures. Behind these, almost in line, were two similar dots of blue; farther away other dots, hardly distinguishable, on the horizon line.

The gale became a tempest—the roar was deafening; women waved their shawls in the air, men, swinging their hats, shouted themselves hoarse. The yellow specks developed into handkerchiefs bound to the heads of Pietro and his brother Marco; the blues were those of Pasquale and his mate.

Then, as we strain our eyes, the two tails of the sea monster twist and clash together, closing in upon the string of rowers as they disappear in the dip behind San Giorgio, only to reappear in full sight, Pietro half a length ahead, straining every sinew, his superb arms swinging like a flail, his lithe body swaying in splendid, springing curves, the water rushing from his oar blade, his brother bending aft in perfect rhythm.

"Pietro! Pietro!" came the cry, shrill and clear, drowning all other sounds, and a great field of yellow burst into flower all over the lagoon, from San Giorgio to the Garden. The people went wild. If before there had been only a tempest, now there was a cyclone. The waves of blue and yellow surged alternately above the heads of the throng as Pasquale or Pietro gained or lost a foot. The professor grew red and pale by turns, his voice broken to a whisper with continued cheering, the yellow rag streaming above his head, all the blood of his ancestors blazing in his face.

The contesting boats surged closer. You could now see the rise and fall of Pietro's superb chest, the steel-like grip of his hands, and could outline the curves of his thighs and back. The ends of the yellow handkerchief, bound close about his head,

were flying in the wind. His stroke was long and sweeping, his full weight on the oar; Pasquale's stroke was short and quick, like the thrust of a spur.

Now they are abreast. Pietro's eyes are blazing; Pasquale's teeth are set. Both crews are doing their utmost. The yells are demoniac. Even the women are beside themselves with excitement.

Suddenly, when within five hundred yards of the goal, Pasquale turns his head to his mate. There is an answering cry, and then, as if some unseen power had lent its strength, Pasquale's boat shoots half a length ahead, slackens, falls back, gains again, now an inch, now a foot, now clear of Pietro's bow, and on, on, lashing the water, surging forward, springing with every gain, cheered by a thousand throats, past the red tower of San Giorgio, past the channel of spiles off the Garden, past the red buoy near the great warship—one quick, sustained, blistering stroke—until the judge's flag drops from his hand, and the great race is won.

"A true knight, a gentleman every inch of him," called out the professor, forgetting that he had staked all his "soldi" on Pietro. "Fairly won, Pasquale."

In the whirl of the victory, I had forgotten Pietro, my gondolier of the morning. The poor fellow was sitting in the bow of his boat, his head in his hands, wiping his forehead and throat, the tears streaming down his cheeks. His brother sat beside him. In the gladness and disappointment of the hour, no one of the crowd around him seemed to think of the hero of five minutes before. Not so Giorgio, who was beside himself with grief over Pietro's defeat, and who had not taken his eyes from his face. In an instant more he sprang forward, calling out: "No, no; brava Pietro!" Espero joining in as if with a common impulse, and both forcing their gondolas close to Pietro's.

A moment more and Giorgio was over the rail of Pietro's boat, patting his back, stroking his head, comforting him as you would think only a woman could—but then you do not know Giorgio. Pietro lifted up his face and looked into Giorgio's eyes with an expression so woe-begone, and full of such intense suffering, that Giorgio instinctively flung his arm around the great, splendid fellow's neck. Then came a few broken words, a tender caressing stroke of Giorgio's hand, a drawing of Pietro's head down on his breast as if it had been a girl's, and then, still comforting him—telling him over and over again how superbly he had rowed, how the next time he would win, how he had made a grand second—

Giorgio bent his head—and kissed him!

When Pietro, a moment later, pulled himself together and stood erect in his boat, with eyes still wet, the look on his face was as firm and determined as ever.

Nobody laughed. It did not shock the crowd; nobody thought Giorgio unmanly or foolish, or Pietro silly or effeminate. The infernal Anglo-Saxon custom of always wearing a mask of reserve, if your heart breaks, has never reached these people.

Hawaii's Singing Mountain.....Denver Republican

Mount Tantalus, just outside of Honolulu, can be made to sing any song or run any score in the whole musical repertoire. The natives attribute it

all to the ghosts of departed warriors said to inhabit the fastnesses round about, but science has found the real explanation. Nevertheless, the native attribution is interesting and well worth consideration before the more prosaic explanation forces itself upon one.

Six miles out of Honolulu the precipitous cliffs of Mount Pali rise 200 feet above the sea. About 200 feet up is a ledge which gives a clear drop of more than 1,000 feet. From this comes the name of Pali, or precipice. Here, in ancient Hawaiian history, the great fighting chief Kamehameha I. penned in the vanquished forces of his arch enemies, Kanani-pule and Kaiana, after forcing them from field to field and crag to crag in a terrible mountain fight. Standing upon this fatal crag, the remnants of the defeated bands, finding that no quarter would be given, and seeing no means of escape, leaped over the precipice. They were dashed to pieces on the rocks and débris below. Hundreds lay in that terrible heap of death. To the east of Pali is the mountain called Tantalus. The top of it is voiced like a dreamland, and even the most staid nature will thrill and be mystified by its sweetness and melancholy. It is at night time only when the plaintive and strange sounds are heard which fall upon the startled senses like "lamentations in the wind," "strange screams of death." At times they are loud and boisterous, like midnight revels, and again they soften into a complete wail. These voices which moan and scream and sob about in the night are believed by superstitious natives to be the spirits of the warriors whose mangled bodies lay at the foot of Pali after that dreadful leap, and whose manes are still unappeased.

To destroy this pretty illusion is almost barbarous. Still, these sounds so reverently listened to by the Oahu natives can be caused by nothing more than the ocean breakers beating on the windward shore, and the plaintive cadence of the calmer surf below, alternating with the angry and wilder scolding of the storm above, echoing among the dales and crags of the lofty mountain. The feeling as of the presence of human spirits about you cannot be shaken off, and the weird song of terror as of human voices cannot be hushed nor translated into their sounds by even a strong mind. On a dark night a sensitive and superstitious mind could not endure with comfort the hideous forebodings of the scene. Now, if two persons whose voices chord should sing from one of the heights, it will be found that the mountain will catch up the song and take it from cliff to cliff, carrying it off into the distance in one direction and bringing it back in another, until a perfect round is obtained. Then if the two singers suddenly cease their "feeding" song, the mountains will go on singing it for quite a long time. The same song is being repeated in all directions, the first part making a complete circle and being followed by the middle and the last part, which come around later; it might be a few seconds, it might be a few minutes, for the singer forgets to count the ticks as the chant of this weird air, cut loose from human lungs, reverberates alone through the broken chasm and riven rocks as if spirits caroled their way among the grades and crags of this singing mountain. It is a long and tedious climb to Tantalus, but well worth while.

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Life on the Planets..... Percival Lowell..... Atlantic Monthly

Nature makes no jumps; but science, our knowledge of nature, does. By one of these, we have come recently into possession of information about Mercury as interesting as regards the planet personally as it is of moment as regards planetary revolution in general; for while it tells us of the present condition of Mercury, it tells us something about the life-history of our solar system. . . . We are now in possession of evidence of the physical condition of Mercury to a not inconsiderable degree of detail. That condition may be summarized as follows: Mercury is a body devoid, practically if not absolutely, of air, of water, and of vegetation; consequently incapable of supporting any of those higher organisms which we know as living beings. His surface is a vast desert. It is rough rather than smooth. Whether this roughness be due to mountains proper or to craters we are too far away from him to be able yet to say. The latter cause is the more probable. Over the greater part of his surface, change, either diurnal or seasonal, is unknown. Three-eighths of his surface are steeped in perpetual glare, three-eighths shrouded in perpetual gloom, while the remaining quarter slowly turns between the two. The planet itself, as a world, is dead.

Interesting as Mercury thus proves to be, the interest as regards the planet himself is of a rather corpse-like character. Less deterrent, perhaps, is the interest he possesses as a part of the life-history of the solar system; for tidal friction, the closing act in the cosmic drama, has brought him where he is. The machine has run down. Whether he ever supported life upon his surface or not, the power to do so has now forever passed away. Like Venus and for like cause, he is now a dead world. And he was the first thus to reach the end of his evolutionary career—earlier to do so than Venus, inasmuch as tidal action was very much greater on him than on her, and consequently produced its effect more quickly. Mercury has long been dead—how long, measured by centuries, we cannot say, but practically for a very long time. Venus must have become so comparatively recently. Both, however, now have finished their course, and have in a most literal sense entered into their rest. They are the only planets that have yet done so. They are the first, but not the last; for the same fate is doubtless in store for all the others, each in its turn. Each foretells it by having already reached a stage in the process almost exactly proportionate to its position. It is not a little curious, indeed, that the several stages should be as precisely represented by the several planets as they are. Our recent knowledge of the condition of Mercury and Venus has made this apparent. These planets have supplied the missing links in the chain of evidence; or rather, it is these that have made something more than missing links, for they stand at one end of the line, and by so doing furnish specimens of the final act in the process, without which the whole process would not have been evident. . . .

Thus do the several planets combine to give us a consecutive picture of the career of each. Through

the telescope we look not only at the present, but back into the past and on into the future. From study of all we can read the main events in the life-history of each; for each must have passed or must be passing from a formless infancy through a plastic youth to a rigid old age.

In detail, the life of each must differ from that of its neighbor; for size and distance from the sun would each cause a difference in physical characteristics into which—very interesting as the subject is—we have not space here to go. Suffice it that from the fact that the matter composing the cosmos seems to be of common character, and that physical forces, so far as we know them, must be universal in their application, we can make some deduction as to the conditions prevailing upon each of these globes. On some points we can affirm pretty positively; on others, as yet, little or nothing. Whether, for example, there be other forms of life in the universe of which we have neither cognizance nor conception, we cannot be sure. But we can say that in certain cases life, such as we know it, cannot exist. We can affirm with something like certainty that no life like ours can now be possible on either Mercury or Venus. Whatever they may once have been, these two planets are now ghastly parodies of worlds—globes having the semblance of possible abodes, but being really pitilessly the reverse.

Electric Lighting Retrospection..... Electrical Review

Twenty years of electric lighting have created a revolution in the manufacturing, business and social world such as was never before known. The advent of the steam engine marked the beginning of an era in history, but its development and introduction was slow and took years of time. The same is true of the locomotive and the steamboat, yet the three did more for the practical advancement of civilization than all prior inventions together. Their influence was enormous in after years, and to-day all know what we owe these agencies for good.

Contrast with their snail-like development the rise and progress of the electric light. Appearing modestly first in 1876 in a form approximating commercial requirements it sprung almost at once into general favor, and in the short space of a couple of years it began to shine in all directions. First taken up by manufacturers as an aid to efficient work and cleanliness, in comparison with the miserable dingy torches of yore, it was quickly exploited by local companies formed for the purpose. Millions of capital were risked in the new venture, and then began a transformation of our nocturnal and diurnal world, the like of which was never seen before.

But our generation is familiar with the giant strides of the electrical industry, and how the germ, modestly shown at the Centennial of 1876, grew and multiplied, till now arc lights run into the millions and incandescent lamps are as the sands of the sea. All this had a marked influence on our business and social life. Dark storerooms and offices were made bright and cheerful, work was made agreeable, dirt was seen and banished. Homes were made cheerful, reading a pleasure, the heat and

smell of troublesome lamps and noxious fumes of gas were counteracted, and life in one of its aspects took on a better look. Gloomy and dangerous streets were made bright and safe for the belated citizen; the new light proved a blessing to the police and a foe to the criminal.

All this splendid work of the light companies and private plant owners produced far-reaching effects in a multitude of directions. Steam engines had to be designed to fit the new uses; improvements were rapidly introduced better to meet the requirements of closer regulation, higher efficiency and lower cost. A new and a prolific field sprung up for the manufacturers, which was quickly shared by boiler-makers, manufacturers of feed-water heaters, injectors, pumps, steam pipes and fittings, and a score more who suddenly had to face an actively increasing demand for their goods—a demand which, after the expenditure of many millions of dollars, seems even now to be ever increasing and never satisfied. Wire drawers had to stir themselves to meet the enormous demand; insulated wire makers found a field worthy of their best efforts, and both these lines of manufacture flourished in a wonderful degree. The makers of belting, shafting, pulleys and hangers all felt the tide of prosperity. Glass manufacturers got a share of new business, gas-fittings shops found new work. Besides all this an entirely new line of industries came into existence, dynamo and lamp factories, insulator works, carbon works, switch makers, and the great progeny of small shops more or less dependent on the electric light industries.

A natural result of the development of the dynamo and motor came in the guise of the electric railway, and the promoters and developers of electric lighting can claim much of the credit for this great achievement and all its attendant advantages.

The Sense of Smell.....Hartford Courant

One subject which in this scientific age has not been made the subject of thorough scientific investigation is the sense of smell. Our knowledge of the science of odors remains about where it was fifty years ago, although we have learned so much about light, heat and sound. The old imperfect classification of smells into "pungent, saline, and saccharine" still remains. Indeed, about all that most of us know is that some smells are agreeable, and some decidedly the reverse. There is no standard of smell, no unit odor established as a base of comparison. We do not know when one smell is twice as strong as another. As a famous chemist said, "Quantitative analysis has not yet been applied to the skunk." A writer in *The Independent* does indeed say that on an examination of several thousand flowers he found that there was a connection between color and perfume. He finds that of white flowers 14 per cent. gave out agreeable odors; of gray ones, 11 per cent.; of red, a little over 8 per cent.; of yellow, a little over 6 per cent.; of blue, 4 per cent.; and of green, only 2 per cent. But, further, yellow flowers contain the largest number with a disagreeable odor, and the white the next largest. But this analysis is vitiated by the fact that a perfume agreeable to one person may be sickening to another; there is no esthetic standard of smells, and there

are but few which all declare to be delightful. An English manufacturer of perfumes asserts that he is able to combine odors so as to produce a certain effect, and talks of a perfume scale; but this seems rather commercial than scientific. If he could really produce an odor which everybody would recognize, by the combination of different smell-elements, the foundation of a science of smell would be laid.

One remarkable thing about odor is that the emission of it does not appreciably diminish the mass of the body from which it is given off. A grain of musk may fill a room with odor for years, and weigh as much at the end of the time as it did at the beginning. Its weight must have been diminished, for it is impossible to believe that an effect on our organs of sense can be produced without an impact of material particles from a source of energy, but the amount of matter dissipated is infinitesimal in the case of an odorous body.

The sense of smell is apparently universal, but stronger in animals than in man. The lowest orders smell with their mouths, insects smell by their hairs, fishes smell in water, and the acuteness of the power of smell in dogs and in savages is well known. Humboldt says that the Peruvian Indians could tell in the darkest night whether a person approaching was a European, a negro, or an American Indian. In those who are deprived of the other senses, the power of analyzing odors is sometimes abnormally developed. The Scotch boy, James Mitchell, a blind deaf-mute, could distinguish the individuals in a room into which he was led. John Mossman, a deaf-mute of Parkersburg, West Virginia, was able to locate oil wells with the certainty that a setter finds partridges. His nose brought him a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars as fees for professional smelling. Very possibly a dog might be taught to "stand" a nugget of gold in the frozen soil of Alaska, as pigs find truffles in Perigord, for metals have a characteristic smell. It is probable that everything gives off a characteristic effluvium, though our sense is not delicate enough to detect the most subtle ones. Some gases, like hydrogen, have no odor, others like chlorine, a very perceptible one. There is a general idea that a body must possess a molecular weight fifteen times as great as that of hydrogen before it can affect the olfactory nerves of human beings, but even that needs confirmation. We frequently confound taste and smell, and it is said that no one can distinguish an onion from apple by taste alone.

Some odors cling to the surface of things, as the odor of game, which rarely rises much above the ground. Others are rapidly diffused through the air. Why is this? No one knows. One of the most singular things about the sense of smell is that it is not subject to illusions. Sight may be deceived. One may imagine he sees things which are not before him; he may hear a roaring in his ears when there is no sound, but it is said that even the insane are not subject to olfactory delusions. There are no ghost smells. If this is true, what is the reason, what is the explanation, of the phenomenon? Again, why are the earth and fields so much more fragrant in the morning than at noon, when the strength of most odors is increased by heat? Evidently science has not discovered everything yet.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Winter Girl.....Samuel Minturn Peck.....Boston Herald

Dainty gowned and booted neat
Tripping down the winter street,
Music floating from her feet
Lo, she stept.
Cupid viewed the fair with pride:
"What a chance," quoth he, "to hide!"
Up her sleeve, both crisp and wide,
Cupid crept.

Seated sly with elfish art,
Plotting for an aching heart,
There he forged a cunning dart,
Love adept;
On her dimpled shoulder hid,
Soft and warm, of sorrow rid,
Who can blame him if he did—
Cupid slept.

With no thought to meet disdain,
Soon came I a luckless swain;
From his slumber, darts to rain,
Cupid leapt.
But so cold her glance to me,
Shocking so the sight to see,
Strange to tell, but even he,
Cupid, wept.

Realism.....Kate Rohrer Cain.....Penny Magazine

"Imagination is a fool."—Carolus Duran.

Out to-day upon the mall
I spied an August Lily tall—
A Tiger Lily—that was all,

Now you thought a lady fair,
Red-brown eyes and auburn hair,
Slim and stately, I spied there?

Nothing is two ways but lies;
Only facts can make us wise;
I *never* orientalize!

Out to-day upon the mall
I spied an August Lily tall—
A Tiger Lily—that was all.

On Deposit.....Ellis Parker Butler.....Life

I cherished love for many years
And hoarded it with care;
I guarded it with miser's fears
Nor chanced it anywhere;
But now with all I gladly part
And risk it all in Anna's heart.

My savings-bank is Anna's heart
And Cupid is cashier;
A credit there I late did start
Nor defalcation fear;
For I alone have credit there
And guard the doors with loving care.

There daily do I bring more love
To swell my dear account,
Until the whole has grown above
A fabulous amount.
And, most unheard per cent. of bliss,
My Anna pays each day a kiss.

I Kissed the Cook.....James Courtney Challiss.....What To Eat

I kissed the cook—ah me, she was divine!
Cheeks peachy, dark brown eyes, lips red as wine;
Long apron, with a bow,
A cap as white as snow—
By far too tempting; so, I kissed the cook,

I kissed the cook, this angel from the skies,
And yet, I did not take her by surprise.
'Twas mean, I will allow,
But if you'll take the vow
To keep it, I'll tell you how I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook—poor, helpless little lass,
The chance so good I could not let it pass.
Her hands were in the dough;
She *dare* not spoil, you know,
My Sunday suit, and so I kissed the cook.

I kissed the cook. I might have been more strong,
But then I guess it wasn't *very* wrong,
For, just 'tween you and me,
The cook's my wife, is she,
So I'd a *right*, you see, to kiss the cook.

To a Dancer.....Anne Virginia Culbertson.....Munsey's

I watch you as on waves of sound
You seem to softly sway and float;
Your little feet scarce touch the ground;
I watch as by some weird spell bound—
The music hath a wild, strange note,
Your white arms o'er your head entwined,
Your full, dark eyes are fixed on mine,
And as your lithe form bends and sways
A name wells up from out the maze
Of bygone things, and o'er my lips
In half unconscious murmur slips,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

Thus she of old bespread her net
And danced before the mighty king.
Your red lips smile, and yet, and yet
Methinks they are a trifle set,
As purposing some cruel thing.
The fire your heavy lids enfold
Some baleful purpose seems to hold.
What can it be? Yet stay, I know!
The same as hers of long ago,
Who for the king her net bespread—
You mean a *man shall lose his head*,
"Herodias! Herodias!"

They Went Fishing.....New York Tribune

One morning when spring was in her teens,
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens,
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—*vice versa*;

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for lunching recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dike,
Where the white pond lilies teeter,
And I went to fishing, like quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited;
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was flat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game,
A hundred-and-eighty-pounder.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Modern Male Attire.....Ouida.....The Cosmopolitan

The trouser is the culminating point in modern male attire of ugliness, indecency, unsuitability and anti-hygienic stupidity. To be the least protection against cold its lower regions must be swathed in the gaiter, its upper covered by the ulster or by some other form of great-coat. It is a garment which conceals all symmetry of proportion, yet most impudently suggests nudity. It is certainly a shapeless thing which may be pulled on in a minute or two, but there its sole merit ends. And what is called by Mr. Lecky the best-dressed and best-groomed House of Commons ever seen is this very day sitting under chimney-pots everywhere—on heads, under seats, fondly nursed on knee, or temporarily serving as receptacles for documents.

Jules Lemaitre, in a recent article, *Philosophy of Contemporary Costume*, combines with a singular and inartistic leniency to modern male attire an incongruous desire that it should be allowed to "float." It is difficult to conceive coat and trousers as floating; a suit of broadcloth, loose as he would have it, would stream on the north or east wind like the sail of a vessel with its ropes cut asunder. The mind refuses to contemplate the consequences. The sight of a brave man struggling with an umbrella blown inside out in a rainstorm is terrible enough, but the sight of one struggling with his garments flapping wildly above his head in a gale would be too piteous. The chimney-pot is the more ludicrous, but I think the trouser is the more odious, portion of masculine clothing. It would make a guy of Apollo's self. It is only necessary to see how well men look "en culotte" at a ball to realize all their appearance loses in the sacrifice which it makes to the trouser and to the dull and dingy colors which they wear. The Cretans have proved that they are not less men because they wear costumes of striking picturesqueness; and it would be hard to find a manlier race, a hardier, braver and more enduring race, than the mountaineers of the Tyrol, whose national dress is conspicuous for its distinction and its individuality.

It is not necessary to return to the mauves or azures which alarm the mind of Jules Lemaitre; but it is preëminently necessary and desirable to see in the streets and in the salons some male attire which shall combine utility and ease with laws and lines which do not offend the educated taste. The cut of the George the Second coat should be renewed; and made in black velvet it would be perfect for evening wear. The George the Second waistcoat, gold-embroidered, was, if I remember rightly, revived by the late Duke of Clarence, and, had he lived, some improvement in male dress would probably have been seen in England; his father could at any time have made such changes at once accepted, had he chosen, as easily as he now procures subscriptions for hospitals.

It is, according to Lemaitre, democracy which has suppressed costume; it is rather the "mauvaise-honte" and morbid self-consciousness which are such strongly marked notes in the modern character; and which makes men nervously afraid of wearing any-

thing which may appear "singular" or cause them to be suspected of having any idiosyncrasy of their own.

But if it be due to democracy, then the democrat is a very stupid fellow to follow such ludicrous and ugly examples as the "classes" set him. Turn over any volumes on costume that you will, and you will find that the most suitable to work and weather were the costumes of peasant and artificer in the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors and the Valois. They were not only pleasant to the eye, but they were sensible, adapted to work, and excellent for battle.

Democracy has nothing to do with male dress. The working man could impose his taste on the gentleman, and the gentleman could, with perfect ease, alter his clothes when they were imitated by the workingman, as women of taste and position leave off a fashion when it has descended into the street. But as the gentleman changes his entire clothing before he goes down to dinner, it would not be so much more trouble to don a Georgian dress, or a partially Georgian dress, than it is to put on the present unsightly articles; it only requires some great person to set the example for the reform to succeed. Men wear the pink in the hunting field without feeling themselves absurd, and accept the various costumes of various continental hunts without any hesitation or self-consciousness. It would not be very difficult, therefore, for any person, such as a sovereign, or an heir apparent, to introduce something better than the present shocking fashions, which, as they descend among the multitude, become not only ridiculous, but injurious, for no attire was ever so unsuitable to labor, so unfit for stress of weather, and so absolutely detestable when copied in cheap stuffs. The blouse of France is, on the contrary, an ideal dress for the workingman, and only wants to be completed by some leg-gear better than the trouser. I have seen the blouse made in dove-colored velvet for a man of rank, with belt and buttons of antique silver, worn with admirable effect.

The especial excellence of the blouse is that it lends itself to the movements of the wearer without strain or pressure upon him.

Chief of all the many ills engendered among the populace by the example of the rich and the false doctrine of the politicians, is the mischief done them by the ugly and clumsy clothing which they borrow from their masters. A wiseacre instanced the other day as evidences of the benefactions of modern machinery, that through it the laboring man could dress like the gentleman, and eat white bread like him! The one privilege is just about as valuable as the other. The shoddy clothing is just as trumpery and unsuitable to work as the white bread is unwholesome and enfeebling as diet.

Dog Marriage in France.....The Latest Fad.....Washington Times

There is a brand-new fad in sweldom. It is the dog marriage. To be thoroughly fashionable nowadays one must own two dogs of opposite sexes, and they must have been duly married by the staid and respectable canine selected by the fashionable community to act as the representative of the cloth.

Of course, it is from France that this new idea has come. When it is necessary to discover something particularly eccentric, French genius always comes to the rescue. The fashionable to whom fell the honor of introducing this new and rather remarkable step for the advancement of canine creation was none other than Mme. Ephrussi, daughter of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, the wife of the multi-millionaire, Maurice Ephrussi. Mme. Ephrussi is an inveterate lover of dogs, a taste which she inherits from her mother, the Baroness de Rothschild, and so, when seeking new amusements, during what is just now in France the dull season, she turned to her canine friends for aid, and behold the dog wedding is the result.

This initial wedding of dogs in high society is so novel as to be well worth description. In the first place, Mme. Ephrussi sent out formally engraved invitations to several hundred of her friends, announcing the approaching nuptials of Diane, her favorite poodle, and La Petite Major, a handsome poodle, the property of the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild. Not only were the recipients of these invitations asked to come themselves, but requested to bring their dogs also.

It is recorded that not a single invitation to this most singular wedding was refused. It is also a matter of social history that not one of the guests who owned a dog, from the tiny, four-ounce black and tan to the giant St. Bernard, left it at home. Such a gathering as it was no one had ever seen before, and it is doubtful if the like will ever be visible again. It is often remarked at any particularly swell gatherings of humanity that a given number of millions are represented by the guests present. At least the same might be said of these dogs, when it comes to the thousands. There were dogs there which were valued anywhere from \$50 up to \$20,000. They all looked with open-eyed wonder at the strange fate which was apparently befalling the two charming poodles.

Not the least odd and attractive feature of the whole affair was the fact that many of these visiting dogs—in truth, the majority of them—were in full evening dress. Not evening blankets, but if the dog was a male, in the swallow-tail and trousers of the human, together with the standing collar, dress shirt and unspeakable tie. The paws were adorned with patent leather evening shoes; and, in fact, the gentlemen guests, even though canine, were a credit to their respective tailors.

As for the feminine dogs, their costumes were simply ravishing. Of course, the dresses were in all instances décolleté. Trains and demi-trains were worn by these specimens of canine aristocracy with exceeding grace, and, strange as it may seem, many of the lady dogs carried bouquets securely fastened in the most up-to-date bouquet holders.

With all this gorgeousness on the part of the guests, what must have been the worldly splendor that surrounded the bride and groom! Diane, who is described as a poodle of rare grace and beauty, wore a white satin dress trimmed with beautiful lace; a long tulle veil decorated with orange blossoms, and white kid shoes. Major, the bridegroom, wore full evening dress, swallow-tail coat, low-cut vest, trousers not creased, because it is not fashion-

able to crease the trousers at weddings; patent leather shoes and gloves of the appropriate shade. On the buttonhole of Monsieur Major's very swell coat was a dainty orchid. Gleaming from the centre of his immaculate front was a diamond of the purest ray serene. Could anything be more swell?

Presently all the guests have arrived, human and canine, the latter, of course, being given the preference. All is in readiness. If the carriage did not wait, the ceremonies did. Everyone was on tip-toe of expectation, even the dogs, for it dawned on even the canine mind that something tremendous was about to happen. The word was given that the hour approached, and Mme. Ephrussi's magnificent ballroom, unquestionably the finest of all those of rare beauty to be found in the residences which adorn the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, was thrown open to the assembled guests.

There every one repaired, everybody and his dog, or possibly it is more correct to say, her dog. A moment later, and there softly floated through the air the strains of the ever-familiar, ever-beloved wedding march from Lohengrin. Mincing up the aisle, along which it had been arranged that the wedding procession was to pass, walked three small poodles, each in evening dress and semi-harnessed together with white ribbon. Following these came the bride, languishing upon the arm, or rather hand, of her most charming mistress, while behind them walked on his hind feet and without support, accompanied by Baron Rothschild, came Monsieur Major, modestly reflecting the glory that shone around.

Then came the bridesmaids and groomsmen, the former wearing white silk dresses, and long veils; the latter in full dress and adorned with embroidered white satin coats. All these advanced upon their hind legs. But behind them came a host of canine guests, who were permitted to walk as nature had originally intended they should.

Away down at the further end of the ballroom the wedding procession was met by the stanch and sober bulldog of Comte de Berteux. Upon his head this honored canine wore a tall silk hat, and about his waist was tied the tricolor sash, his badge of office, for he was representing none other than that most distinguished of officials, Monsieur le Maire. After greeting the procession, the bulldog Maire advanced on his hind legs in a dignified manner, and then seated himself upon his haunches, upon a magnificently embroidered cushion.

Now all was in readiness for the ceremony. The Maire looked solemnly at the fair young couple whose destinies he was about to unite, and then barked distinctly three times. The bridegroom gave a short bark. The bride barked low and impressively. Then the Maire barked several times in quick succession, and there was a series of responsive barks, in which some of the rude and unthinking in the audience joined without request. A gold ring with a diamond setting was then slipped over the paw of the fair Diane, the Maire barked gleefully, and the procession moved to the adjoining room, where the marriage register was signed, in this instance the owners of the dogs having to act for them.

Following the signing of the register came the reception and supper. Every dog was given a seat

at the table, and a regular course supper served. It is not stated that there was any reprehensible conduct on the part of the canine guests to any greater extent than is witnessed at a wedding supper at which only human beings are in attendance. And so passed off the first dog wedding of which Dame Fashion ever acted as chief guest. It is among the probabilities that the United States will see a repetition of the event before many weeks.

History of the Earring.....The Golden Penny

The custom of studding the person with gems is of extreme antiquity, and the fashion of piercing the ear lobes for the purpose of sustaining gems set in gold has been followed by most races from the earliest times to the present day. Homer describes how Juno placed pendants in the lobe of her ears. Ear-drops were presented by Eurydamas to Penelope, and among the Athenians it was a mark of nobility to have the ears bored.

Among the Phœnicians, however, the wearing of earrings was the badge of servitude, and the same custom obtained with the Hebrews. The rabbis assert that Eve's ears were bored when she was exiled from Eden as a sign of slavery and submission to the will of her lord and master. The Egyptian women wore single hoops of gold in their ears, and in Biblical times the custom appears to have been universal. They appear to have been regarded as the most cherished possessions of their wearers, and were only parted with under great stress of necessity. Thus the golden calf is supposed to have been made entirely from the gold earrings of the people. Among the Arabs the expression "to have a ring in one's ears" is synonymous with "to be a slave," and to the present day an Arab who has been conquered by another places a ring through his ear as a sign of obedience and servitude.

So general was the use of earrings in Rome, and so heavy were they, that there were women whose profession was that of "earhealer," who tended the ears of those ladies who had torn or injured the lobes with the weight of the pendants. These specialists were known as auriculoe ornatrici. At one period the Roman man took to wearing earrings, but the custom was forbidden by Alexander Severus, while in Greece the children wore an earring in the right ear only.

Coming to more modern times, the fashion of wearing earrings appears to have been general in England from the Conquest.

The early Saxons appear to have worn rings of plain gold in their ears, while in the fourteenth century these appear to have been decorated with small pearls. In the reign of Elizabeth earrings were adopted by men of fashion and the custom spread until in James I.'s time all the courtiers had their ears pierced. The earrings worn by men took the form of either plain wire rings or crosses or triangles of gold studded with gems.

There is a very ancient notion which is still held by country folks that the piercing of the ears is good for the sight. The origin of this belief is lost, but it has obtained for centuries. It is scarcely necessary to state that the belief is quite without foundation.

In the Middle Ages it was the custom for lovers to present earrings to their mistresses, and persons who were about to be married used to stick a flower through the ring or over the ear, much as a clerk would a pen, as a sign of their being engaged.

A curious variety of earring much worn during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. was the ear-string. This has been alluded to by many writers. Thus in the Westminster drolleries we find:

"Yet for thy sake I will not bore mine eare
To hang thy dustless silken shoo ties there."

And Marston, in his satires, published in 1598, has:

"What mean'st thou, him that walks all open-breasted,
Drawn through the ear with ribands?"

As to whether the wearing of wires through the ears is likely to come into general fashion again in this country we do not offer any opinion. There must, we should imagine, always be a prejudice against the mortification of the flesh necessary, and the custom of having children's ears pierced has ceased to be general for many years. But the dictates of fashion are fickle, and it is just possible that we may see leaders of fashion wearing both ear and nose rings before the close of the century. Who knows?

Ancient Extravagance.....San Francisco Chronicle

The great display of jewels by women of fashion on both sides of the ocean has been severely criticised, even by those who could well afford to wear them if they desired to. But if the precedent of history furnishes any justification for this fashion, the jewel wearers of the present day are thoroughly justified. According to Pliny, Lollia Paulina, the wife of Caligula, wore on her head, arms, neck, hands and waist, pearls and emeralds to the value of one million six hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Faustina had a ring worth two hundred thousand dollars. Domitia had one worth three hundred thousand dollars, and Kæsonia had a bracelet worth four hundred thousand dollars. Seneca bewails that one pearl in each ear no longer suffices to adorn a woman; they must have three, the weight of which ought to be insupportable to them. There were women in ancient Rome whose sole occupation was the healing of the ears of the belles who had torn or otherwise injured the lobes with the weight of their pendants. Poppæa's earrings were worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and Cæsar's wife, Calpurnia, had a pair valued at twice that sum. Marie de Médicis had a dress made for the ceremony of the baptism of her children which was trimmed with thirty-two thousand pearls and three thousand diamonds, and at the last moment she found it was so heavy she could not wear it and had to get another. But men led in the splendor of the middle ages, and Philip the Good, of Burgundy, often wore jewels valued at two hundred thousand dollars. When he walked along the streets the people climbed over each other to look at him. The Duke of Buckingham wore a suit at the Court of St. James which cost four hundred thousand dollars. The dress of the nobles during the Middle Ages was literally covered with gold and precious stones.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

A Chapter on Man Robert J. Burdette Brooklyn Eagle

Man that is married to woman is of many days and full of trouble. In the morning he draweth his salary, and in the evening, behold! it is gone. It is a tale that is told. It vanisheth, and no one knows whither it goeth.

He riseth up, clothed in the chilly garments of the night, and seeketh the somnambulant paregoric wherewith to soothe his infant posterity.

He cometh forth as the horse or ox, and draweth the chariot of his offspring. He spendeth his shekels in the purchase of fine linen to cover the bosom of his family, yet himself is seen in the gate of the city with one suspender.

Yea, he is altogether wretched.

The Eternal Feminine Agnes Repplier *Varia* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

There are few things more wearisome in a fairly fatiguing life than the monotonous repetition of a phrase which catches and holds the public fancy by virtue of its total lack of significance. Such a phrase—employed with tireless irrelevance in journalism, and creeping into the pages of what is, by courtesy, called literature—is the “new woman.” It has furnished inexhaustible jests to *Life* and *Punch*, and it has been received with seriousness by those who read the present with no light from the past, and so fail to perceive that all femininity is as old as Lilith, and that the variations of the type began when Eve arrived in the Garden of Paradise to dispute the claims of her predecessor. “If the fifteenth century discovered America,” says a vehement advocate of female progress, “it was reserved for the nineteenth century to discover woman”; and this remarkable statement has been gratefully applauded by people who have apparently forgotten all about Judith and Zenobia, Cleopatra and Catherine de Medici, Saint Theresa and Jeanne d’Arc, Catherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England, who played parts of some importance, for good and ill, in the fortunes of the world.

“Les anciens ont tout dit,” and the most curious thing about the arguments now advanced in behalf of progressive womanhood is that they have an air of specious novelty about them when they have all been uttered many times before. There is scarcely a principle urged to-day by enthusiastic champions of the cause which was not deftly handled by that eminently “new” woman, Christine de Pisan, in the fourteenth century, before the court of Charles VI. of France.

Another interesting fact presented for our consideration, in these days of civic clubs and active training for citizenship, is that one of the first Englishwomen who entered the field of letters professionally, as a recognized rival of professional men writers, entered it as a politician, and a very acrid and scurrilous politician at that, who made herself as abhorrent and abhorred as any law-giver in England. This was Mary Manley, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, wrote the *New Atalantis*, allying herself vigorously with the Tories.

Indeed, the newly awakened and intelligent interest which women are supposed to be taking in

things political is but a faint reflection of the fiery zest with which our English great-great-grandmothers threw themselves into the affairs of the nation, meddling and mending and marring everywhere, until Addison, hopeless of any other appeal, was fain to remind them that nothing was so injurious to beauty as inordinate party zeal. “It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye,” he wrote warningly, “and a disagreeable sourness to the look. Besides that, it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. Indeed, I never knew a party-woman who kept her countenance for a twelvemonth.” But little the ardent politicians cared for such mild arguments as these.

To understand, however, the full extent of female influence in affairs of state, we should turn to France, where, for centuries, the sex has played an all-important part, for good and ill, in the ruling of the land. Any page of French history will tell this tale, from the far-off day when Brabant and Hainault, and England, too, listened to the persuasions of Joan of Valois, raised the siege of Tournay, and suffered the exhausted nation to breathe again, down to the less impetuous age when that astute princess, Charlotte Elizabeth, remarked—out of the fullness of her hatred for Mme. de Maintenon—that France had been governed by too many women, young and old, and that it was almost time the men began to take a hand.

Even the little jibes and jeers which *Punch* and *Life* have flung so liberally at girl graduates, and over-educated young women, have their counterparts in the pages of the *Spectator*, when Molly and Kitty are so busy discussing atmospheric pressure that they forget the proper ingredients for a sack posset; and when they assure their uncle, who is suffering sorely from gout, that pleasure and pain are imaginary distinctions, and that if he would only fix his mind upon this great truth he would no longer feel the twitches. When we consider that this letter to the *Spectator* was written over a hundred and eighty years ago, we must acknowledge that young England of 1711 is closely allied with young England and with young America of 1897, both of whom are ever ready to assure us that we are not, as we had ignorantly supposed ourselves to be, in pain, but only “in error.” And it is even possible that old England and old America of 1897, though separated by nearly two centuries from old England of 1711, remain, when gouty, in the same darkened frame of mind, and are equally unable to grasp the joyous truth held out to them so alluringly by youth.

Is there, then, anything new? The jests of all journalism, English, French, and American, anent the mannishness of the modern woman’s dress? Surely, in these days of bicycles and outdoor sports, this at least is a fresh satiric development. But a hundred and seventy-five years ago, just such a piece of banter was leveled at the head of the then new and mannish woman, who, riding through the country, asks a tenant of Sir Roger de Coverley if the house near at hand be Coverley Hall. The rustic, with his eyes fixed on the cocked hat, periwig

and laced riding coat of his questioner, answers confidently, "Yes, sir." "And is Sir Roger a married man?" queries the well-pleased dame. But by this time the bumpkin's gaze has traveled slowly downwards, and he sees with dismay that this strange apparition finishes, mermaid-fashion, in a riding skirt. Horrified at his mistake, he falters out, "No, madam," and takes refuge from embarrassment in flight. Turn the horse into a wheel, the long skirt into a short one, or into no skirt at all, and we have here all the material needed for the ever-recurring joke presented to us so monotonously to-day.

Indeed, all that we think so new to-day has been acted over and over again—a shifting comedy—by the women of every century. All that we value as well as all that we condemn in womanhood has played its part for good and for evil in the history of mankind. To talk about either sex as a solid embodiment of reform is as unmeaning as to talk about it as a solid embodiment of demoralization. If the mandrake be charmed by a woman's touch, as Josephus tells us, the rue, says Pliny, dies beneath her fingers. She has made and marred from the beginning, she will make and mar to the end. The best and newest daughter of this restless generation may well read enviously Sainte Beuve's brief description of Mme. de Sévigné, a picture drawn with a few strokes, clear, delicate and convincing. "She has a genius for conversation and society, a knowledge of the world and of men, a lively and acute appreciation, both of the becoming and the absurd." Such women make the world a pleasant place to live in; and, to the persuasive qualities which win their way through adamant resistance, Mme. de Sévigné added that talent for affairs which is the birthright of her race, that talent for affairs which we value so highly to-day, and the broader cultivation of which is perhaps the only form of newness worth its name.

On Being Human.....Woodrow Wilson.....Atlantic Monthly

Once—it is a thought which troubles us—once it was a simple enough matter to be a human being, but now it is deeply difficult; because life was once simple, but is now complex, confused, multifarious. We have seen our modern life accumulate, hot and restless, in great cities—and we cannot say that the change is not natural; we see in it, on the contrary, the fulfillment of an inevitable law of change, which is no doubt a law of growth, and not of decay. And yet we look upon the portentous thing with a great distaste, and doubt with what altered passions we shall come out of it. We cannot easily see the large measure and abiding purpose of the novel age in which we stand young and confused. The view that shall clear our minds and quicken us to act as those who know their task and its distant consummation will come with better knowledge and completer self-possession. Who can doubt that man has grown more and more human with each step of that slow process which has brought him knowledge, self-restraint, the arts of intercourse, and the revelations of real joy? This is our conception of the truly human man; a man in whom there is a just balance of faculties, a catholic sympathy—no brawler, no fanatic, no Pharisee; not too credulous in hope, not

too desperate in purpose; warm, but not hasty; ardent and full of definite power, but not running about to be pleased and deceived by every new thing.

Take life in the large view, and we are most reasonable when we seek that which is most wholesome and tonic for our natures as a whole; and we know, when we put aside pedantry, that the great middle object in life—the object that lies between religion on the one hand and food and clothing on the other, establishing our average levels of achievement—the excellent golden mean, is not to be learned, but to be human beings in all the wide and genial meaning of the term. Does the age hinder? Do its mazy interests distract us when we would plan our discipline, determine our duty, clarify our ideals? It is the more necessary that we should ask ourselves what it is that is demanded of us, if we would fit our qualities to meet the new tests. Let us remind ourselves that to be human is, for one thing, to speak and act with a certain note of genuineness, a quality mixed of spontaneity and intelligence. This is necessary for wholesome life in any age, but particularly amid confused affairs and shifting standards. Genuineness is not mere simplicity, for that may lack vitality, and genuineness does not. We expect what we call genuine to have pith and strength of fiber. No man is genuine who is forever trying to pattern his life after the lives of other people—unless indeed he be a genuine dolt. But individuality is by no means the same as genuineness; for individuality may be associated with the most extreme and even ridiculous eccentricity, while genuineness we conceive to be always wholesome, balanced, and touched with dignity. That character is genuine which seems built by nature rather than by convention, which is stuff of independence and of good courage.

But by what means is this self-liberation to be effected—this emancipation from affectation and the bondage of being like other people? Is it open to us to choose to be genuine? I see nothing insuperable in the way, except for those who are hopelessly lacking in a sense of humor. It depends upon the range and scale of your observation whether you can strike the balance of genuineness or not. If you live in a small and petty world, you will be subject to its standards; but if you live in a large world, you will see that standards are innumerable—some old, some new, some made by the noble-minded and made to last, some made by the weak-minded and destined to perish, some lasting from age to age, some only from day to day—and that a choice must be made among them. It is then that your sense of humor will assist you. You are, you will perceive, upon a long journey, and it will seem to you ridiculous to change your life and discipline your instincts to conform to the usages of a single inn by the way. You will distinguish the essentials from the accidents, and deem the accidents something meant for your amusement. The art of being human begins with the practice of being genuine, and following standards of conduct which the world has tested. And then genuineness will bring serenity—which I take to be another mark of the right development of the true human being, certainly in an age passionate and confused as this in which we live.

Of course, serenity does not always go with genuineness. Serenity is a product, no doubt, of two very different things, namely, vision and digestion. Not the eye only, but the courses of the blood must be clear, if we would find serenity. So far is serenity from being a thing of slackness or inaction that it seems bred rather by an equable energy, a satisfying activity. It may be found in the midst of that alert interest in affairs which is, it may be, the distinguishing trait of developed manhood. It is certainly human to mind your neighbor's business as well as your own. Gossips are only sociologists upon a mean and petty scale. . . .

Poise, balance, a nice and equable exercise of force, are not, it is true, the things the world ordinarily seeks for or most applauds in its heroes. It is apt to esteem that man most human who has his qualities in a certain exaggeration, whose courage is passionate, whose generosity is without deliberation, whose just action is without premeditation, whose spirit runs toward its favorite objects with an infectious and reckless ardor, whose wisdom is no child of slow prudence. We love Achilles more than Diomedes, and Ulysses not at all. But these are standards left over from a ruder state of society; we should have passed by this time the Homeric stage of mind—should have heroes suited to our age. Nay, we have erected different standards, and do make a different choice, when we see in any man fulfillment of our real ideals. Let a modern instance serve as test. Could any man hesitate to say that Abraham Lincoln was more human than William Lloyd Garrison? We naturally hold back from those who are intemperate and can never stop to smile, and are deeply reassured to see a twinkle in a reformer's eye. Ours is again a day for Shakespeare's spirit—a day more various, more ardent, more provoking to valor and every large design even than "the spacious times of great Elizabeth," when all the world seemed new; and if we cannot find another bard, come out of a new Warwickshire, to hold once more the mirror up to nature, it will not be because the stage is not set for him. The serenity of power; the naturalness that is nature's poise and mark of genuineness; the unsleeping interest in all affairs, all fancies, all things believed or done; the catholic understanding, tolerance, enjoyment, of all classes and conditions of men; the conceiving imagination, the planning purpose, the creating thought, the wholesome, laughing humor, the quiet insight, the universal coinage of the brain—are not these the marvelous gifts and qualities we mark in Shakespeare when we call him the greatest among men? And shall not these rounded and perfect powers serve us as our ideal of what it is to be a finished human being?

Life..... *Albany Times-Union*
To the Times-Union:

The following lines were written by a certain well-known scholar, while he held upon his knee his first and only grandchild. In quiet, philosophic mood, he gave form to his musing in these exquisite words, and handed them to a friend. The latter forwarded the copy to the Rev. Dr. Terry, of this city, with the query, "Who is the author?" The clergyman deems the literary gem too beautiful to be withheld

from the general enjoyment. Could you conjecture who wrote it?
D. T.

"Born of love and hope, of ecstasy and pain, of agony and fear, of tears and joy—dowered with the wealth of two united hearts—held in happy arms—with lips upon life's drifted font—blue-veined and fair, where perfect peace finds perfect form—rocked by willing feet and wooed to shadowy shores of sleep by siren mother singing soft and low—looking with wonder's wild and startled eyes at common things of life and day—taught by want and wish and contact with the things that touch the dimpled flesh of babes, and charmed by colors of wondrous robes—learning the use of hands and feet, and by the love of mimicry beguiled to utter speech, releasing prisoned thoughts from crabbed and curious marks on soiled and tattered leaves, puzzling the brain with crooked numbers and their changing, tangled worth, and so through the years of alternating day and night, until the captive grows familiar with the chains and walls and limitations of a life.

"And time runs on in sun and shade, until the one of all the world is wooed and won, and all the lore of love is taught and learned again. Again a home is built with the fair chamber wherein faint dreams like cool and shadowy vales divide the billowed hours of love. Again the miracle of birth, the pain and joy, the kiss of welcome and cradle song drowning the drowsy prattle of a babe. And then the sense of obligation and wrong—pity for those who toil and weep—tears for the imprisoned and despised—love for the generous and dead—and in the heart the rapture of a high resolve.

"And then ambition, with its lust of pelf and place and power, longing to put on its breast distinction's worthless badge. Then keener thoughts of men, and eyes that see behind smiling mask of craft—flattered no more by the obsequious cringe of gain and greed—knowing the uselessness of hoarded gold—of honor bought from those who charge the usury of self-respect—of power that only bends a coward's knees and forces from the lips of fear the lies of praise. Knowing at last the studied gesture of esteem, the reverent eyes made rich with honest thought, and holding high above all other things—high hope's great throbbing star above the darkness of the dead—the love of wife and child and friend.

"Then locks of gray, and growing love of other days and half remembered things, holding the withered hands of those who first held his, while over dim and loving eyes death softly presses down the lids of rest. And so, locking into marriage vows his children's hands and crossing others on the breasts of peace, with daughters' babes upon his knees, the white hair mingling with the gold, he journeys on from day to day to that horizon where the dusk is waiting for the night. At last, sitting by the holy hearth of home as evening's embers change from red to gray, he falls asleep within the arms of her he worshiped and adored, feeling upon his pallid lips love's last and holiest kiss."

[We certainly do not know who wrote this. Perhaps some of our readers may. But we do know that it is a gem, a masterpiece of literature and an exemplar of word painting deserving an enrollment on tablets that will not crumble or on pillars of metal that will not rust.—Editor Albany Times-Union.]

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Advance of the University Idea.....Boston Herald

Within the last twenty-five years there has been a very rapid advance of the university idea, and we have reached the time when it is right and best to review the situation and to consider what it shall be in the near future. It is about twenty-five years since Harvard University began to advance from the common plane of an American college to the larger idea of a great university. It made one change after another, its governing board and its faculty resisting, more or less, progress, and yet on the whole consenting to the changes so radical and so thorough that if President Felton should return to this world he would find himself practically in a country with which he was not acquainted. Harvard has marched more persistently than any other American college into the university rank. Those who are simply quiet scholars by themselves have but little conception of what is going on at Cambridge. They find that there is on the catalogue a great and noble army of professors and instructors who teach on almost every subject that can be studied in the course of a liberal education. Cornell has from the first been a new departure in the field of education, establishing itself as a great institution in the western part of New York, and making itself strong and successful in presenting an education to hundreds and to thousands of young people who would otherwise have never been educated at all. The success of Cornell University in carrying out this experiment has been felt by nearly every large effort to broaden and uplift our older American colleges. The University of Michigan, under President Angell, has offered public education of a broad character to the young yeomanry of that state on terms that have been accepted with a liberal hand, and has contributed greatly to the uplifting of thought and life in the Northwest.

Nearer home, and within a very short time, the universities of Yale, Princeton and Columbia, once plain colleges, have now marched out into the rank and prominence of great institutions, and in their relations to the time and to their constituency, they are drawing largely upon the resources and the intelligence of the community. Each one of these institutions is yearly absorbing millions of dollars into its treasury for the enlargement of American education. It is not difficult for them to procure large sums, as they widen out their range and influence to a larger conception of what education should be. Among the oldest and the best of these institutions is Johns Hopkins University, which was one of the first to order such an advance upon the lines of the higher education as was required by the times. With these institutions the growth of the university idea has been realized and maintained at a plane which has immensely raised the tone of public instruction throughout the country, and to-day we all feel the influence of what they have done. Every smaller institution has been compelled to enter upon a large expenditure of money to keep up to this plan of work, and Brown, Trinity, Williams, Amherst, Tufts and Bowdoin have changed their work so as

to meet the demands of the new education, so that the advance of the university idea has become so familiar to all our leading educators that it is quite the order of the day.

One who was graduated from an American college fifty years ago and had rank as a scholar now feels not at all at home in his old college, and goes around with his hands in his pockets whistling like an alien and trying to find the landmarks of the old institution. These remarks are suggested by what President Gilman says concerning "The Future of American Colleges and Universities" in the August Atlantic. Dr. Gilman was struck with the changes which have been brought about by Presidents Barnard and McCosh, men who have outlived their own successes in American education, and whose services to-day seem like ancient history to those engaged in modern work. What Presidents Barnard and McCosh did for Princeton and Columbia was immense. They cracked the hidebound traditions of the American college, and made possible the changes now going on. We are very far as yet from reaching the greatness or the strength of an institution like the University of Berlin, but we have almost overtaken the boasted greatness of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and one who has never thought much of the present advance of the university idea is almost overcome upon looking into the catalogues of American colleges to see what they have been doing. President Gilman places the universities in the first rank as institutions that are dealing wisely with the questions of the day. He says, aptly: "The lessons of man's experience in legislation and administration under all forms of government are to be applied to the politics of the day. Vagueness, uncertainty, doubt and guesses will give way before the light of knowledge." Lord Kelvin recently said that his life seemed to him a failure because he had done so little to advance the sciences to which his life had been devoted in the space of fifty years, but if he had lived in the United States and had watched the advance of the university idea as we have, he could not say that no progress had been made. The fact is that the scientific method and spirit are everywhere to-day dominant in the higher education, and have gained such a foothold that they are not to be ousted by any one. President Gilman notes two tendencies at work, one of which is the increase of the importance of the college as a place of discipline, while the other tendency is to decrease the appreciation of the college. The larger institutions are growing larger and larger, and what men used to get out of college they are obtaining less and less. The spirit of fellowship, the ties of classmates, the possibilities of personal guidance, are not to-day what one finds in the college, even in the smaller institutions. It is more like going to school in the great university of the world, and a boy or a girl is turned out of the university as a hen hatches her chickens from the shell, without much concern for their future. The women colleges have grown faster than the universities, and some of them have

yet to revise their plans for the education of youth if they are to retain their rank and influence. The question how much a girl's brain can hold has not yet been answered, and still other questions concerning the wisdom of applying too closely the present ideas of university training to them have not yet been settled. Taken all together, the education of the present day is in a very chaotic condition, and we have advanced so fast that we do not yet know where we are. It is to be feared that the next duty is to see "where we are at."

Funny Messages to Teachers.....New York Sun

Quite a row was raised in a Brooklyn (N. Y.) public school not long ago by an angry father, who threatened to smash a teacher's nose because the teacher had misunderstood a note. Here is a copy of the note that caused the trouble:

My Dear Miss Blank—My son Louis has been so bad in his books that I desire you to treatise him for conduct and lessons if possible to do so after school hours. Please be so kind and 'blige his father.
Jacob Cullenbocker.

The teacher read the note carefully. She had taught school so long in the Pickleville district that she believed herself fully capable of comprehending the meaning of Mr. Cullenbocker's note. She argued the matter with herself. Little Louis' report card showed that he had only attained 57 per cent. as the month's average. His conduct had been marked "poor."

"By 'treatise him,'" said the teacher, "his father means chastise him after school hours."

Then she began the work of chastisement. Louis was kept in after the other boys had been dismissed. The teacher gave him a severe lecture, and ordered him to study at home. Then she threatened to whip him if he did not do as he was told. She had also kept him in the class room while the other boys were enjoying the recess hour, and Louis was compelled to stand with his face against the wall while he listened to his comrades romping in the playground.

When Louis' father got home from work that night he questioned his son about the note. Louis explained that the teacher had scolded him, turned his face toward the wall, and kept him in school after the class had been dismissed.

Cullenbocker was very angry when he heard his son's tale of woe. He had been very careful in writing the note, and had copied it over three times. He had taken the trouble to look up the meaning of "treatise" in a dictionary, and he concluded that "to treatise" meant to talk to and explain, and to teach by discourse. He wanted the teacher to take particular care of the boy, and see that everything was fully explained to Louis, whom he considered a very good boy. But the teacher had turned Louis' face toward the wall. She had been accustomed to getting queer notes from Pickleville parents, and of deciphering them to suit herself. But in this case she had made a grave mistake, and when Mr. Cullenbocker got through telling her what he thought of her he said:

"If you talk back to me I'll smash your nose."

The teacher, of course, knew better than to "talk back" to an angry Pickleville parent. She apolo-

gized for her nose's sake, and Cullenbocker went away declaring that if she ever dared to turn Louis' face toward the wall in the future there would be a vacancy in that school. In speaking of the matter the teacher said:

"I think there ought to be some guarantee against the killing of teachers in the Pickleville district. It's worth a teacher's life to cross some of the complaining parents who rush to the school for the purpose of doing the punching act. They come in and declare that their boys are the only good ones in the city, and that something awful will happen if their boys are harmed. The notes they send are often preserved for the amusement of the school principals. This man who wanted me to 'treatise' his son shook his fist in my face, and would have struck me if I dared to reply to him. He wouldn't give me a chance to explain how we are bothered with queerly worded notes, and in this respect he was like the mother of a boy in the second primary grade of this school. She created a circus here a few days ago. Here is a copy of a note she wrote:

"'Miss — Please give the money this month to my girl Minnie and not to Fred, for two months he got 95 per cents, and he brought not one cent home, altho his father and Me licked him. Mrs. S.'

"After receiving that note, a boy was sent to Mrs. S. with a message explaining the meaning of the 95 per cent. The next day the mother of Fred called at the school and raised a big fuss. She said she was a poor woman, and that she needed what little money she could scrape up by doing washing. When Fred earned 95 cents at school she thought she ought to get the money. She was told that Fred did not receive 95 cents. Then she said:

"'You, then, are keeping it, because the law says the Board of Education gives out these cents to the smart children every month.'

"Even when she went away she refused to believe the story of the real meaning of 95 per cent."

Some of the Pickleville parents don't understand Superintendent Maxwell's method of sight reading, and the notes they send to the teachers are amusing. Here is a fair sample:

"Teacher—I dink you are a fool you want my boy to read when he don't no no alferbits. please teach him some."

Similar notes are received by the teachers in the Brownsville schools. Over in Gowanus there are many parents who object to the new course of study in the schools. One father in the "Slab City" district wrote:

"Teach my daughter readin' and 'rithmattick and not those new-fangled yankee notions about cutting paper dolls with sizzors."

The fact that the "Slab City" parents object to clay modeling in the schools is illustrated in the following note sent to a teacher in one of the Tenth Ward schools:

"Miss —: John kem home yesterday wid his clothes covered wid mud. He said you put him to work mixing clay when he ought to be learning to read an' write. Me man carries th' hod, an' God knows I hev enuf trouble wid his clothes in th' wash widout scraping John's coat. If he comes home like this again I'll send him back ter yez to wash his clothes.
Mrs. O'R—."

Here is one from a Brownville mother who objects to physical culture:

"Miss Brown—You must stop teach my Lizzie fisical torture she needs yet readin' an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump.
Mrs. Canavowsky."

The number of parents who object to the temperance plank in the educational platform is greater than the number of objectors to any other class of study in Williamsburgh. Here is a copy of a note sent to a teacher in the Stagg Street School:

"Miss —: My boy tells me that when I trink beer der overcoat vrom my stummack gets to thick. Plese be so kind and don't intervere in my family affairs.
Mr. Chris —."

Here is a sample on the same subject sent to a teacher in the Maujer Street School:

"Dear Teacher—You should mine your own bizniss an' not tell Jake he should not trink bier, so long he lif he trinks the bier an' he trinks it yen wen bill rains is ded, if you interfer some more I go on the bored of edcation.
W. S."

Here is one which has a touch of sadness in it:

"Miss Blank—Please excusen my Paul for bein absent he is yet sick with dipterry and der doctors don't tink he will discover to oblige his loving aunt Mrs. — I am his mother's sister from her first husband."

The Pickleville parents, as a rule, never omit the "obliging" end of a note, as will be seen in the following, sent to a teacher of the Wall Street School:

"Dear Teacher—Pleas excus Fritz for staying home he had der meesells to oblige his father.
"J. B."

The child mentioned in the following note was neither German nor Irish. But he is back in school after a battle with the doctors:

"Miss —: Frank could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels.
Mrs. Smith."

The notes sent are sometimes written on scented paper, and, as a rule, these are misspelled. Here is a scented paper sample:

"Teacher—You must excuse my girl for not coming to school, she was sick and lade in a common dose state for tree days.
Mrs. W."

When a child is absent on account of sickness in the house the rule is to refuse to take the child back into the class until a board of health doctor gives a permit and certificate that the house has been fumigated. A teacher in one of the Williamsburgh schools sent a little boy home to get one of these permits because she had learned that a doctor had been visiting a patient in the house. The child went home and returned at 1 o'clock in the afternoon with a note that read as follows:

"Teacher—Georgie's mother got no catching illness. She got a girl. Very respectfully,
"His Aunt."

There was a laugh over this note, the teachers passing it from one to the other about the school house. In the same school a teacher received the following:

"Miss —: Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grand-father's grave.
Mrs. R."

Some of the parents who write to the teacher are unable to control the child at home, and beg the teacher to give the youngster a thrashing. Here is a sample received at the Brownville school:

"Teacher—What shall I do mit Charley? Me and my man can't nothing make of him. When we want to lick der little devil he gets the bed far under, where we can't reach for him, and must put a hook on der bedroom door to hold him for his licking. Please soak him in school shust so often as you got time.
Mrs. Snedivelt."

Charley's teacher receives many notes like the above. One woman wrote: "Der only way to behave Oscar is to take your shoe off when he's bad and gif him a coupler hard ones."

In some of the notes written by the Pickleville mothers there is a certain amount of affection shown for the father. This was the case in the note received one day last week by a teacher in Public School No. 24. The note read as follows:

"Teacher—If Louis is bad please lick him till his eyes are blue. he is very stubborn. he has a great deal of the mule in him. he takes after his father.
"Mrs. P."

The teacher who received the note from the brewery horse doctor received another from the brewery wagon driver, which read as follows:

"Teacher—You think you no it all an no else one nose any but you. My children nose more and so do I than you have forgot. Please smoke this in your pipe an' don't be so educashuned that no mans nor womans can talk with you. I am only a prewery driver, but I know my biznuss.
S. D."

This note was sent after the teacher had reported one of "S. D.'s" children to the truant officer. In Brownville one of the teachers who had cross-questioned an absentee, sent a postal card to the father and in return received this note:

"Teacher—When Georgie told you he had to stay home to mine the geoses he lied because he was on the hook. his mother mines the geoses.
"John Ziner."

Fags and Fag-Masters in the English Schools.....Harper's Round Table

Fag-masters are often the fags' best friends, and even at the universities afterwards keep a kindly eye upon them. Sometimes it happens that a fag turns out a great cricketer or oarsman, in which case his old fag-master is as proud of him as of a younger brother. Or, like as not, in after-life a country parson can look back upon the time when he fagged the bishop of his diocese. In a speech made in 1896 by Lord Rosebery, late Prime Minister of England, there is an amusing reference to fagging: "It is a long time since you and I, Mr. Chairman" (Mr. Acland, Minister of Education), "first met. I have always been a little under your presidency, because I began as your fag at Eton, and I little thought when I poached your eggs and made your tea that we were destined to meet under these very dissimilar circumstances." Lord Rosebery then went on to make some suggestions to Mr. Acland "with all that humility which befits our former relations." There can be no doubt that every one laughed heartily at this, and that it helped very much in getting a hearing for his suggestion.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

The Beggar.....Ivan Turgenev.....Prose Poems (The Macmillan Co.)

I was walking along the street . . . I was stopped by a decrepit old beggar.

Bloodshot, tearful eyes, blue lips, coarse rags, festering wounds. . . . Oh, how hideously poverty had eaten into this miserable creature!

He held out to me a red, swollen, filthy hand. He groaned, he mumbled of help.

I began feeling in all my pockets. . . . No purse, no watch, not even a handkerchief. . . . I had taken nothing with me. And the beggar was still waiting . . . and his outstretched hand feebly shook and trembled.

Confused, abashed, I warmly clasped the filthy, shaking hand. . . . "Don't be angry, brother; I have nothing, brother."

The beggar stared at me with his bloodshot eyes; his blue lips smiled; and he in his turn gripped my chilly fingers.

"What of it, brother?" he mumbled; "thanks for this, too. That is a gift too, brother."

I knew that I too had received a gift from my brother.

The Bottom of the Bag.....Barry Pain.....Black and White

Blackthorn was a bachelor, of moderate views and moderate talents. He wrote for a variety of magazines, and he wrote for twenty years; and during those twenty years nothing in particular happened to him. But at the end of the twenty years he fell asleep in a carriage on the underground railway and went past Gloucester Road, where he should have changed, and got out at South Kensington.

The incident was trivial enough, but for its effect on Blackthorn's life and death. Had he on that day got out at Gloucester Road, as he intended, all might still have been well with him. As it is, he will be hanged to-morrow for the murder of the Rev. Julian Sibwell.

When Blackthorn got out at South Kensington Station he found himself touched on the shoulder by an elderly parson. For the moment recognition halted.

"Am I to be cut dead by my own nephew?" the parson asked in a pleasant voice.

"Uncle Julian!" exclaimed Blackthorn. "I am delighted. I should have recognized you in another moment, though it's ten—no, twelve—years since we met."

He was not delighted at all. It embarrassed him to meet on terms of warm family intimacy a man who was in reality a complete stranger to him. The Rev. Julian Sibwell had a parish, remote and northern, from which he very rarely stirred. The two men were nothing to each other; they had to pretend to be something considerable to each other, and to pretend it at once.

"Twelve years?" echoed Uncle Julian. "It's thirteen, to be accurate. Time flies even faster than we think. Let us hope the number mayn't prove unlucky," he added with a jolly laugh.

"It's the merest chance that we have met now, uncle. I should have got out at Gloucester Road, but I fell asleep, and—"

"I see. My lawyer brought me to London, and the old passion—mineralogy—to the collection near here. But come, if you have nothing better to do, you must lunch with me. A hansom to Regent street."

Blackthorn gave in to the friendly related bore, and as they drove off Uncle Julian asked: "And what are you doing? Still at literature and journalism?"

"Still at it," said Blackthorn.

The old gentleman grew inquisitive and poured out questions. When did his nephew work—night or morning? Both? Any time? It was remarkable. And what sort of work was it? Chiefly stories? Things out of his own head? And on an average how much in a week? Most remarkable, but—Uncle Julian paused on the word "but," and shook his head.

Over the luncheon-table he gave a friendly warning. One might go on writing and making up, but one was bound to come to the end of it. Had his nephew no fear of coming to the bottom of the bag?

"I'd never thought of it," said Blackthorn. "It seems as natural to me as for you to do your work. With the day comes the idea."

"But I don't do my work any more—not the original part. Old sermons always. I've written two thousand, but I shall never bring it to two thousand and one. There was a time when the sight of sheets of good writing paper made me want to put writing on them, but that's gone, and sermons don't demand the same originality as stories. You should make provision for the time to come, for the day when you get to the bottom of the bag. It's bound to come, and for all we know it may come suddenly. Twenty years you've been writing—it's wonderful, wonderful!"

"Let's talk about something more cheerful," said Blackthorn.

Towards the end of luncheon he asked his uncle to dine with him on the following evening. The Rev. Julian Sibwell was engaged, but the dinner was arranged for the evening after that.

Then Blackthorn went away. He had a feeling of uneasiness that he had never had before, for which he cursed his uncle. The idea of "the bottom of the bag" was absurd, provincial, inartistic, material. Suggestion came in from the life about one, was transformed, and used. The bag was always emptying, but it was also always filling. It would always have something in it for him so long as life lasted. There was (he told himself) no reason why he should get into this nervous state. But he remained in that state; he remembered authors who had "written themselves out"; this gift for receiving stimulating suggestions, this capacity for selecting the right detail, might break down—and then one would come to the bottom of the bag.

And quite suddenly he realized that for him all the eloquent crowded street was mute and empty. The phrase overheard, no longer told him the rest of the conversation and the lives of the speakers. The beautiful women passed by and left no thought nor

one descriptive word in his mind. All the life had dropped out of the scene and left it arid and bare. Nothing that met his eyes or his ears seemed really to penetrate or to lead to anything. Nothing was suggestive; everything was isolated. For the first time in his life Blackthorn found himself consciously trying to observe. Selection and deduction had gone.

In something that was near to panic, he did the very worst thing that he could have done. He drove back to his chambers and tried to write.

Of course, he could not write, worried by his fears and paralyzed by a self-distrust that was new to him. He shut his eyes and tried to call up a picture. He could see nothing but an aged parson hovering over a green-speckled omelette, waving a hairy forefinger, and saying: "You will come to the bottom of the bag, my dear boy. You should make provision. It may be quite sudden."

He sat bolt upright, and tapped on the table with his nails. "I must pull myself together," he said. He reflected that there had been many other occasions on which he had been unable to write. He had also to reflect that there had always been a reason—that he had been mentally or physically tired or ill, or distracted by something which for the moment absorbed his mind—and that now there was no reason which he could trace.

He made no further attempt to work. He paid a call, dined out, went to bed early, and slept peacefully for ten hours. He felt when he woke that he was in the best of health; but he also felt that his mind was blank and arid. He had an hour's work to do before four in the afternoon—a story to finish. The story was already half-written and that comforted him; he would not have to make a start; it would only be necessary to get into the vein and go on, and he remembered that it was a splendid story and that he had found his previous work on it fascinating and delightful.

He read and read again what he had written. Yes, it was good, but he could not for the life of him remember how he had meant to finish it; nor could he think of any end that was at all satisfactory. His thought had stopped like a thread cut short. The story began well, but it was like a story that had been written by another man; it seemed to him to lead to nothing.

At three o'clock he wrote a note of excuse; his work had never been late before, but he said that he was ill. Then he tried to occupy his mind differently. He had bought a quantity of Japanese prints, and he turned them over. Then he put them away, turning out a big drawer in an old cabinet for the purpose. There was a lot of rubbish in the drawer—relics of holidays abroad, an old silver crucifix, a little branch of coral, a handful of foreign coins, and the little red bulb that the mad American had given him, together with a somewhat fantastic story.

The day waned and the next day came. The waste-paper basket was piled high, and Blackthorn rising from his seat looked out at the dawn. He was quite sure now that he would never write again, and he hated his uncle as he had never hated any man. "He has taken away my nerve," he said, "and that is all that one wants—nerve, the belief that one can do it." His cheeks were pale, and his hands

shook; he really was ill now, and he had not been to bed. He went into his bedroom and locked himself in. Then in the early morning he dressed for the evening, and sat on his bed waiting until the evening came, admitting no one, sending his servant away, turning over in his hands the little red bulb. He would hold it over the claret glass between his thumb and the second finger and break it; it would not show if he held it like that.

* * * * *

So the Rev. Julian Sibwell died in a Regent street restaurant, and Blackthorn's death by hanging will take place to-morrow.

In the interval between the death of the man who took from him his nerve and his own execution he is said to have written much which is far above the level of his previous work, and indeed amounts to genius. But this is rumor.

How the Applause Machine Worked.....The Circus Man's Story.....N. Y. Sun

"We used to have," said the old circus man, "a very simple applause machine that we made ourselves. It had a wooden axle with a number of pieces of wood attached to it, loosely, like flails. It was operated by power, from the b'iler that we had to furnish steam for the calliope. We hooked a small engine onto that and belted it right onto the end of the axle that carried the flails. We had a brake on that so that we could regulate the applause from a gentle spontaneous outbreak to a regular storm; and we had b'iler power enough so that we could run the calliope wide open at the same time, if we wanted to.

"We used this machine only to stimulate dull audiences in towns where they didn't know a good thing when they saw it, without help. Then we'd sort of rouse 'em up with the applause machine, and generally that was enough, but if it wasn't, then we'd turn the whole business loose, calliope and all, and that never failed.

"The arms of the applause machine came down on what we called the sound box, which was about the size of a large dry goods packing box and made of oak plank. For light applause we had attached to the axle of the machine a considerable number of small wooden rods that made pleasant pattering when they struck the sound box, and then we had attached to the cylinder with spring fastenings heavier arms that were shorter and did not touch the sound box when the machine was turning slowly but which, as the machine was turned faster and faster, were thrown further and further out by centrifugal force until they engaged the box. These heavier arms attached by springs were graduated in length and weight. When the machine was going full power the heaviest arms came down on the sound box with the force of crowbars, but when all the arms were in actual use you couldn't distinguish any one of them. It was thunderous applause, and it was tremendous; but tremendous as it was, it was perfectly blended; and the machine was graduated so fine, and it worked so perfectly that you could turn it down into a ripple of applause without a break in less than a minute. It was simple, simple as could be; but really it was one of the most ingenious machines I ever saw.

"Perfect as it was, though, we didn't get it into that

shape without a good deal of effort, and at first we had a good deal of trouble with it. I shall never forget one time when the first machine we made got away from us. We were showing in a town that looked on at the great street parade without a cheer. We had the great eighteen-foot giraffe then, and, of course, we had him in the procession, and we had him open and shut blinds on the third-story of the houses as we went along, and turn the pointers of the town clock back and forth, and all that sort of thing, but it never stirred 'em a bit, and it was just the same at the afternoon performance. There never was a better show than ours and everybody was right on edge, but we didn't move 'em a hair. They just sat there like wooden people and never even smiled.

"Then the old man gave the order to start up the applause machine, and we did. We had it in a sort of little canvas annex attached to one side of the main tent. We started her up gentle, and she went slick as you're mind to at the start, and all right every way except that we didn't have in that machine the heavy arms graduated so fine as we got them later, and there wasn't so many of them, so that they did not blend as well. They'd come down on the sound box like so many separate sticks of cordwood. But we had steam enough on to pretty near bust the b'iler, and we turned that shaft until we got the machine making a steady roll, and then we turned the calliope loose. Noise? Humph! But it never started that audience any more than if they'd been stone deaf.

"Then something happened. The brake slipped off the machine, and before the man could get it adjusted again the machine run away. You see, the brake was not only to regulate the applause with, but it was a sort of governor on the engine, too, and with that off, and the head of steam we had on, the machine swung around like lightning, and swinging with that greater force, the heavy arms pulled harder and harder on the springs and swung further and further out until finally one of them caught on the main tent and swept that panel of it clean out at one swipe and left the whole outfit in plain view of the audience.

"That did start 'em, and they laughed till the blessed b'iler run out of steam, because nobody could get near enough to it to stop it, for two or three more of the arms had got loose and tangled up and were swinging around in all directions.

"That night they come to the show in great numbers, and just bubbling over with fun, and they wouldn't let the show go on till they'd heard and seen the applause machine."

Satisfying Conscience.....Chicago Times-Herald

"John!"

"Yes, dear."

"Is that you? You needn't take so much trouble to come in quietly; I've been awake these three mortal hours. Do you know what time it is?"

"I should say about a quarter after three."

"A pretty time for you to be getting home, isn't it? Where have you been?"

"Over at Mr. Fraley's."

"Mr. Fraley, indeed! I suppose you mean

that disreputable 'Bill' Fraley. Who else was there?"

"Well, my dear, since it interests you so deeply, the other members of the party were Dr. Barton, Mr. Newkirk and Colonel Hall."

"A nice set of ruffians! What were you doing?"

"Having a sociable little chat. The time slipped——"

"What else did you do?"

"Part of the time we played cards."

"Part of the time! By that I suppose you mean that there were five minutes when you came and before you left that your weren't playing."

Acquiescent silence from the direction of John, who all this while has been engaged in disrobing, and now having made ready for slumber, is loth to carry on the exchange of hostilities, to the destruction of sweet repose.

"What game were you playing?"

"Elizabeth, it was a game familiarly known as draw poker. Now, may I hope that you are satisfied? I'd like to go to sleep."

A brief period of regular breathing followed; then, in a loud whisper:

"John!"

No answer.

"John!"

Another silence, broken only by the sound of respiration from the now unconscious sleeper.

"John."

"Huh?"

"Wake up. Did you win or lose?"

"Won, I guess."

More silence. This time John clearly got to sleep. A tug at his elbow brought him to his senses.

"John, how much did you win?"

"Dono. Gimme rest—go to sleep!"

"But about how much?"

John sighed. "As nearly as I can recollect, about \$42."

"Now, aren't you ashamed! Outrageous! I never should have thought such a thing in the world. Why, John——"

"What did you want me to do—lose?"

"There's no need trying to treat the matter flip-pantly. You can just go right back and return every cent of that money to the gentlemen you won it from."

"But they've gone to bed."

"Then the first thing to-morrow morning."

John explained the involved character of the pecuniary relationships in which it was possible, he said, for every man to be a loser to every one of his opponents. A return of the spoils was out of the question. The argument seemed satisfactory—for several minutes. Then the prosecution reopened.

"I'll forgive you on one condition."

"And never mention the subject again?"

"Yes."

"Name the condition."

"That you give me \$10 of that money for our missionary society, and every cent of the rest of it for some new clothes for myself."

Ten minutes later:

"I guess \$5 ought to do for the missionary society. Don't you think so, John?"

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS OF CHARACTER VERSE

Doc Sifer's Religion.....James Whitcomb Riley.....Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers (The Century Co.)

Without a-claimin' any creed, Doc's rail religious views
 Nobody knows—ner got no need o' knowin' whilse he choose
 To be heerd not of man, ner raise no loud, vainglorious prayers
 In crowded marts, er public ways, er— i jucks, anywheres!
 'Less 'n it is away deep down in his own heart, at night,
 Facin' the storm when all the town's a-sleepin' snug and tight—
 Him splashin' hence from scenes o' pride and sloth and gilded show,
 To some pore sufferer's bedside o' anguish, don't you know!
 Er maybe dead o' winter—makes no odds to Doc,—he's got
 To face the weather ef it takes the hide off! 'cause he'll not
 Lie out o' goin' and p'tend he's sick hissef—like some
 'At I could name 'at folks might send fer and they'd never come.

Doc sees a patient's got to quit—he'll ease him down serene
 As dozin' off to sleep, and yit not dope him with mor-phoen.
 He won't tell what—jes' 'lows 'at he has "airn't the right to sing
 'O grave, where is thy victory! O death, where is thy sting!"

And, mind ye now!—it's not in scoff and scorn, by long degree,
 'At Doc gits things like that un off: it's jes' his shority
 And total faith in Life to Come,—w'y, "from that Land o' Bliss,"
 He says, "we'll haf to chuckle some, a-lookin' back at this!"

And, still in p'int, I mind, one night o' 'nitiation at
 Some secret lodge, 'at Doc set right down on 'em, square and flat,
 When they mixed up some Scriptur' and wuz funnin'-like—w'y, he
 Lit in 'em with a rep'imand 'at ripped 'em, A to Z!

And onc't—when ginerall loafin'—place wuz old Shoe-Shop—and all
 The gang 'ud git in there and brace their backs ag'inst the wall
 And settle questions that had went unsettled long enough,—
 Like "wuz no Heav'n—ner no torment"—jes' talkin' awful rough!

There wuz Sloke Haines and old Ike Knight and Coonrod Simmes—all three
 Ag'inst the Bible and the Light, and scoutin' Deity.
 "Science," says Ike, "it dimonstrates—it takes nobody's word—
 Scriptur, er not,—it' vestigates ef sich things could occur red!"

Well, Doc he heerd this,—he'd drapped in a minute, fer to git
 A tore-off heel pegged on agin,—and, as he stood on it
 And stomped and grinned, he says to Ike, "I s'pose now, purty soon
 Some lightnin' bug, indignant-like, 'll 'vestigate' the moon!"

"No, Ike," says Doc, "this world hain't saw no brains like yourn and mine
 With sense enough to grasp a law 'at takes a brain divine.
 I've bared the thoughts of brains in doubt, and felt their finest pulse,—
 And mortal brains jes' won't turn out omnipotent results!"

Philosophizing Pat.....Buffalo Express

"Thish loife is mosht peculiar,"
 Love-sick Pat said unto himself;
 "Why shure it musht be governed
 Boi a mosht unfrindly elf.

"There's the sphoider very anxious
 To kitch the foine young fly,
 But the saucy thing will none o' him
 And goes a-flittin' boi.

"There's a plump young lookin' spharrow
 At the spoider longs to shnap,
 But the spoider, lovin' not a bit
 Schkips away into a crack

"There's the cat who wants the spharrow
 And the dog who wants the cat,
 But the cat, av coorse, turns from the dog
 And would rather have a rat.

"And shure there's bonnie Katie Kane,
 Who wouldn't have me at all,
 And loves that Oirish Mickey,
 Who in turn loves Mag McCall;
 Bedad! This loife's a failure."

Reassurance.....Philander Johnson.....Detroit Free Press

Don't ye let 'em skeer ye, honey,
 When dey shouts, dese trouble-makers
 Don't ye listen to 'em, sonny,
 When dey says we're in de breakers.
 Hyah's advice I gibs yer free;
 Try ter keep it allus near ye;
 When dey talks calamity,
 Honey, don't ye let 'em skeer ye.

Don't ye let 'em fret ye, honey;
 Knots kin allus be untwisted.
 Skies looked mighty far f'm sunny
 When George Washin'ton enlisted.
 Right is boun' ter be victorious;
 'Member dat when doubts beset ye.
 Trials hab made dis country glorious;
 Honey, don't ye let 'em fret ye.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Puppets, Ancient and Modern.....Francis J. Ziegler.....Harper's Magazine

The puppet show is such an ancient institution, and has been popular in so many countries, that its origin is quite obscured by the mists of antiquity. Antiquaries with ethnological spectacles have peered into this pristine fog and discerned a connection between the puppet show and religious observances; they have established the fact that dolls and marionettes are closely related, and even advanced the theory that the shadow puppets, used in many lands, denote a time when all the people saw of religious ceremonies was the shadows of the officiating priests cast upon the walls of the sacred tent.

The tombs of the ancient Egyptians have yielded many painted wooden puppets—both human and bestial in form—the limbs of which can be moved by pulling a string. These are probably mere toys for children, although the Egyptians used movable figures in the feasts of Osiris, while both Greeks and Romans carried similar puppets in their religious processions.

The statue of Jupiter Ammon, borne in triumphal progress through the ranks of an adoring multitude, pointed the road it wished to take with a directing-rod; the golden statue of Apollo in the temple of Heliopolis moved when about to deliver an oracle; and little wooden images of the pagan deities could nod or avert their heads when presented with offerings.

Ivory puppets (*crepundia*) with movable limbs, of crude workmanship, have been found in the Roman catacombs. They are usually looked upon as dolls, but they may be religious images, such as were used by the Christians of later ages during certain church festivals.

In the puppet show proper—that is, in the play with wooden actors, performed for the amusement of the spectators, there are, roughly speaking, three kinds of marionettes; those of the familiar Punch and Judy type, moved by the hand concealed beneath their petticoats; the *Fantoccini*, with leaden hands and feet, moved by strings; and the shadow puppets—or Chinese shadows—which have little power of motion, and whose images are cast upon a screen which separates them from the spectators.

In classic Greece the puppet show was a popular diversion. The peripatetic showman, known as a *neuropaste*, journeyed from town to town, carrying his wooden figures in a box under his arm, and with his booth strapped to his back, quite like his modern descendant who frequents English country fairs. The foibles of human nature furnished ample material for these ancient performances, and one can readily imagine that the satire was keen and strong, if not exactly delicate.

The puppet show had its patrons in the time of Euripides, and at a later period, when Athens experienced the decadence of the drama, the wooden manikins usurped the place of the flesh-and-blood actors in the regular theatre.

Socrates unbent his philosophic mind on one occasion to ask a puppet showman how he made a living in such a manner. "The folly of men is an in-

exhaustible fund of riches," sententiously responded the *neuropaste*, himself evidently a philosopher despite his lowly station; "and I am always sure of filling my purse by moving a few pieces of wood." . . .

The heyday of the puppet show in England was during the last century. Long before then strolling showmen had exhibited "drolls" or "motions"—as the English puppets were known in the early days—to crowds of gaping rustics, but it was not until the time of Steele and Addison that the puppet show became a fashionable amusement, patronized by upper-tendom.

Pulcinella came to London in 1666, when an Italian puppet-player set up his booth at Charing Cross and paid a small rental to the overseers of St. Martin's parish. His name was at once Englished into *Punchinello*, which was soon to be completely Anglicized as *Punch*.

It was *Punch* who seated himself unceremoniously in the Queen of Sheba's lap, and *Punch* again who danced in the Ark and hailed Noah with, "A hazy weather, Mr. Noah!" when the patriarch was intent on navigating the Flood. With *Punch* in *Powel's* show appeared his wife, *Joan*, who, however, had none of the grotesque characteristics of the modern *Judy*.

Under subsequent managements *Punch* became more and more of a star actor, until eventually the play of "*Punch and Judy*" came into being, practically as it is acted to-day. In this *Punch*, to enjoy personal liberty, kills his wife and child, and then not only hangs the government officers who seek to bring him to book for his double crime, but actually succeeds in serving Death and the Devil in the same way by stringing them up on one gallows.

This circumvention of the Devil has become a much appreciated climax to the performance—a climax which is traditional, and cannot be departed from without incurring the displeasure of the spectators. It is recalled that one showman, probably actuated by conscientious scruples, changed the dénouement by allowing the devil to carry off *Punch*. He was pelted with stones for his pains.

Musical Mexico.....Arthur Howard Noll.....Lippincott's

One does not have to travel far or stay long in Mexico to discover that it is quite as much a musical country as any other in the world. Even the stay-at-home Americans, a dozen or so years ago, fancied that they had made this discovery, when Mexican military bands and typical orchestras began to "tour" the United States, astonishing as well as delighting the crowds they attracted everywhere. But the truth is, the American stay-at-homes, with all their admiration for the music the Mexicans brought to them, gained scarcely any idea of how far the Mexicans were to be classed as a musical people. They supposed, very naturally, that the famous —th Regiment Band and the Typical Orchestra comprised all, or about all, that Mexico had to send abroad; that they fully represented the music of their country; and that they were probably considered prodigies in the land whence they came. Such impressions are quickly dispelled in Mexico.

The semi-weekly concerts in the Zócalo, the Alameda, and the Paseo, in the capital, do not suffer in the least when the Mexican War Department grants one of the military bands, even the best of them, leave of absence for a tour in the United States. And as for the other cities of the republic, even such comparatively isolated towns as Jalapa, Puebla, Oaxaca, Toluca, Chihuahua, Morelia, and Guadalajara, each has at least one military band that would be likely to carry off the honors in any competition with the military bands of America.

The musical taste and skill which those who have visited Mexico recognize as among the national characteristics are peculiar to no one class of society. It might, perhaps, be said even that they were developed more fully in the lower classes. There is a very good band in Atzacotalco (not to mention a dozen other Indian towns) composed of the poorest class of Indians. Not one of the musicians wears shoes, or coat, or any other than the grimmest-looking linen trousers. And one characteristic of the musical performances of the Mexicans, noticeable above all others, that is, precision of time, is especially marked in the little serenading parties, consisting of guitar, harp, flute and violin, heard not only in the cities, but in the provincial towns and in the mountain villages.

As for the people of Mexico of every class, it may be said not only that they thoroughly appreciate good music, but that they will tolerate no music that is not good. This is no new phase of Mexican character. Madame Calderon de la Barca, early in the present century, in her book upon Mexico called attention to the love of music which pervaded all classes of society, the people of the towns and those of the hamlets, in the mountains, and on the plains, the rich and the poor alike. And a writer upon Mexico half a century ago illustrates this all-pervading love of music by relating an amusing incident. It was at a time when the stage-coaches between the cities of Mexico and Vera Cruz were frequently waylaid and their passengers robbed of all they possessed. A famous tenor was once a passenger on his way to the Gulf coast from the capital, where he had filled a successful engagement. Being recognized by the highwaymen who "held up" the whole stage-load, he was offered a chance to secure his life and liberty by singing. In his frightened condition, his first efforts to sing were without success. The robbers insisted that he could do better, and that unless he did his best—unless he sang as well for them as he had sung for those who had just heard him in the capital—they would not allow him to go any further on his journey. Regaining his self-possession after repeated efforts, he found his audience the most critical and appreciative he had ever had. It applauded his good singing, it hissed his failures. He finally succeeded in satisfying his hearers, but it was only by doing the best he had ever done. And after enjoying the musical entertainment they had forced from him as long as they could without interfering with their regular daily occupations, the robbers allowed the singer to proceed on his journey.

A few years ago the prima donna of Mexico was la Señorita Angela Peralta, who enjoyed something of a European reputation and had sung with success

in some of our American cities. I heard her in Norma, in a little barn-like theatre on the frontier, early in 1883. She died the following summer of tonto fever, somewhere on the western coast of Mexico. I subsequently had an opportunity to witness what a hold she had on the affections of the people of her land. I was watching, from a balcony on one of the streets of the City of Mexico, the parade of the 16th of September, the birthday of Mexican Independence. Among the allegorical cars advancing along the street was one representing the music of Mexico. It had been arranged by the National Conservatory, and conspicuous thereon appeared the name Peralta. As the name caught the eyes of a dozen or so ladies upon the balcony adjoining mine, there was a cheer, distinctly heard above the clamor of the street, and a shower of nosegays fell upon the car. And as the car passed on down the street it was everywhere greeted with cheers and flowers.

The church music of Mexico is apt to disappoint the visitor. Apparently but little attention is given to sacred music in that land, where the government and the higher classes have long been at war with the Church. In some of the churches in the frontier towns, on Good Friday, I have heard some of the most weird music imaginable, from guitars and violins, with little suggestion of devotion in it. In the churches of the cities I have attended there were few if any functions where the music was remarkable save for its inferiority. It is, however, worthy of note that at Guadalupe-Hidalgo, near the capital, on the 12th of December, a feast especially belonging to the native Indian race, a mass was rendered in the Collegiate Church which was the composition of a full-blooded Indian musician, and it was highly praised by the critics.

Noticeable at the performances of the National Conservatory was the prominent part taken by ladies. Not only harps and violins were played by them, but also violoncellos and bass-violins. The Mexican ladies give considerable attention to composing, and it is no uncommon thing at an evening party for a lady to be asked to favor the company with something of her own composition.

The Mexicans have a style of music peculiar to their land. Generally speaking, the waltz gives place to the polka, the mazurka, and the schottische; and all these give way to the "jarabe" and the "danza." Some say that the "danza" is not indigenous to Mexico, but is an importation from Cuba. But the Mexicans have also the "habanera" (derived from Havana), and make a distinction between it and the "danza." The "jarabe" represents the rude, uncultivated, spontaneous notes of the native races. The name given to a kind of sweet-meat is bestowed upon a rustic song and dance in which the dancers treat each other to dulces in the intermission.

The "danza" is the favorite dance-music of Mexico. It is in syncopated time, and is of a very weird character. There are also contra-danzas. "La Paloma" and "Chloe" are good specimens of the "danza" which have become popular in the United States since the Mexican bands first introduced their music abroad. A very popular schottische is "Cualquier Cosa." The name signi-

fies "anything," or "whatever you please." When any one is asked to play, and asks, "What shall I play?" the most ready response is the name of this schottische. But its popularity does not necessarily rest upon its fortunate name, for it is thoroughly characteristic and very attractive.

It is only recently that examples of the jarabes, danzas, contra-danzas, habaneras, schottisches, mazurkas, and polkas heard from the bands have been given to the public in Mexico. The runic productions of the lower classes were not reduced to writing, and the compositions of the band-leaders were preserved in manuscript. Within the last few years attempts have been made to collect the former and preserve them in such form that they can be more fully enjoyed by the people, and also to publish the latter. The result has been various collections of "aires nacionales mexicanas."

To write of the music of Mexico without mentioning "La Golondrina" and "El Himno Nacional" would be inexcusable. Yet what can I write of the first, save to repeat what every one who visits Mexico declares, that it is the sweetest, saddest, most pathetic song to be heard in any land? All my efforts to learn its history failed. Probably it is not Mexican at all, but Spanish; and I am sometimes inclined to accept the story that it was originally "Al Partir de Granada," inspired by Boabdil's lament over the expulsion of the Moors from their city, rather than the other story, that it commemorates the expulsion of the nuns from the city of Mexico, less than half a century ago. Yet neither may be the correct story, and I am sure the touching song of "The Swallow" is worthy of a more romantic history than any of the apocryphal tales now given.

Of "El Himno Nacional" I am fortunately able to give some information, and it ought to be interesting to readers in a land that has no national hymn. In December, 1853, General Santa Anna being President of the Republic of Mexico, it was deemed by the government right and proper that the nation should have a hymn worthily singing its praises and its destiny; whereupon the President issued a decree offering a prize for a poem "truly patriotic" to be approved by the supreme government. The time allowed for the courtship of the poetic muse was but twenty days from the issuing of the decree. Nevertheless twenty-six poetical compositions were submitted at the end of that time, and out of these was selected that of Don Francisco Gonzalez Bocanegra, consisting of ten verses of eight lines each, with a chorus. On the 5th of February, 1854, a decree was issued giving musical composers two months in which to submit music for Bocanegra's hymn in competition for a prize. The committee appointed to decide upon the merits of the sixteen musical compositions submitted in response to this decree consisted of the master of the cathedral choir of Guadalajara, a musician from Tepic, and the leader of the military band in Puebla. The prize was awarded in August to Don Jaime Nunó, a Spanish professor of music permanently located in Mexico, and he was directed to proceed at once to prepare his work for use by the military bands and to instruct them so far as was necessary. On the 11th of September "El Himno Nacional

Mexicano" was first played in public at the beginning of the great national feast of Mexican Independence.

Republics are proverbially ungrateful. Mexico in those days was not a "howling" success as a republic; but, though poor, she was able to testify to her appreciation of music, albeit somewhat neglectful of her national poet. Bocanegra received his prize-money—and some fame, let us hope. The Spanish professor did rather better than that. He furnished two hundred and sixty copies of the music for the use of the military bands, at three dollars a copy, and retained the copyright, that he might benefit by the sale of copies for the piano and private use. Yet all who hear the Mexican national hymn are ready to aver that it is worth all that Nunó ever received for it.

Greek and Christian Art.....Architect and Contract Reporter

To an artist merely as a man who delights in seeing and recording natural beauty, the great difference between Greek and modern Anglo-Christian life would be that art and nature met in Greek life, and do not meet in ours. The Greek saw enough of beauty to know how much it is worth. Our life, artistically speaking, is a continual struggle against ugliness. An Athenian's life is described, not untruly, as a continual, rejoicing, unreflective embrace of beauty. Ugliness he had, and absurdities, and his eye was quick to note them. Aristophanes' sketch of the fat man in the torch races, blown and incapable, may perhaps be remembered by some of us, with many others (as the poet, the sycophant and the messenger gods in the comedy of the Birds). But every citizen of Athens lived continually out of doors—"for ever delicately marching through transparent liquid air"—in the finest atmosphere on earth. He saw Hymettus and Pentelicus, and Ægina and Salamis in distance, though it is true he considered Ægina an eye-sore. He saw Athene and Theseus, the forms of his gods and heroes, all around him, and he saw daily the living frames of strength and beauty from which the great statues were conceived. The Greek was his own model and type; he idealized man because he really knew the beauty of man. He thought the beginning and end of art was to set forth or represent his gods and himself, which was well; and he thought his gods must first be like himself, which was not so well. He surrounded himself and his heroes with beauty, subject and auxiliary to his own beauty, exactly as the Goth carved flowers round the niches which held the statues of his saints. He studied animals, the horse in particular, as his companions (one cannot attach much importance to Myron's celebrated cow), considering himself the fairest of all animals. Accordingly he seized on animal character with success when he tried. Greece, as Mr. Maurice said long ago, and as every one says now, represents to us the power of the man, of the human soul unconscious of the divine teaching which is yet with him—not taught to look beyond himself—and contented with the glorious things within his reach, and poetry and plastic art were the most glorious of these things. His art was the natural expression of an excusable self-admiration or self-respect.

THE DEATH OF THE DAUPHIN*

BY ALPHONSE DAUDET

[The reproduction of this pathetic death scene seems peculiarly fitting, at a time when the world has but just been called upon to mourn the passing of its distinguished author, to whom and his work, in a late issue, the *London Spectator* pays the following just tribute: "Daudet lives for us by qualities which have an abiding freshness—by love and pity and humor, and, above all, by a prose style of extraordinary beauty. Color, vivacity, and inventiveness of phrase, generate a kind of electricity till, as M. Lemaitre says, you turn the pages with sparks flying under your fingers. With an inexhaustible tenderness, Daudet was no sentimentalist; and amidst the vagaries of mysticism and sensuality in French fiction he remained a model of sanity. Against all the eccentricities of the artistic temperament his life and work made a continual protest, while he was, in some respects, the greatest literary artist of his generation. A martyr for many years to physical suffering, he never lost that gayety of heart which is the most precious possession of his race. His pen was often dipped in satire, never in sour disdain; and while he inspired the strongest friendships amongst men who had little in common with his methods, he lived in the affectionate esteem of a multitude of readers who owe to his genius many of their happiest hours." Other journals of equal literary standing as well as those of a more popular character in England, France and America, contain equally appreciative notices. The regret at the lamented death of this brilliant man of letters is universal and profound.]

The little Dauphin is ill, the little Dauphin is dying. In every church in the kingdom the blessed sacrament remains exposed day and night, and great wax lights are burning for the recovery of the royal child. The streets of the ancient kingly city are sad and silent; the bells no longer ring, the carriages go at a foot-pace.

The whole castle is in commotion. Chamberlains, major domos, run up and down the marble staircases. The galleries are full of pages and of courtiers in silken robes, who go from one group to another making anxious inquiries in a low tone of voice. On the broad terraces weeping ladies of honor salute each other with deep courtesies; wiping their eyes the while with dainty embroidered handkerchiefs.

In the orangery is a numerous assembly of physicians in gowns. They can be seen, through the windows, with long, black sleeves flowing, and bending their club wigs in their gravest professional manner—the tutor and the equerry of the little Dauphin, walk up and down before the door, awaiting the decision of the faculty.

And the King? Where is my lord the King? The King has shut himself up alone in a room at the end of the castle. Monarchs love not that men should see them weep. As for the Queen, it is quite another thing. Seated at the bedside of the little Dauphin, her fair face is bathed in tears, and she sobs before everybody as a draper's wife would do.

In his lace-trimmed cot the little Dauphin lies with closed eyes, whiter than the cushions on which

he reposes. They think he sleeps; but no, the little Dauphin is not asleep. He turns toward his mother, and seeing that she is in tears, says to her: "Madam, the Queen, why do you weep? Do you really believe, like all the rest, that I am going to die?" The Queen tries to answer, her sobs prevent her speaking.

"Do not cry so, Madam, the Queen; you forget that I am the Dauphin, and that Dauphins cannot die thus." The Queen sobs still louder, and the little Dauphin begins to be frightened: "Holla!" he says, "I do not wish that Death should come to take me; and I know full well how to prevent him from entering here. Order immediately forty of the strongest lansquenets to mount guard around our bed. Let a hundred big cannons be ready night and day, with lighted matches, beneath our windows, and let Death take the consequence if he dares to approach us."

To please the royal child the Queen makes a sign. Immediately can be heard the great cannons rolling in the courtyard, and forty tall lansquenets grasping their spiked halberds enter and range themselves around the room. They are all veterans with gray mustaches. The little Dauphin claps his hands as he sees them. He recognizes one and calls him: "Lorrain! Lorrain!" The veteran steps toward the bed. "I love you very much, my old Lorrain. Show me your big sword. If Death wants to take me away you will kill him, will you not?" Lorrain replies: "Yes, Monseigneur." And two big tears roll down his bronzed cheeks.

Just then the chaplain draws near the little Dauphin and speaks to him for a long time in a low tone, showing him the crucifix meanwhile. The little Dauphin listens to him with an air of surprise, then suddenly interrupting him: "I understand very well what you are telling me, M. l'Abbé; but, after all, cannot my little friend Beppo die in my place, if I give him a great deal of money?" The chaplain continues to talk to him in a low tone, and the little Dauphin looks more and more astonished.

When the chaplain has finished, the little Dauphin again replies with a deep sigh: "All that you are telling me is very sad, M. l'Abbé, but one thing consoles me; it is that up there in the paradise of the stars, I shall still be *the* Dauphin. I know that the good God is my cousin, and he cannot fail to treat me according to my rank." Then, turning to his mother: "Let my richest clothes be brought, my doublet of ermine, and my shoes of velvet; I want to make myself fine for the angels, and enter paradise as befits a Dauphin."

A third time the chaplain bends over the little Dauphin, and speaks to him in a low voice. In the midst of his speech the royal child interrupts him angrily: "Then, after all," cries he, "it is nothing to be a Dauphin!" And refusing to listen to anything more, the little Dauphin turns to the wall, and weeps bitterly.

* This translation is taken from *Short Stories Magazine*, the issue of December, 1892.

SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

—"Why, papa," said Frances, who was looking at the album; "surely this isn't a picture of you?" "Yes," replied papa; "that is a picture of me, when I was quite young." "Well," commented the little girl, "it doesn't look as much like you as you look now."

—"What's veal, Benny?" "Oh, it's the part of the cow we eat before she grows up."

—Mother—Now, Jamie, you know that Adam and Eve were driven out of the Garden of Eden. Jamie—In a phaeton or a carriage, mamma?

—"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and two-twelfths to Harry, and take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear." "The plate!" shouted the boy.

—Grandpa invited Dorothy to go with him to feed the chickens, the morning after her arrival at the farm. On her return to the house she inquired shyly, "Grandpa, do all hens eat with their noses?"

—Papa—Charley, please hand me that book on the table there. Charley (aged nine)—There he is, papa. Papa—No, my son; you should not say, "There he is," but "it" is. Charley—Why, papa, it's a hymn-book, isn't it?

—"Now I'm going to read you a pretty story, dear—all about the Garden of Eden." "Oh, mummy, please, not that one! I'm so tired of that story of the Adamases."

—Teacher (giving out words to spell)—Sell. Child—S-e-l-l. Teacher—No; you must say double l, not l-l. Now spell "seen." Child—S-e-e-n. Teacher—Haven't I just told you to say the word "double" when two letters alike come together? If you do not remember next time I shall punish you. Now let me hear you read your lesson. The lesson—"Up, up, Lucy; it is time for school." Child (reading)—Double up, Lucy; it is time for school.

—Mother—That naughty little boy went in swimming when his mother told him not to and he was drowned. Willie—But he didn't get any whipping.

—"How does it happen, Tommy, that you have the larger apple?" "There wasn't but one big one, Uncle Harry."

—Grandmamma—What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy? Tommy—Oh, I'm just putting a few things away, gran'ma.

—Visitor—And who are you, my little man? Cuthbert (with conscious pride)—I'm the baby's brother.

—Willie—Ma, can people leave parts of themselves in different places? Ma—No; don't be ridiculous. Willie—Well, Mr. Jiggs said he was going to Arizona for his lungs.

—Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, James?" replied the minister, indulgently. "And

what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down, and make me wear 'em."

—A little girl sat gazing fixedly at the new bonnet of one of her mother's visitors, until the caller smilingly asked, "Do you like it, my dear?" The child innocently replied: "Yes—I do. Mamma and Aunt Milly said it was a perfect fright—but it doesn't frighten me a bit."

—A little boy was fishing, and, drawing in his line, found that the bait had been taken off without result; whereupon he burst into tears and said: "It's cheating!"

—He was a typical gamin, so diminutive in stature that I had to stoop to interrogate him, which I did in this way: "Where do you get your papers, my little man?" "Oh, I buy 'em of Johnny Green." "And who is Johnny Green?" "He's a newsboy—he buys 'em in the Times alley." "What do you pay for them?" "Ficents." "What do you sell them for?" "Ficents." "You don't make anything at that?" "Nope." "Then what do you sell them for?" "Oh, just to get to holler."

—The minister, with his little son Charles, was calling on an old parishioner, who poured her troubles into his sympathizing ear, ending with the remark, "I've had my nose held to the grindstone for thirty years." Charlie, who had been looking intently at the old lady, instantly remarked, "Well, it hasn't worn the mole on the end of it off yet."

—There is a curious mingling of the sacred and the secular in the recitations of a child friend of ours. On one occasion her mother suddenly discovered, during the evening devotions, that there had been a corruption of the text, and that her small daughter was devoutly petitioning: "Kwe-ate in me a Queen o' Hearts, O God." Another emendation was upon the Beatitudes, when a course of careful instruction elicited as a final result the following: "Piec-ed are the dressmakers—for they call in the children of God." In a recent inspired moment, she was heard saying over and over to herself, "Let your eyes so shine before men."

—Little Jeanie, the three-year-old pet of a neighbor friend, was playing with her rag doll in the front room of her home not long since, when suddenly her quick eye rested upon one of those large, shiny black bugs which occasionally fly indoors on summer nights, and was now slowly crawling along the carpet. The little observer came running out to the kitchen with great excitement, exclaiming: "Mamma, mamma, there's a prune in the parlor! Come and see it walk!"†

—A child of two having on several occasions had vaseline applied to some little burns, exclaimed to the cook who was in dismay over some scorched pastry: "Oh, do and det the dood vaseline."†

—A little four-year-old, upon seeing the first beams of the morning sun, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! God's opened His door."†

* Compiled from Contemporaries.

† Contributed to Current Literature

CHILD VERSE*

The Dinkey-Bird.....Eugene Field

In an ocean, 'way out yonder
 (As all sapient people know),
 Is the land of Wonder-Wander,
 Whither children love to go;
 It's their playing, romping, swinging,
 That give great joy to me
 While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing
 In the amfalula tree!

There the gum-drops grow like cherries,
 And taffy's thick as peas—
 Caramels you pick like berries
 When, and where, and how you please;
 Big red sugar-plums are clinging
 To the cliff beside that sea
 Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
 In the amfalula tree.

So when children shout and scamper
 And make merry all the day,
 When there's naught to put a damper
 To the ardor of their play;
 When I hear their laughter ringing,
 Then I'm sure as sure can be
 That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
 In the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey-Bird's bravuras
 And staccatos are so sweet—
 His roulades, appoggiaturas,
 And robustos so complete,
 That the youth of every nation—
 Be they near or far away—
 Have especial delectation
 In that gladsome roundelay.

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
 Their lungs begin to crow,
 Their hearts get light and lighter,
 And their cheeks are all aglow;
 For an echo cometh bringing
 The news to all and me,
 That the Dinkey-Bird is singing
 In the amfalula tree.

I'm sure you like to go there
 To see your feathered friend—
 And so many goodies grow there
 You would like to comprehend!
*Speed, little dreams, your winging
 To that land across the sea
 Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing
 In the amfalula tree!*

Hi-Spy.....Eugene Field

Strange that the city thoroughfare,
 Noisy and bustling all the day,
 Should with the night renounce its care
 And lend itself to children's play.

Oh, girls are girls, and boys are boys,
 And have been so since Abel's birth,
 And shall be so till dolls and toys
 Are with the children swept from earth.

The self-same sport that crowns the day
 Of many a Syrian shepherd's son,
 Beguiles the little lads at play
 By night in stately Babylon.

* All the selections in Child Verse this month are from Lullaby-Land: Songs of Childhood by Eugene Field, selected by Kenneth Graham and illustrated by Charles Robinson. Chas. Scribner's Sons, publishers; cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

I hear their voices in the street,
 Yet 'tis so different now from then!
 Come, brother! from your winding-sheet,
 And let us two be boys again!

The Sugar-Plum Tree.....Eugene Field

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
 'Tis a marvel of great renown!
 It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop Sea
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;
 The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
 (As those who have tasted it say)
 That good little children have only to eat
 Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you got to the tree you would have a hard time
 To capture the fruit which I sing;
 The tree is so tall that no person could climb
 To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!
 But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
 And a ginger-bread dog prowls below—
 And this is the way you contrive to get at
 Those sugar-plums tempting you so:
 You say but the word to that ginger-bread dog
 And he barks with such terrible zest
 That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
 As her swelling proportions attest.
 And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
 From this leafy limb unto that,
 And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
 Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops and peppermint canes,
 With stripings of scarlet or gold,
 And you carry away of the treasure that rains
 As much as your apron can hold!
 So come, little child, cuddle closer to me,
 In your dainty white nightcap and gown,
 And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

Fiddle-Dee-Dee.....Eugene Field

There once was a bird that lived up in a tree,
 And all he could whistle was "Fiddle-dee-dee"—
 A very provoking unmusical song
 For one to be whistling the summer day long!
 Yet always contented and busy was he
 With that vocal recurrence of "Fiddle-dee-dee."
 Hard by lived a brave little soldier of four,
 That weird iteration repented him sore;
 "I prithee, Dear-Mother-Mine! fetch me my gun,
 For, by our St. Diddy! the deed must be done
 That shall presently rid all creation and me
 Of that ominous bird and his 'Fiddle-dee-dee.'"

Then out came Dear-Mother-Mine, bringing her son
 His awfully truculent little red gun;
 The stock was of pine and the barrel of tin,
 The "bang" it came out where the bullet went in—
 The right kind of weapon I think you'll agree
 For slaying all fowl that go "Fiddle-dee-dee!"
 The brave little soldier quoth never a word,
 But he up and he drew a straight bead on that bird;
 And, while that vain creature provokingly sang,
 The gun it went off with a terrible bang!
 Then loud laughed the youth—"By my bottle," cried he,
 "I've put a quietus on 'Fiddle-dee-dee!'"
 Out came then Dear-Mother-Mine, saying: "My son,
 Right well have you wrought with your little red gun!
 Hereafter no evil at all need I fear,
 With such a brave soldier as You-My-Love here!"
 She kissed the dear boy.

(The bird in the tree
 Continued to whistle his "Fiddle-dee-dee"!)

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

The Regulation of Marriage.....Medical Record

[The paper referred to in the following article was read before the Buffalo Academy of Medicine by Dr. E. T. Rulison.]

The low, diseased and vicious marry early and beget a numerous progeny, while the thrifty usually marry later and have fewer children. With savages the weak in mind and body are soon eliminated, but we do all in our power to prevent this elimination by building asylums and hospitals, and using every effort to prolong their lives. Dr. Rulison gives alarming statistics as to the increase of the criminal, insane and defective classes, and shows the great expense of their maintenance. Simply to name inebriety, tuberculosis, syphilis, idiocy and epilepsy is to remind us of the fact that the burden we are carrying is almost overwhelming. "You who were fortunately born must be the keeper of your dangerous though perhaps unfortunate brother man, or he will overpower and ruin you." It should be the first duty of the state or nation to protect the lives of future generations, as well as the lives and property of those now living. The law protects us against scarlet fever, diphtheria and small-pox; why not against ill-advised marriages, the results of which are almost as serious? In Brazil, it is said, there is a self-imposed law among the higher classes in relation to marriage. The man about to marry is compelled to furnish a certificate from one or more physicians to the effect that he is free from diseases of a certain character and from signs of diseases that could be transmitted to offspring. The physician consulted must testify that, as far as he can learn, the union is in accord with the laws of sanitation. At a recent woman's congress held in Paris resolutions were adopted to the effect that all families must secure certificates of health from intending sons-in-law in order to guard the daughters of the republic from risk and to prevent hereditary maladies in the fathers of a later generation.

"As society is at present constituted and controlled, the unhealthy and vicious class is increasing more rapidly than the desirable one. In the days of Malthus the danger lay in the population increasing more rapidly than the means of subsistence. This danger no longer threatens, but a more serious one in the survival and overwhelming increase of imperfect physical and mental beings." Dr. Rulison suggests that a medical staff be appointed to examine all boys and girls from twelve to fifteen years of age relative to their physical condition and family history and that records be kept. He suggests three classes: (a) Those being physically and mentally sound, of good habits, and having no history of hereditary disease for at least three preceding generations; (b) those having the same qualifications, but with a family history extending to the grandparents only; (c) all those not included in classes (a) and (b). No one should be allowed to marry outside of the class to which he or she belongs. This would tend to make classes (a) and (b) continually stronger and better. Class (c) would at first predominate, but, if those included in it were not permitted to marry outside of their class, nature in a few genera-

tions would solve the problem by eliminating them. Perhaps the time will come, in the course of the evolution of the human race, when methods such as those suggested by the author can be put in practice. But by the time mankind is ready to adopt this marriage regulation, disease will doubtless have been banished by other means.

Civilization and Murder.....London Spectator

Does the machinery of civilization do more upon the whole to secure our safety or to endanger it? It is a question of no less than life and death import for some of us, and it must be admitted that what we have read in the newspapers for the last year does not point to a reassuring answer. . . . In short, we are really concerned to know if our lives are safe as we go about the world on our daily business.

The answer is plainly that they are not. No life, of course, is safe from one who runs amuck to take it; if a man wants to go and kill his enemy a little nerve makes the venture a certainty; but he will probably hang for it, and so practically the enemy's life is safe from the man who wants to take it. What may be called rational murder—long premeditated killing for a sufficient motive—is exceedingly rare; it is motiveless, sudden, unreasonable murder that none of us are quite assured from. . . . If there is any thread of motive linking the murderer to his victim, the police will probably get on the trail and work up along it. But if the criminal has obeyed a mere momentary impulse, who is to detect him? He may have seen a watch or money and suddenly struck; he may have assaulted a woman, been threatened with detection, and preferred to run the whole risk; and if the thing has been done without premeditation he slips away, and can only be discovered, as a rule, by that strange garrulity of the criminal which gives him a morbid desire to talk over his exploit. . . . The desire to kill is present in a suppressed form in man, civilized or uncivilized; it is an ugly thing to say, but it is the basis of the sporting instinct. Man is originally a beast of prey, contriving the death of other animals by subtlety, and like all other beasts of prey, he occasionally kills for the sake of merely killing. It is against nature for him to kill his own species; but all insanity—when it is not a mere paralysis—is an exaggeration of some fundamental instinct in our nature, and homicidal mania is a form of the hunting instinct. The worst of these occurrences is that one leads to another as suicides do; suggestion stimulates the obscure prompting.

The conclusion would seem to be that modern life with its continual movement is favorable to the murderer who kills on an impulse, but he is fortunately only the exception. Poisoning, the commonest of all forms of assassination and the deadliest, is much rarer, we should say, than it was, though much commoner than it is known to be. . . . Scientific poisoners, no doubt, then, still are to be found—or not to be found; but we doubt their frequency. The one thing that civilization does not seem able to check is the violent, brutal and bloody homicide. The police, we think, always

make the same mistake; they persist in expecting to find an adequate motive. Now the man who does this sort of thing is precisely the creature with a strong brutish element who will act upon brute impulse; a burst of anger, sudden access of greed, or an impulse of brutal desire, to take 'he commonest of crimes as an illustration. The police are themselves so familiar with the consequences of crime, and so interested in the professional law-breaker who calculates the risks, that they do not make allowance for the case of the brute, who, in a whirlwind of rage or desire, is simply blind to everything but the action of the moment. He is the man who perpetrates the most notable crimes, and he is the man they cannot discover.

The Biltmore Model Village.....N. Y. Home Journal

George W. Vanderbilt has given directions to continue the development of the model village at Biltmore, in North Carolina. The squares of the village are to be adorned with numerous dwellings of modern equipment, and other edifices planned for erection are a new rectory, a residence for Caryl Florio, the musical director of All Souls' Church, and a school house for the accommodation of white pupils. The village will be lighted by electricity, and the water supply will be had from the system traversing the estate.

The construction of the residences will show two designs—one class intended for lease to annual holders, while another set will be furnished, and offered for tenancy to those who prefer to occupy the dwellings for only a portion of the year. The residences, of both kinds, will be rented according as applications are made, the earliest desirable applicants securing the choice of the apartments at rates ranging from ten to thirty-five dollars per month. In the new school building it is the intention to establish a school for the children of residents on the estate and of the neighborhood that will afford the opportunity of a thorough education, including courses of manual training for boys and the kitchen garden for girls. The building is to have a number of class rooms, an assembly hall, and rooms for the exemplification of the practical studies above spoken of, with all accessories of tools and cookery equipment.

A school for the colored children of the neighborhood will also be opened in Biltmore as soon as suitable arrangements can be made for a building and a teacher. It is contemplated to open a reading room shortly, in temporary quarters near the church, where all the attractions of good literature and pleasant surroundings may be enjoyed during the approaching winter evenings. With the completion of the important and handsome improvements noted, Biltmore will be provided with metropolitan advantages of churches, schools, residences of modern convenience, stores, rapid transit, electric lighting and water and sewer systems.

Sociology and Economics...Lester F. Ward...American Journal of Sociology

The fundamental distinction between sociology and economics is based on the difference in their respective beneficiaries. Both have utility for their end, but the recipients of the utility that sociology aims to confer belong to a different class from those

of the utility which economics aim to confer. Broadly stated, economics may be said to benefit the producer, while sociology benefits the consumer. . . . It will add to the clearness of the distinction, and will at the same time be approximately correct, if we identify the producing class with the business world in general or society as a whole. The latter class, of course, includes the former, but disregarding parasites, the former includes all of the latter except the helpless, whether from age, disease, or physical and mental defectiveness. It is not the relative size or quality of these two classes that constitutes the distinction in question, but the direction given to the utility by economics and sociology respectively. In short, economics, as so many economists have insisted, concerns itself with the creation of wealth irrespective of who shall receive this wealth, though this is properly assumed to be those who create it. . . . In sharp contrast to this, sociology is exclusively concerned with the distinction of wealth, in so far as it deals with wealth. It is no more interested in the benefit that the producer receives than in that which it confers on any other class. If a business, no matter how "successful," is injurious, it is a failure from the standpoint of sociology. And in broader national affairs, it is not a question whether a policy is or is not a source of revenue to the state, but whether it is a benefit to the public. Thus, in the question of taxation, of whatever kind, sociology is not concerned with its "fiscal" effects, but with its "social" effects. A tariff, if defended, is so not because it proves a successful and easy way to raise revenue, but because it diversifies and elevates population.

Does Suicide Carry Off the Unfit?...C. H. Hughes...The Alienist and Neurologist

Not all men who commit suicide ought, and more ought to that do not, for the good of the race. A selfish man, living as though all the world was made for his sport or gust, giving free course to every impulse of lust and passion, bringing the natural satiety, disgust, disappointment and disease on himself of unregulated indulgence, who destroys himself because he has made himself miserable and unfit to live, is a benefactor to his race in taking sudden leave of the world, and the world should "speed the parting guest." The act, though selfish and thus unmanly, is also unintentionally philanthropic to his race, because he thus insures the cutting short of his kind, so far as he is concerned in the community. If the breeding of the unfit to live could be stopped by more frequent suicides of the morally and physically unstable and viciously endowed—the neuro-pathic cripples, the mentally squint-brained and obliquely visioned, the lame and halt and blind in mind and morals, the cataract-covered consciences—the millennium of earthly happiness would begin. As it is and has been, the suicides, though they have given much sorrow in special instances, have, as a rule, done the world far more good than harm by taking themselves away, their departure averting the compounding of the world's misery through the multiplication of such miserable beings, unable, unfit, or unwilling to lift and carry their share of life's burdens or do a proper and manly or womanly part in the world's work and duty.

WHAT THE OLD-TIME POETS SAY OF DEATH

Sleep is a death: O make me try
By sleeping, what it is to die:
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed.
Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
Awake again at least with Thee;
And thus assured, behold I lie
Secure or to awake or die.
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I do now wake to sleep again;—
O come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again, but wake forever.

—Sir Thomas Browne.

I made a posie while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did beckon to the flowers and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit while you lived for smell and ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief:
Since if my scent be good I care not if
It be as short as yours.

—Herbert.

O Time! O Death! I clasp you in my arms,
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,
And gaze contented on your icy charms
And that wild snow-pile which we call to-morrow.
Sweep on, O soft and azure-lidded sky,
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply,
I am not earth-born, tho' I here delay;
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers;
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and chill autumnal hours;
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,
If my bark sinks, 'tis to another sea.

—Channing.

Oh lull me, lull me, charming air!
My senses rock with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

—William Strobe.

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather—
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

—Mrs. Barbauld.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

—James Montgomery.

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break nor tempests roar;
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.

—Samuel Garth.

In this world, the Isle of Dreames,
While we sit by Sorrow's streames,
Teares and terrors are our themes,
Reciting:

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh,
Unto young eternitie,

Uniting,
In that whiter Island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here and lustre there
Delighting.

There, in calm and cooling sleep,
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,

Attending
Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized and you;
And fresh joyes as never to
Have ending.

—Herrick.

Nay, I love Death,
But immortality, with fingers spired,
Points to a distant giant world and says,
There, there is my home. Live along with me.
Death opens her sweet, white arms and whispers—peace!
Come, say thy sorrows in this bosom! This
Will never close against thee; and my heart,
Though cold, cannot be colder much than man's.

—Bailey.

How wonderful is Death! Death and his brother Sleep.

—Shelley.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! My soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulf in view!
That awful gulf, no mortal e'er repassed
To tell what's doing on the other side.

—Blair.

Death in itself is nothing; but we fear
To be we know not what, we know not where.

—Dryden.

What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousands deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

—Shakespeare.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand upon kings.
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And, in the dust, be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

—Shirley.

Death! to the happy thou art terrible;
But how the wretched love to think of thee,
O thou true comforter! the friend of all
Who have no friend beside!

—Southey.

Death is the crown of life;
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.

—Young.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Some Information About Trees.....Robert Blight, for Current Literature

Among all the beautiful objects in the vegetable kingdom, there is none more beautiful than a well-grown forest tree. Not only is it the admiration of the botanist, but the landscape painter is never weary of studying its curves, angles and masses of foliage; and, as is well known, every species of tree has its own characteristics. The artist also is not satisfied with a summer study. The winter aspect is full of interest for him, in understanding the way in which the groups of leaves are borne and the curves into which they fall. The student of botany cannot do better than follow the example of the painter, for there is much to be learned from a careful observation of the trees when denuded of their leaves. Eva M. Reed, in an article on Trees in Winter, in *Popular Science News*, puts the matter thus:

TREES IN WINTER.

"Teachers and students of botany know that an attentive examination of the fresh growth of little twigs added yearly to the sides or tips of branches—the growth of a season—will often lead to the identification of the species, a valuable and pleasant knowledge, and one that makes interesting a walk in winter woods. The twigs of a season are selected because in them most constancy is shown in those characters upon which the identification of species depend. They are alike in the young tree, in the old, and in all stages of growth between. Thus the buds of the basswood or linden, are as round and red, those of the ash as black, and of the birch as sharply pointed, in the sapling as in the full-grown tree.

"1. In the study of twig specimens, each should be carefully considered as to color, surface, size and outline, noting also the lenticels (small scar-like spots on the bark) which are quite characteristic in many species of trees and shrubs.

"2. The buds are varied in shape, size, color, number of scales of which they are composed, texture, the angle they make with the stem, and the distance apart and arrangement. We may find one bud, or more than one, above the leaf scar; in the latter case they are side by side, or one above the other. Red maple is an example of the first, walnut and butternut of the second. Branches are developed buds, and these buds are formed in the leaf-axils only, but the arrangement of branches is interfered with by various enemies and accidents. The buds which live and develop become either branches or flower clusters. In many trees the flower buds are terminal, and further growth having been arrested at that place, it must be carried on from side buds. The horse-chestnut, with its repeated forkings, caused by the formation of a flower cluster, is a good example. A large scar is left by the fall of the blossom and on either side the two lateral buds will grow out into stout branches, diverging from each other at a wide angle. In other cases twigs appear to have, unless one looks somewhat attentively, an end bud when there is really only its scar. When this is so it will be found that the side-bud nearest the end has continued the direction of the

main axis, by pushing aside the end bud which, falling in due time, leaves its scar a little to one side.

"3. The leaf scars exhibit interesting variations in shape, size, and general character. They are found to be flat, slightly convex, or concave, or sometimes forming a little shelf, above which the bud is seated, and these projections give a roughened surface to the twig, as in poplar. Within the leaf-scars are usually seen markings or little dots, the ends of the woody bundles, which before the leaf fell passed into it, and, branching, formed the framework or skeleton so beautifully shown in skeletonized leaves. The number of dots in the leaf-scar and their arrangement should be closely examined by the student who aspires to know trees in winter. Three is a common number. They are of that number and quite conspicuous in the sweet-gum tree; most maples have three also. Five or seven is not uncommon for the bundle of scar-dots. They usually follow the outline of the leaf-scar, sometimes forming sets. The presence or absence of the stipule scars is an important point. These need at times to be carefully looked for with a lens. They are the scars left by the fall of the small leaf-like appendages, which are often found at the bases of the leaf stalks. There are also the scars left by the fall of the bud-scales. They are very plain in certain species, as rings which mark off clearly the limits of a year's growth. The age of twigs of beech, maple, horse-chestnut, and many other species in which the annual rings are plain, may thus be readily determined.

"4. Even in the pith, where one would probably not expect many marks of distinction, considerable variation may be found. The pith is not always round, as one may suppose. It is sometimes star-shaped or angled; it differs in size, color and density. The pith of the walnut is brown, and separates into plates, that of the ailanthus is large and very nearly the color of the twig surface.

"In all of these studies one general rule should be observed. Do not lose sight of the tree or shrub as a whole. In the field, study its habit, its bark, its mode of branching, follow it upward from rugged base to its last upward pointing spire—if it be of the spiry sort—and search all that comes between."

PECULIAR USEFULNESS OF TREES.

He who will spend the leisure hours of a winter in thus studying the trees, will soon appreciate the work of the Division of Forestry, Department of Agriculture, in bringing, as The Forester says, the American people to their senses in reference to their forests. The influence of trees, especially when grouped in forests, in increasing the humidity of the air and soil, mitigating climatic extremes, and regulating the rapidity of the draining away of rainfall has long been recognized. Frank Haines Lamb, in a paper on The Sand Dunes of the Pacific Coast, in *The Forester*, points out another strange beneficial service performed by trees in the economy of nature. Speaking of the sand hills along the coast of Oregon and Washington he says: "No more beautiful region can be imagined

than the pine-reclaimed zone along these coasts; the surface is gently undulating with little knolls and hollows. The beach pine (*Pinus contorta*, Dougl.) covers the ground almost completely, yet not so thickly but that there is plenty of room for the various species of grasses, sedges and junci that form a firm, green sod. These trees approach so closely to the ocean that they are driven backwards by the strong and almost constant northwest winds, and when their foothold is once obtained they become flat-headed, almost prostrate, with their branches extending out over the sand and holding it in place, affording a protection, behind which flourish a profusion of tender and beautiful plants. When I visited these dunes in May, spring had already far advanced. The ground was covered with a lawn-like turf, and violets and buttercups were abundant everywhere. Among the trees where the underbrush was thicker were the high-bush and low-bush huckleberries, the salal and cranberry. All of these fruits were just in flower, but what a feast they would afford for the trampler a month later!

"The bare sand zone, extending the entire length of the dunes, is peculiar on account of its width, which in some instances approaches nearly one and a half miles. In some places, as at Westport, the sand is almost destitute of vegetation and the stranger, in leaving the timber, is surprised to find the ocean a considerable distance from him and intervening a belt of pure, clear sand, shaped by the wind into all sorts of fantastic undulations, the surface of which is constantly shifting like a vast drift of dry snow on a windy day. As one looks back over this vast sand beach from the ocean he cannot but realize what a struggle the persistent scrub pines must constantly have to brave the force of the northwest gales and convert the shifting sand into firm land, affording protection for thousands of tender plants. In the more exposed situations the beach pine seems to be the advance agent of the approaching vegetation, but in those spots where the fury of the trade winds is somewhat broken the sand is often completely covered and held in place by the wild strawberry. At one place these plants, then just in bloom, were so thick that they covered the sand, and lying just outside the pines, extended for miles along the beach. The ripe berries are very delicious and, of course, are always well sanded. Lupines, usually so abundant in such situations, were only occasionally represented by two species, and in no instance were they abundant enough to assist in reclaiming the sand. A species of bunch-grass sends its long rhizomes many feet through the sand and helps to hold it in place, but none of these plants unaided can reclaim the drifting dunes.

"The beach pine is a low, spreading tree, with small and faulty trunk formation, which makes it of little value for lumber, so that the beach groves are not being sacrificed, excepting to clear land for a few small ranches. A soil is soon formed over the sand, which has been cultivated with fairly good results, and on the north side of Gray's Harbor, at Damon's Point, experiments are being made in the cultivation of the cranberry and the indications are that this will become in time a profitable industry. This region is also destined to be the popular summer resort of the Northwest, and the future ten-

dency will be to preserve the pine, as without it the beach for miles back will soon become subject to the northwest gales and quickly covered with the drifting sand."

A similar condition exists in France in the departments of the Gironde and Landes. In the drift sand which covered the shores of the southeast corner of the Bay of Biscay, the seeds of the cluster-pine, or pineaster, were sown under the shelter of broom sown simultaneously. The trees grew, and now, by their wind-borne seeds, have clothed the sandy plains with such a thickness of forest that the Landes ranks first of all the French departments, in the extent of its forest lands. Thus we find two species of the same genus of trees performing the same service in opposite parts of the world.

OUR SPLENDID AUTUMN FOLIAGE.

As long ago as 1860 a celebrated English naturalist, Philip Henry Gosse, wrote as follows about the glories of our autumn foliage: "A forest country in autumn presents a glorious spectacle, and nowhere more magnificent than in North America, where the decaying foliage of the hardwood forests puts on in October the most splendid colors. Every part of the woods is then glowing in an endless variety of shades; brilliant crimson, purple, scarlet, lake, orange, yellow, brown and green; if we look from some mountain top over a breadth of forest, the rich hues are seen to spread as far as the eye can reach; the shadows of the passing clouds, playing over the vast surface, now dimming the tints, now suffering them to flash out in the full light of the sun; here and there a large group of sombre evergreens, hemlock or spruce—giving the shadows of the picture, and acting as a foil to the brightness; the whole forest seems to have become a gigantic parterre of the richest flowers." The naturalist then goes on to quote the words of Bryant, which can scarcely fail to come to the lips of any one who gazes upon the beauty of the woods:

"Ere, in the northern gale,
The summer tresses of the trees are gone
The woods of autumn all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

"The mountains that infold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard th' enchanted ground."

Mr. Gosse, as a student of nature, had to ask the "why" and the "wherefore" of this gorgeous display; and he says: "In examining the details of this mass of glowing color, I have found that by far the greatest proportion is produced by the sugar-maple and other species of the same genus. The leaves of these display all shades of red, from deepest crimson to bright orange; which generally occurring in large masses, not in individual detached leaves, prevents anything tawdry or little in the effect; on the contrary, when the full beams of the sun shine on them, the warm glowing colors possess a great deal of grandeur. The poplar leaves often assume a crimson hue; the elm, a bright and golden yellow; birch and beech, a pale, sober, yellow-ochre; ash and basswood, different shades of brown; the tamarack, a

buff-yellow. The beech, the ash and the tamarack do not, in general, bear much part in this glittering pageant; the ash is mostly leafless at the time, and the glory has passed away before the other two have scarcely begun to fade. Indeed, the glossy green of the beech is perhaps more effective than if it partook of the general change; and even the gloomy blackness of the resinous trees, by relieving and throwing forward the gayer tints, is not without effect. This beauty is not shown to equal advantage every year. In some seasons the trees fade with very little splendor, the colors all partaking more or less of dusky, sordid brown; early frosts seem to be unfavorable for its development.

OUR PRIMITIVE FORESTS.

As we stand on some "coign of vantage," and enjoy the beauty of the autumn landscape, we can scarcely fail to imagine what it must have been when the "forest primeval" was to be found covering the land. The necessities of human civilization, however, have caused the disappearance of immense tracts of woodland, never to be replaced, and whatever may be the truth about physical disasters brought about thereby, there can be but one opinion about the æsthetic loss. Not only in this country, but in much of the Old World, the destruction of forests is attracting serious attention, and means are being taken to repair the mischief already done and to prevent future devastation. In *Outdoors*, R. B. Buckham has something to say about *The Primitive Forest*: "New England, and, in fact, the entire northeastern portion of the country, was, as is well known, originally clothed with a dense mantle of forests; heavy timber growths consisting mostly of the evergreen varieties, with here and there tracts and groups of deciduous trees interspersed among them. Upon the arrival of the first settlers, the whole region as far as the eye could reach was found to be a pathless and unbroken wilderness everywhere shrouded in the dim and sombre gloom of these forest monarchs. These first civilized inhabitants, coming as they did from the thickly-populated and long domesticated sections of Europe, must have been deeply and profoundly impressed by these wild and forbidding fastnesses, which bore no trace of the subduing hand of man, and seemed by their denseness but bidding him open defiance. That they took kindly to these solemn solitudes and soon learned to find pleasure in their grim depths, however, is well evidenced by the fact that although they came with the intention of devoting themselves to planting and the fisheries, yet they soon turned their attention as much, if not more, to hunting the furbearing animals of the region; the export of which, together with such furs as were procured from the Indians as well, by means of barter and exchange, finally becoming one of the leading industries of the settlement. . . . Gradually the primitive forest fell back before the constant inroads of axe and saw, first along the valleys and streams, then from the broader plains, and finally from the hills and mountain sides themselves. Every year the forests of New England have retreated farther and farther from the accustomed haunts of man, until to-day very little continuous heavy timber is to be found standing anywhere.

ARE THERE VIRGIN FORESTS STILL?

"Is there any of the primitive forest still left standing in New England; forest that has not been cut or molested, but stands as it stood on the day when the white settlers first set foot upon American soil? This is a matter in which the writer has become much interested, and for years has made a subject of inquiry and investigation. It is very difficult to obtain any definite and reliable information in answer to this question. The individuals living in the vicinity of the wildest and least visited districts of New England are, as a rule, the most ignorant as to the traditions and early annals of the vicinities in which they dwell.

"On the other hand the early chronicles and records contain very little information of this character, and a careful and thorough perusal of them will bring one very little satisfaction indeed as far as this particular matter is concerned. Boundaries, ownership, general topography, are all concisely recorded, together with many matters of general and local interest; but as to the forests, the original and rightful tenants of the soil, nothing whatever is said. The births, marriages, deaths and personal history of all, even the lowliest and most transitory of the residents, are recited at full length, with the exception of these lordly monarchs of the woodlands, indigenous to the soil where they have resided for generations, and have never known the necessity of naturalization. From such stray bits of information as it is possible to glean from this source and from that, however, it is safe to assume that there are, even to this day, in the northern part of Maine, and in the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, some portions of woodland still left, which have never been cut completely over more than once, if they have at all. What is known as second growth timber, that which has been cut two or three times and been allowed to grow unmolested for many years, is quite abundant, and presents, in all probability, practically the appearance of the primitive forest.

"To enter within the solemn precincts of these sylvan retreats is an experience well worth the while. The giant spruces, with their very numbers and density, well-nigh exclude the light of heaven, their bushy tops forming a complete canopy, beneath which is one perpetual gloom, in which nothing green is to be seen. The lower limbs of the trees themselves are dead and withered for want of the sun's warmth and light, constituting above one's head a dull, gray sky, well befitting the dim twilight. Everywhere are the mosses and lichens, on the trunks and limbs of the trees as well as upon the ground, adding with their sombre grays to the weirdness of the place, and forming beneath the feet a carpet as soft as down. Not a sound of any kind is to be heard anywhere within the spacious courts and aisles, and to disturb with rude voice and ruthless clamor the perfect silence which here prevails seems almost like desecrating hallowed ground."

After enumerating the causes which lead to the cutting down of the forests, Mr. Buckham says: "Undoubtedly, as a result of these several conditions the day is very near at hand when the primitive evergreen forests, such as once were so characteristic of New England, will be forever gone, known but to tradition."

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

The Hibernation of Animals..... New York Sun

The phenomenon of hibernation in animals, fish and reptiles is something that from its very nature and surroundings cannot be investigated, and consequently little is known as to its cause, or as to what physiological changes occur to animals that habitually retire to concealed places and lie dormant, or in a lethargic sleep, for days, weeks and even months. It is known that in the perfect hibernators the processes of nature are interrupted during the period of this long insensibility. Breathing is nearly, and in some hibernators entirely, suspended, and the temperature of the blood, even in the warmer-blooded animals, falls so low that how life can be maintained by it is a mystery of mysteries.

A variety of Rocky Mountain ground squirrels, when in perfect hibernation, has a temperature only three degrees above the freezing point of water, and when taken from their burrows in that condition these squirrels are as rigid as if they were not only dead, but frozen. But a few minutes in a warm room will show that they are not only alive, but full of life.

This interesting fact in natural history was first demonstrated by the late Andrew Fuller, of Ridgewood, N. J., to whom a friend in the West sent a pair of these squirrels. When the weather became cold Mr. Fuller missed his pets one day. He supposed they had run away from his premises. Nearly a month later he found them by accident curled up beneath a pile of straw in one corner of an inclosure on his place. They were so cold and stiff that he supposed they were frozen to death. He carried them into the house to show his wife the fate that had befallen the poor little rodents in the harsh Eastern climate. While he and she were discussing the matter sorrowfully, the squirrels began to show signs of life, and shortly were frisking about the room as if they had not been apparently frozen stiff for weeks. Mr. Fuller then knew that the squirrels had been in a state of hibernation, and it was such an extraordinary one that he put them out of doors again to let them resume that condition if they might, so he might investigate it further. They had no sooner got into the cold air than the lethargic state began to assert itself, and Mr. Fuller covered them with the straw. A month later he took their temperature and found it to be as I have stated—only three degrees above the freezing point of water. Again they came back to life and activity when placed in the warm room, but after a few hours showed plainly that they were being bereft of their natural winter sleep. Mr. Fuller turned them loose to find it again. They found it as before, and they remained in that condition until the warm weather returned in the spring, when they came out as chipper as if they hadn't lost a day or a meal.

As to the suspension of breathing in hibernators, the fact is proved sufficiently in the instances of the raccoon and the woodchuck. When they have laid themselves away for their winter sleep they roll themselves up so comfortably and press their noses in such a peculiar position against their hinder parts that it would be an absolute impossibility for them to

draw a breath. The popular backwoods belief is that the bear rolls itself up in this way and does not breathe, but, while the bear is classed as a perfect hibernator by naturalists, it breathes while in its lethargy, as its blow holes in the snow prove—holes melted in the snow beneath which the animal frequently stows itself away, under a covering of leaves, which holes frequently betray its presence to the woodsman.

The marmot family produces the soundest winter sleepers. When the marmot is in its peculiar state of hibernation the electric spark will not rouse it. The most noxious gases do not affect it in the slightest. If its temperature is raised above that at which the animal breathed in its natural state it will die almost immediately.

This statement is made on the authority of the late Prof. Peter A. Browne, who at one time was connected with Lafayette College, and investigated the subject of hibernation and estivation further than any other scientist that I know of. The hamster, a rodent common in northern Germany, is another animal that has its peculiarities as a hibernator. Prof. Browne mentions a hamster that was put into a box which was closed with earth and straw and placed where the cold was intense, but the hamster did not show any sign of becoming torpid. The box was then buried in the ground, and was dug up after some hours, when the animal was found in a state of the most profound lethargy. And this hamster was kept in a room where there was no fire. The animal rolled itself up in a corner, but presently woke up and came out. It was in the best of health, but died in a few days—"suffocated," Prof. Browne declared, "because it could not have confined air." Our own familiar wild animals, the bear, the raccoon and the woodchuck—the groundhog of colloquial nomenclature—are classed as perfect hibernators, because they store no food for winter, but have acquired a thick, fatty secretion between the skin and flesh, which, it is supposed, supplies them with sustenance. As a matter of fact, although dormant animals absorb fat, it does not enter into their digestive organs. The same fat absorption occurs when the animal is dead. If you kill a rabbit, or any other animal, and leave the entrails in it, the fat will disappear in a short time. Remove the entrails and the fat will remain. Food introduced into the stomach of a hibernating animal or reptile will be found undigested at all stages of its lethargy. I say "introduced into the stomach," because it could get into the stomach of such a creature only by force or artificial means, for a hibernating animal invariably goes into its peculiar state on an empty stomach. Why? I do not know. That is one of the mysteries of the phenomenon. But the most mysterious of all things connected with hibernating animals is that, although bears and woodchucks are profound hibernators, they produce their young during their winter sleep.

The woodchuck is undoubtedly a perfect hibernator, and the female bear is, but the male bear is frequently roused from his winter sleep, and is found roaming about in midwinter. A bear hunt when

the snow is deep and the cold intense is not an uncommon relief to the monotony of life in the backwoods, but the hunted bear is invariably a male. I have talked with scores of old and observant woodsmen, versed in the ways and haunts of wild beasts, but none has ever been able to say yet that he ever knew a female bear to be killed after the season for hibernation has come, and none has ever yet seen a gravid female bear. Where do the females go during that time, that they are never disturbed in their retreat? No one can say.

The raccoon is often gregarious in its hibernating, and it may be that it is for that reason that it not infrequently comes forth from its snug quarters in the hollow tree and makes foraging trips about the country—the warmth engendered by the huddling colony arousing one or more of its members from their lethargy for the time.

Woodchucks hibernate in pairs, but I never knew one of these proverbially sleepy creatures to leave its hole until warm weather came—in spite of the alleged practice it has of coming out invariably on the second day of February to fix the weather for the rest of the winter. I took the trouble once to dig into a woodchuck's burrow on a Candlemas Day—and a warm, cloudy day it was; just such a day when the groundhog is said to come out of his hole and stay out. I found two woodchucks in the burrow, with no more sign of life about them than if they had been shot and killed. From all outward appearances I could have taken them out and had a game of football with them without their knowing it. Squirrels are only partial hibernators, from the fact that they work all summer and fall storing great quantities of food to supply them when hunger wakes them up during the winter, if, indeed, they spend much of their time in sleep. Squirrels are systematic and long-headed providers for the emergencies of a long winter, and not only stow away their favorite food in one grand storehouse, but also make deposits of it in other places, so that if one granary or nuttery is destroyed or becomes exhausted the caches can be depended upon. When the snow has lain on the ground late in the spring, holes may be seen in it at various places in the woods where squirrels have dug down through it to reach nuts or grain or acorns buried in the ground there months before for just such an emergency. The instinct with which these little animals locate such spots, covered as they are with maybe a foot or more of snow, is unerring and marvelous. If the snow should happen to be thickly covered with crust the squirrels are unable to dig through it, and it is no rare thing, toward the end of an unusually long winter, for woodsmen to find squirrels dead on the crust, where they had been digging desperately to uncover the cache below, the supplies at the main store having become exhausted.

A curious phenomenon of hibernation, according to Prof. Browne, is shown in an animal called the loir, a native of Senegal. This animal never hibernates in its native clime, but every specimen that was ever brought to Europe became torpid as soon as exposed to cold.

On the other hand, the common land tortoise, no matter where it may be, and it is a voracious feeder,

goes to sleep in November and does not wake up again until May.

That curious animal, the hedgehog, goes to sleep as soon as the weather gets cold and remains in unbroken slumber six months.

From winged creatures, bats, at the first of cold weather begin to huddle together in bunches in hollow trees, dark corners in deserted houses, and in caves and crevices in the rocks. They gradually lose all sensibility, and continue in a comatose state until the return of genuine warm weather. When you see the first bat of the season fluttering at nightfall you can be sure that warm weather has come to stay. The little hooks at the end of one of the joints of each wing are what the bat hangs itself up by when it goes to sleep, whether for a day or for months. When the bats are clustering for hibernation, one of the number hangs itself up by its hooks, head downward, and the others cling to it. It is on record that sixty bats have been found in one cluster, the entire weight of the lot being sustained by the one bat clinging with its hooks to whatever it had fastened them to at the start—a weight of at least ten pounds. The position of the central bat in such a cluster would be like that of a man hanging to something by his thumb nails, and supporting the weight of fifty-nine other men. So completely is animation suspended in the bat during the cold months that no test yet applied has induced it to show the least sign of life. Torpid bats have been inclosed by the hour in air-tight glass jars and not a particle of the oxygen in the jars has been exhausted when they were taken out, showing that the bats had not breathed.

As cold drives certain animals, insects, and reptiles to a state of torpidity, so heat and lack of water bring about the same condition in others. The animal or reptile that hibernates, or goes to sleep in cold weather, arranges its body so that it will conduce to the greatest warmth, while those that estivate, or become torpid in warm weather, place themselves in positions that show that they want all the coolness the climate will permit. The tenric, a tropical animal, carnivorous and insectivorous, becomes torpid during the greatest heat, and lies on its back with its body drawn to its greatest length, and its limbs spread wide apart. Snakes estivate in the South, all kinds together, just as snakes hibernate in the North, but instead of rolling themselves in great balls, as the Northern snakes do, they lie singly, and stretched to their full length.

Want of water will cause the common garden snail to go into a state of the most complete and curious lethargy. This is the snail of the genus limax, and not the larger one of the genus helix. In the latter the phenomenon of hibernation is especially remarkable. In November the snail forms just a soft, silky membrane across the external opening of its shell. On the inner surface of that it deposits a coating of carbonate of lime, which immediately hardens like gypsum. This partition is again lined with a silky membrane. The snail then retires a little further into the shell and forms a second membranous partition, retiring again and again until there are six of these partitions between the snail and the lime-coated door at the entrance of the shell. In the recess behind all these partitions

the snail lies torpid until May. All this time it lives without motion, without heat, without food, without air, and without circulation; without the exercise of any of its functions. If this snail is prevented from hibernating for several seasons by keeping it in a warm room, it will gradually waste away and die. Prof. Browne mentions a case where several snails of this genus were shut in a perforated box without food or water. They retired into their shells and closed them with a thin membrane. They remained so for three years. They revived when put into tepid water. They had been driven into torpidity by drought. The blood of this snail is white.

Another curious thing about hibernating animals is that the bile of all other animals is the bitterest of substances, while the bile of hibernating animals is sweet.

Harnessing a Shark.....A Florida Adventure.....Boston Globe

On the shallow lagoons of the outer Florida reef the bottom in ten feet of water is often pure white, so that dark objects resting upon it stand out with startling distinctness. One of the frequenters of the reef is a shark, known as the nurse, a huge fellow, nine or ten feet in length, who seeks the seclusion of the shallows and apparently goes to sleep. At least pretends to, as he is seen lying perfectly quiet for hours, often permitting a boat to sail over him. Naturally so sluggish a fish is easily captured, one would think. However true or untrue this supposition may prove, the following incident will serve to illustrate:

One day, after watching the sharks swimming around the lagoon and refusing to leave the white shallow bottom, it occurred to a party of boys that the nurse shark would make an admirable steed, and immediate plans were formulated to capture it.

The sharks were most plentiful near a long narrow island, and here the boys made their headquarters. Their mode of transportation was extremely primitive. The boat in which they crossed from the main island, where they lived, was the wooden casing of an arch some masons had been making, a boat-shaped affair, blunt at both ends. This had been calked and provided with row-locks, and in it the boys made frequent excursions. The plan was to sail the boat quietly over the sharks, then lower a large slip-noose down, and take one by the head.

The rope was thrown into the boat, and, all being ready, the boys started on their expedition. They soon sighted a black spot which told of the presence of the school of sharks, and a few moments later were quietly drifting over them. Not a word was spoken, and the greatest caution was observed as one of the boys held the boat in place while another lowered the noose. Unfortunately an oar dropped overboard, and with a whirl of their tails the big fishes were off in every direction. In the excitement of the moment a third boy seized the spear and hurled it at a shark that was passing beneath the boat. The weapon took effect, and the next moment the line, which was fastened to the pole, stiffened out with a jerk, whirling the boat round and round and throwing the boys down violently into the bottom. When they picked themselves up they found the flat-bottomed boat dashing along at a

rapid rate. They had secured a steed, though not in the manner anticipated. Up the reef the nurse swam, now pulling the boat dangerously near the water and sending out a big wave on either side, then turning with a rush to avoid a coral bank that grew on the edge of the channel, and racing back to the starting point.

All this was very exciting. One boy held the line by bracing back; another took an oar and attempted to steer the craft in its wild race, while the other boy was merely an enthusiastic passenger. Suddenly the shark turned again, and the bow boy, rising to see what new direction it was taking, lost his balance and was jerked overboard. Before his companions realized fully the situation he was being towed along on the surface by the demoralized shark. The reef boys were as much at home in the water as on land, so the unforeseen accident simply added to the sport. The remaining boys rowed across the lagoon, cutting off the shark, soon picking up their companion, who had pluckily held the line during the exciting tow. The shark soon became weary of dragging the boat, and was then run ashore.

Terrors of a Spider Fight.....Manchester City News

I once had a spider pet of a kind the books enabled me to identify. He was a fine, big fellow. I caught him in the garden, carried him home, and for nearly two months he and I took a close interest in each other, he for the flies I introduced to him, and I for the amusement he introduced to me. I kept him in a milliner's box, letting him out when I visited him, specially delighting myself with allowing him to drop from one hand by his fine-spun thread, and then either catching him in the other or gently compelling him to climb back again by apparently eating his own ladder.

One day I captured another spider of the same species. I kept him for a few days in a separate box, and then, with the kindly idea of companionship, I introduced him to "Tiger." I have seen dogs fight; I have seen chanticler fight and slay his man; I have seen rams fight till, with his skull crushed in, one lay dead at the foot of the other; I have seen men fight; I have seen women fight—at least they once were women—till they became a confusion of blood and hair and shredded garments; but the fullest sense I ever realized of mad, murderous passion let ungovernably loose, centred in one destroying aim and summoning every physical energy to its devilish service, I realized when those two spiders rushed to mortal combat. I stood in boyish terror as their tangled legs dropped off, torn by mutual rage; and as, with vicious dexterity, they struck each other with their poisoned fangs, using for their own destruction the weapons and appliances with which Nature has provided them for the capture and slaughter of their prey, I visibly turned pale.

"Tiger" was the victor; but even while with brutal wrath, all mangled as he was, he hit and spurned his dead and limbless foe, he was seized with symptoms I took to be paralytic, and in a minute or two I helped him to his death. And this fearless gladiator was afraid of, I remember, and never would tackle, a big blue-bottle fly. What is courage?

SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Marine Golf.....Eden Phillpotts.....Badminton Magazine

While the Royal and Ancient game now finds a welcome sufficiently hearty throughout the English and Scotch-speaking world, it has not, I believe, enjoyed transplantation to shipboard until very recently. But though a pale ghost of the real pastime, and no more than a cousin many times removed to right golf, yet the marine species, as recently developed by a few ingenious sportsmen in the Bay of Biscay on board the steamship Wazzan, is worthy of some consideration. It offers at once that most desirable thing aboard ship—exercise, and a means, second to none, of breaking the monotony of long voyages. Deck quoits and ship billiards hide their diminished heads beside it; bad weather in reason only adds to the charm of the game; rolling and pitching permit of feats in deck golf which landlubbers will probably refuse to credit.

Everything, of course, depends on the nature of the ship and the good-nature of the skipper. Given fair decks and an easygoing commander who offers no objections to "putting greens," and excellent sport is a certainty. The materials of the game are extremely simple. Instead of a ball, a round disc or quoit of wood about four and a half inches in diameter is employed; and a fairly heavy walking-stick with a flat head takes the place of a club. The holes may be either a spot of chalk, to be covered by the disc, or a circle, about half as large again as the disc into which it has to be played. Hitting is useless, and the stroke for long drive and short put alike is a drag or push. On a smooth deck, if the wind does not interfere, a disc can be pushed forty yards, which is a longer stroke than any but links on the biggest steamers would require or admit. The best position for driving is to stand with both feet a little in front of the disc; in putting, one foot in front and one behind, produces the most satisfactory results; while, unlike golf, the position of the club and ball, with regard each to the other being happily assured before the stroke is made, it is better, in the act of striking, to fix the eye on the distant hole, or upon the exact spot where it is desired to bring your disc.

Our links were most happily diversified, and gave opportunities for varied strokes and great skill. The "cannon" is admissible, and one of our holes could be played in a single stroke, by a bold cannon off a bollard, if a player stood the risk of going into the sea. The penalty for that achievement was two strokes, and, of course, a lost hole in hole matches.

Every hole soon gets its own name. Thus we knew one easy hole on the quarter-deck as "Mrs. Thompson," from the fact that a genial lady so called invariably sat with her feet in it when on deck. Another was called "The Devil." It lay behind the hatch of a coal bunker, and its proper number was theoretically three, but a man thought himself lucky to get home in four. It was a hole which became impossible at times of heavy head-wind, for the effect of driving against a big wind at marine golf is peculiar. Once let the wind force its way under the "ball," and all is over. Your disc, in such a case, immediately gets up on its side and starts to

roll with the wind. Its career is then a spectacle of weird horror, and it usually terminates a heart-breaking exhibition in the scuppers many yards behind the place from which it was originally struck, or in the sea. A pitching ship generally means a headwind and various great difficulties to the marine golfer, but the perfection of the game may best be seen in a beam sea with the ship rolling. Then it is possible to directly approach holes which are unapproachable on an even keel, and the most beautiful curved shots can be made. Your disc takes a bias from the angle of the deck, and will get round impossible bunkers and perform graceful and invaluable feats if started on the right tack. One hole was known as "Topham," from the fact that A. G. Topham, the "soccer" Blue and International, did it in a single shot when, until his performance, three had always been considered the right number. Absolutely accurate strength and a deck with a big slope enabled him to bring off a beautiful stroke "round the corner."

Marine golf naturally produces its own terminology. To be "scuppered" is a condition of affairs which speaks for itself to anybody who knows a ship; while a "coal-bunkered" player can also be pictured without difficulty. The frequency of the "stimey" is, of course, a nuisance at the game. It occurred so persistently that no records of the SS. Wazzan links were accepted unless a man was going round by himself. Our remedy for the external stimey was simple. To cannon off an opponent appeared coarse and crude; moreover, by such means, a fine shot might often have been robbed of the hole by one far inferior; to pick up was also open to objections. We therefore made the front player hole out first, whether it was his turn to play or not. Doubtless a properly constituted golfing mind would find a better way out of the fix than this.

A round of golf on board the Wazzan may be described thus: Hitting off from the tee, beside a coal bunker on the starboard side of the ship, a player had to reach a hole under a ventilator a little aft of the main hold. This was an easy hole of about fifteen yards which might be made in one. The next, down the starboard alleyway, was also easy, but the third involved more care though a short hole. The fourth took the player right aft and lay under a bollard, and the fifth was approached by a cannon off some nautical apparatus connected with the steam steering gear; but bold players attempted it directly through a narrow channel beset with dangers. To miss the channel was to be badly bunkered under a small, fresh-water cistern; and that meant losing the hole. The sixth hole required a delicate cannon off machinery forming part of the rudder chains; and the seventh was a straight, narrow drive with more than usual danger of getting "scuppered." The eighth and last hole offered a drive of twenty-five to thirty yards and bristled with bunkers. This completed half the course and the return journey was back over the same country.

A beauty of the game is the variation in quality of the "greens," and consequent unexpected difficulties in "putting." It might be supposed that

bare boards were incapable of much change as to surface, but this is not so. Climatic conditions make tremendous differences, and a "green" so keen under bright sunshine that the shortest and slowest of putts goes too far, will, on a gray day, be as slow again; while if there happens to be any spray coming aboard the difficulties increase, for in a wet place you never can tell whether the disc will "drag" or "slide."

In putting, the danger of a foul shot is as great as in pushing at billiards, and rules have yet to be made regulating the contact of disc and club over strokes of a yard and less. Direction is everything in driving, but to it must be added plenty of patience to wait for the ship if she is rolling. When you are in a hurry to make a stroke she seems to take a deal of time getting to the proper angle. The wind is the great enemy of marine golf.

With prophetic eye I can foresee a time when neither "liner" nor warship will be complete without its round of holes. The "links" will doubtless be considered when the vessel is building; the holes will assuredly be permanent stars or circles flush with the deck, and placed in the happiest positions by some cunning expert skilled in the science of marine golf.

For purposes of record-making, it may finally be noted that Dr. Gilbert Charsley, of Beaconsfield, won the marine golf championship of the Wazzan by one hole from Mr. A. G. Topham aforesaid. The round was an exciting one, and both players showed to advantage. Eight men entered for the championship, and in the case of halved rounds, which often happened—for many holes are halved in marine golf—the fewest strokes won. The record of our Wazzan links was 34, at which three men tied. Dr. Charsley ought to have got round once in 33, but he failed at a short putt at the last hole. It must here be confessed that none of us were right golfists worthy the name. Indeed this brief paper is only written to draw attention to the splendid possibilities of marine golf. The game is undoubtedly capable of vast development, and given a big ship, keen players, and no official let or hindrance, the pastime should become sufficiently important to reconcile sportsmen to the ocean for a time at least, and go far to lessen the monotony of long days circled by the rim of the sea.

Bear Hunting in New Hampshire.....Boston Transcript

Just north of the massive mountain of Moose-lauke lies the little settlement of Wildwood, in the Township of Easton. North of Wildwood is the modest elevation called Wolf Mountain, and north of this is Mt. Kinsman. The entire region is thinly inhabited, and is, in parts, covered with extensive forests. The chief industry is lumbering. Wildwood used to be a much more active settlement than now, although it still serves as winter headquarters for the Fall Mountain Paper Company. Though less than twenty miles from the Connecticut, this district is infested by bears, and the indications are that these animals are on the increase. Superintendent Drury of the Bath Lumber Company formerly lived at Wildwood, and is an experienced bear-hunter. Quite recently he and his uncle have succeeded in trapping five bears, one of which escaped.

The following narrative of Mr. Drury's adventures may be of interest, not only in itself, but as showing Bruin's remarkable intelligence and cunning.

Formerly, the bears used to come down to Uncle Drury's orchard for apples. By setting traps, carefully covered by the sod, under the trees, or by baiting traps set under old brushwood in the pastures, the men were quite successful in securing a bear or so, although the work had to be done very skillfully in order to disarm the suspicions of such keen-scented and cunning brutes. With these precautions, there was one old fellow who could not be trapped. He came down to a certain tree after apples several times, one autumn, discontinuing his visits only when he had eaten most of the apples. Drury set three traps under that tree, and the work was done so carefully that, when they took up the traps later, they were obliged to prod the ground to locate them. But old Bruin could not be caught.

At other times they were more successful. Mr. Drury has in his study a stuffed bear, the remains of a shrewd old fellow which the trappers secured with difficulty after an exciting chase. It was in 1889 that this bear was first caught. The usual V-shaped pen, with a trap in the apex, was tried first. Bruin tore down the old wood and small trees of which the sides of the pen were made, and secured the bait without danger to himself. Winsor Drury and his nephew resolved to try an experiment. They did not repair the pen, but reset the trap in the breach which the bear had made. The experiment was successful. Bruin had not suspected any such cunning on the part of his enemies, but had attempted to enter the pen by the route he himself had made. When the trappers visited the pen they found the trap gone and knew that the bear had carried it off. It was a light, fifteen-pound trap, but it would hold, and the grapple would surely cause much trouble in his flight. The Drurys at once set out in pursuit. The trail was difficult to follow, because the bear took the trap up and wound the chain around his leg, but the trap would occasionally hit the ground, disturbing the leaves or moss. They followed the trail up the water-runs, where the poor beast had evidently paused often to bathe his foot. Thence he had gone up over some ledges in a certain pasture, and on these rocks he had pounded the trap repeatedly and vigorously. The ledges were scarred by this pounding, and, as the sequel proved, two of the three springs of the trap were broken. About half a mile farther on the pursuers came to a windfall which leaned against another tree, and, dangling from this windfall they found the trap. The chain was wound around one of the limbs, and the trap was slightly smeared with blood and hide. There could be but one conclusion; Bruin had exhausted force in his attempts to free himself, and had resorted to stratagem. He had climbed the windfall, wound the chain around a limb, and jumped off. Temporary liberty was his reward. Mr. Drury thinks the same bear visited the orchards and the edge of the fatal pen during the next two years, but did not dare to approach nearer to Wildwood.

In 1891 the men set a trap in the bear path which led from the woods to the orchard. This orchard was on a little back farm of about an acre, over a

mile from Wildwood, with one deserted log-house between it and the settlement. All the other farms around there have grown up to woods, the early settlers having lived upon the hills before they settled the valleys. The path in question was in a place surrounded by a heavy growth of timber. This trap was concealed under the turf. A bear walked into it. Mr. Drury believes it was the same bear which escaped so cleverly in '89, and you will not doubt it after the story is told. The bear had been seen around there three or four times at intervals of about two weeks, but now he was in the grip of a twenty-five-pound trap. He took the same route followed two years before. He went to the same water holes to bathe his foot, and went out of the direct line to find them. He passed the same ledges about a mile from the orchard, and pounded the trap on them as before. He climbed another windfall within a few rods of the one he had escaped from in '89. He bound the chain around a limb and jumped off, but the trap was too strong and held him. Drury could see where he had broken off limbs and where the chain chafed the bark. The tree-trunk was, at that point, about five feet above the ground, and Bruin had evidently jumped down over the edge of a bank. There was a mound of earth about two feet high, and with a circular circumference. The poor brute had found himself unable to break away from the trap and too low down to climb back onto the trunk of the windfall. So he pawed the earth up all around him, and by means of the elevation thus reared was able to climb back and disengage the trap. To discover this windfall and the evidences of Bruin's vain effort to get rid of the trap was the work of the first day's pursuit. Next morning the Drurys renewed their search, using the windfall as a starting point. But they found no traces of the fugitive until towards nightfall, when they saw two marks where the bear had crossed a water hole. Fixing the place in their minds, the hunters went home. On the third day, they found the trail on Beach Hill, the lower end of the Wolf Mountain ridge, and followed it toward Mt. Kinsman, being in a dense wood all the way. The trail was plain, for the poor brute's leg had become so stiff that he couldn't carry the trap. About two o'clock on the third day, the men came up with the pursued. They heard him dashing through the bushes, and chased him down toward Kinsman Valley, but the copse was so thick that they could not gain on him. When pursued, bears generally go into the densest thickets, and this one led his enemies through two miles of such a growth. Thence he emerged into the big maple woods of Easton, where the men had the advantage. They caught the first sight of him just as he was leaping a big hemlock windfall. Drury at once fired, and hit the bear in the hip just as he disappeared. Ten rods farther on the men could have had another good shot, but one of their dogs was in the way. However, the bear quickly turned and rose to confront the dog, and Drury then shot him in the mouth. The poor beast fell, but got up again, and a final shot was planted back of his foreshoulder. Even after that he lived twenty minutes, and expired with those groans which, to Mr. Drury's mind, are the most pathetic and human in the brute creation.

During the past autumn Winsor Drury has trapped five bears, one of which escaped by a stratagem more daring than that narrated above. This bear at first tried to break away by hitching the grapple to young trees and pulling. Several trees from one to three inches in diameter were broken down by him. Then he climbed a large black cherry tree, and the trap was found dangling from a limb nearly thirty feet above the ground. It was a bifurcated tree. The chain was wound around one fork and under the other, thus making a perfect hitch. But very little blood and fur were left in the trap. After these experiences Mr. Drury is convinced that bears can reason, that they are the most intelligent brutes he knows.

A North Carolina Game.....Anna Lee Thatcher.....Penny Magazine

Back in the North Carolina mountains the student of customs may still find material for research. The most remarkable are the kissing games, which still cling to the soil. A lot of big-limbed, powerful young men and apple-cheeked, buxom girls gather and select one of their number as master of ceremonies. He takes his station in the centre of the room, while the rest pair off and parade around him. Suddenly one young woman will throw up her hands and say:

"I am a-pinin'."

The master of ceremonies takes it up and the following dialogue and interlocation takes place:

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp says she's a-pinin'. What is Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp a-pinin' fur?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss."

"Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp says she's a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss. Who is Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp a-pinin' fur a sweet kiss frum?"

"I'm a-pinin' fur a very sweet kiss from Mr. Hugh Waddle. (Blushes, convulsive giggles and confusion on the part of Miss Arabella Jane Apthorp at this forced confession.) Mr. Hugh Waddle walks up manfully and relieves the fair Arabella's "pinin'" by a smack which sounds like a three-year-old steer drawing his hoof out of the mud.

Then a young man will be taken with a sudden and unaccountable "pinin'," which, after the usual exchange of questions and volunteered information, reveals the name of the maiden who causes the "gnawin'" and "pinin'." She coyly retreats out doors, only to be chased, overtaken, captured and forcibly compelled to relieve her captor's distress.

At one of these entertainments, which it was the narrator's fortune to attend, there was a remarkably beautiful young woman who had been married about a month. Her husband was present, a huge, beetle-browed, black-eyed young mountaineer, with a fist like a ham. The boys fought shy of the bride for fear of incurring the anger of her hulking spouse. The game went on for some time, when symptoms of irritation developed in the giant. Striding to the middle of the room, he said:

"My wife ez pooty, 'n ez nice 'n sweet ez any gyurl hyar. You uns has known her all her life. This game hez been a-goin' on half an hour an' nobody has pined fur her oncet. Ef some one doesn't pine fur her pooty soon thar will be trouble."

She was the belle of the ball after that. Everybody pined for her.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—The best record for a mile made on any railroad is thirty-two seconds, made May 19, 1893, by engine 999 of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

—Some of the oldest trees in the world are to be found in Great Britain. The tree called William the Conqueror's Oak, in Windsor Park, is supposed to be 1,200 years old. The famous Bentley and Winfarthing Oaks are at least two centuries older.

—It is stated on German authority that the astounding number of two million glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures three hundred thousand of them annually.

—There are 11,000,000 Jews in the world today, of whom nearly one-half are in Russia.

—King Humbert of Italy is the most heavily insured man in Europe, the amount carried being over \$7,500,000. The late Czar Alexander III. was insured for \$5,000,000.

—Tortoises and turtles have no teeth.

—The national debt is now \$13.41 for each individual. In 1867 it was \$69.26.

—London has 600,000 houses. Paris has 90,000 houses. New York has 115,000 houses.

—The steam power of the world may be reckoned as equivalent to the strength of 1,000,000,000 men, which is more than twice the number of workmen existing.

—Wales is the richest part of Great Britain in mineral wealth. England produces annually about \$10 to each acre, Scotland a little less than \$10, but the product of Wales amounts to over \$20 per acre.

—For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man, and can equal the speed of a fast horse; but the animals lose their wind at the end of about half a mile. They have little endurance, and are remarkably weak in lung power.

—Bergen, Norway, boasts a paper church large enough to seat 1,000 persons. The building is rendered waterproof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk and white of eggs.

—Projectiles used by the United States army for its great modern guns cost as follows: Solid shot, 8-inch, \$69.80 each; 10-inch, \$144.50 each; 12-inch, \$212 each; 12-inch mortar shells, weighing 800 pounds, \$114 each; 12-inch mortar shells, weighing 1,000 pounds, \$195 each.

—Of the 51,000 breweries estimated to be in the world, 26,000 are in Germany.

—There are 1,425 characters in the twenty-four books Dickens wrote.

—The violence of the wind on the Grampian Hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill trains traveling from Perth to the north.

—In the royal family of England the order of precedence among men is thus: The sovereign, the Prince of Wales, the other sons of the sovereign in the order of their age, the sovereign's grandsons, the brothers or sisters of the sovereign, the sovereign's uncle, and, finally, the sons of the brothers or sisters of the sovereign.

—The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Galicia, Hungary.

It is known to be 550 miles long, twenty broad and 250 feet in thickness.

—The peculiarity of a cork leg is that apart from the name there isn't a vestige of cork about it. The origin of the term comes, it is said, from the fact that nearly all the great manufacturers of such articles used to live in Cork street, Piccadilly.

—One million and a half of men work in the coal mines of the world. Of these Great Britain has 535,000, United States 300,000, Germany 285,000, Belgium 100,000, Russia 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 4,000,000.

—The tunnels of the world are estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about one thousand railroad tunnels, 12 sub-aqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels and 40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 350 miles.

—There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over twelve thousand feet above the ocean level.

—Harber, the great authority on fish, says that every square mile of the sea is inhabited by 120,000,000 fish.

—About 4,000,000 false teeth are manufactured annually in the United States, while one ton of gold and three tons of silver and platinum, to the value of \$100,000, are used in filling teeth.

—It is estimated that over eighty tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African fields during the last eighteen years. These represent a total value of \$280,000,000.

—The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposedly equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific Ocean cover 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean 1,000,000.

—The eight women colonels of the German army, who draw swords only occasionally and their salaries regularly, are: The Empress of Germany, the Dowager-Empress, wife of the late Frederick III., the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, the Queen Regent Sophia, and the Queen Helmina of the Netherlands, the Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Edinburgh, sister of the Emperor of Russia, and Queen Victoria.

—The largest house in the world is in Wieden, a suburb of Vienna. In this domicile there are 1,400 rooms, divided into 400 suites of from three to six rooms each, and they at present shelter 2,112 persons, who pay an annual rental of over 100,000 florins.

—The total length of the world's telegraph system has now reached 7,900,000 kilometres (4,908,823 miles), exclusive of 292,000 kilometres (181,440 miles) of submarine cables. This mileage is apportioned as follows: Europe, 2,840,000 kilometres (1,764,790 miles); Asia, 500,000 kilometres (310,685 miles); Africa, 160,000 kilometres (99,419 miles); Australia, 350,000 kilometres (217,479 miles); America, 4,050,000 kilometres (2,516,548 miles).

TREASURE TROVE: OLD FAVORITES RECALLED

An Arctic Vision.....Bret Harte (1867)

[It will surprise many to find so clear a prediction of the value of Alaska as is drawn in this poem of more than a generation ago.—Editors.]

Where the short-legged Esquimaux
Waddle in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware;
Where by day they track the ermine,
And by night another vermin,—
Segment of the frigid zone,
Where the temperature alone
Warms on St. Elias' cone;
Polar dock, where Nature slips
From the ways her icy ships;
Land of fox and deer and sable,
Shore end of our western cable,—
Let the news that flying goes
Thrill through all your arctic flocks,
And reverberate the boast
From the cliffs of Beechey's coast,
Till the tidings, circling round
Every bay of Norton Sound,
Throw the vocal tide-wave back
To the Isles of Kodiak.
Let the stately polar bears
Waltz around the pole in pairs,
And the walrus in his glee,
Bare his tusk of ivory;
While the bold sea unicorn
Calmly takes an extra horn;
All ye polar skies, reveal your
Very rarest of parhelia;
Trip it, all ye merry dancers,
In the airiest of lancers;
Slide, ye solemn glaciers, slide,
One inch farther to the tide,
Nor in rash precipitation,
Upset Tyndall's calculation.
Know you not what fate awaits you,
Or to whom the future mates you?
All ye icebergs make salaam,—
You belong to Uncle Sam!
On the spot where Eugene Sue
Led the wretched Wandering Jew,
Stands a form whose features strike
Russ and Esquimaux alike.
He it is whom Skalds of old
In their Runic rhymes foretold;
Lean of flank and lank of jaw,
See the real Northern Thor!
See the awful Yankee leering
Just across the Straits of Behring;
On the drifted snow, too plain,
Sinks his fresh tobacco stain
Just behind the deep inden-
Tation of his number 10.

Leaning on his icy hammer
Stands the hero of the drama,
And above the wild-duck's clamor,
In his own peculiar grammar
With its linguistic disguises,
Lo, the Arctic prologue rises:
"Wall, I reckon 't ain't so bad,
Seein' ez 'twas all they had;
True, the Springs are rather late
And early Falls predominate;
But the ice crop's pretty sure,

And the air is kind o' pure;
'Tain't so very mean a trade,
When the land is all surveyed.
There's a right smart chance for fur-chase,
All along this recent purchase,
And, unless the stories fail,
Every fish from cod to whale;
Rocks, too; mebbe quartz; let's see,—
'Twould be strange if there should be,—
Seems I've heerd such stories told;
Eh! Why, bless us; yes, it's gold!"
While the blows are falling thick
From his California pick,
You may recognize the Thor
Of the vision that I saw.
Freed from legendary glamour,
See the real magician's hammer.

Fate.....Susan M. Spaulding

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart
And speak in different tongues and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.

And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end,
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life
So nearly side by side, that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right,
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet with wishful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
That, one day, out of darkness, they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

"The Master of the Sheep Fold".....Sally Pratt McLean Greene

De massa ob d sheep fol'
Dat guard de sheep fol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he calls to de hirelin' shepa'd:
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd,
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheep fol'
Dat guard the sheep fol' bin,
Goes down in the de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheep fol'
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in,"
Callin' sof, "Come in, come in."

Den up t'ro' the gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheep fol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheep fol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

What We Eat in a Lifetime.....P. W. Everett.....Pearson's Magazine

In one day a healthy man will eat on an average one and a half pounds of bread in the form of the white or brown loaf, biscuits, pastry, scones, and the like, all of which, of course, have for their essential element, baked flour. For the first ten years of life and the last ten, we will assume that only half this quantity is eaten. So, altogether, our typical man consumes, on an average, one and a half pounds of bread each day for sixty years. This works out at between fourteen and fifteen tons of bread in a lifetime. If we imagine the whole quantity to be baked in one huge loaf, we should require a decent-sized drawing-room, containing 1,200 cubic feet, to hold it. Meat is an important item. The man who regularly partakes of his two rashers of bacon for breakfast, and his chop for lunch, and half a pound of steak for dinner, being required to order his life's supply of meat at birth, could put it in this way: Slices of bacon to measure four miles placed end to end; chops to reach from Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's; all the beef on twenty full-sized bullocks. Before dismissing the statistics of the food consumption for those of the drink consumption, let us take stock up to this point. Allowing our man one and a half pounds of bread each day, one pound of flesh foods, one-half pound of fish, two pounds of vegetables and fruit, and one-half pound of sundries, we have a total of five and a half pounds of solid foods daily, or nearly a ton a year. Taking this average to extend over sixty years, the exact weight of solid food consumed in a lifetime is very approximately fifty-three tons.

The liquid refreshment of the inner man will provide some statistics of a hardly less startling nature. Half a pint of tea or coffee in the morning, half a pint of water, beer, or other beverage at the midday meal, and perhaps a pint in the evening, with another pint of milk, tea, or soda water, disposed of at various periods during the day, gives three pints of liquid daily, a fair average consumption taking winter and summer together. Now, three pints a day develop into 1,095 pints a year, and for a lifetime of seventy years, 76,650 pints, or roughly, 76,700 pints, allowing for the extra days in the leap years. The weight of this 76,700 pints of liquid amounts to 42 $\frac{3}{4}$ tons.

Altogether, then, the healthy man, with a good appetite and average drinking capacity, assimilates into his system during seventy years, ninety-six and one-half tons of material, solid and liquid, or, putting it in another way, and assuming his weight to be twelve stones, he consumes over 1,280 times his own weight of nourishment in the course of a lifetime.

On Sideboards.....S. Baring-Gould.....Good Words

The dining-table presupposes the sideboard. If the table has to be served there must be some place on which dishes, decanters, trays, etc., will have to be put before they are set on the table, or to be used as a board for temporary deposit, during the course of a meal. But the sideboard from a very early period was employed, not merely as a convenience during a meal, but as a vehicle for display,

and it is now, and always has been the buffet on which has been exhibited the wealth of the household in plate.

The Romans made a great point of display of their silver eating and drinking vessels, which were set out on the trapezophoron or abacus, in addition to such as were in requisition during the dinner or supper. The trapezophoron was actually the lower portion of marble, bronze or silver, and was elaborately carved or moulded, and on this rested the abacus, which was the table itself. Cato, in the old days of simple Roman life, could speak of it as a kitchen table, but the splendid sideboard groaning under its weight of silver and gold plate, was an introduction from Asia in B. C. 187; and Cicero mentions the gold vessels on it. On a sardonix goblet of somewhat later period, preserved at Paris, is the representation of such a sideboard resting on four legs, and heaped up with goblets and statuettes. Pliny mentions nine gold vessels encrusted with jewels on one of these sideboards.

Another sort of table used for much the same purpose was the delphica, resting on three legs, and with a round slab on top. This is the table so repeatedly represented in the frescoes of the Catacombs. It is that in the Catacomb of S. Callixtus with the Eucharistic bread and fish laid on it, so that apparently it was this sort of table that was specially employed by the early Christians for an altar. It cannot have been largely employed for the display of plate, but was rather used for setting on it the dishes for the meal.

We know that at a Roman banquet the food was not placed at once on the table, but was introduced on a large tray, called the repositorium, originally of wood but afterwards of silver, and was so arranged that the dishes not only stood side by side, but were arranged one above another, something like a what-not. As often as a course was introduced, so often did the repositorium come in, and the guests were expected to put out their hands and take from the what-not that which they fancied. However, it required a certain amount of culinary accomplishment to know which dishes to select in their proper order. The Roman table formed three sides of a square, and the "repository" was brought into the midst.

But a side-table for the broken meats and for dirty dishes must have been required, and such a table I fancy, was the delphica, and the abacus was reserved for the drinking vessels, and show of plate. This delphica was represented in the Middle Ages by the buffet. This was a round table placed in the room, free standing, and not against the wall. The modern sideboard is the old dresser. At the same time the buffet was laden with goblets and refreshments. Oliver de la Marche, in his account of the marriage of Charles de Bourg with Margaret of York, says: "With regard to the service, Madam, the new duchess, was attended by a butler and a carver and bread-bearer, all Englishmen and knights, and men of high family. Then the steward called, 'Knights to the meat!' Thereupon all went to the buffet to get meat, and all the rela-

tives of Monsieur walked round it; and all the knights in their several order, two and two, with trumpets sounded before the meat."

He also describes the buffet. It was lozenge-shaped, and covered with a cloth embroidered with coats of arms, and it had stages behind like steps. At the bottom were silver gilt vessels of large size, above that on the next steps, vessels of pure gold inlaid with precious stones, and above that again, one magnificent goblet richly encrusted with stones. At the buffet corners were sculptured unicorns.

It is clear from this description that the buffet and dresser were united. But usually the dresser had no meat placed on it; it was intended simply for display. Each shelf had an embroidered cover and the whole had not infrequently a canopy above it. Sometimes it was open below, but very often it had cupboards in which the plate was preserved out of sight when not exposed.

The old English name for the sideboard was *court cupboard*. In *Romeo and Juliet* one servant cries out to another, while the tables are being cleared after dinner:

Away with the joint stools, remove the court cupboard, look to the plate.

Singer, in his *Commentaries on Shakespeare*, notes hereon: "The court cupboard was the ancient sideboard; it was a cumbrous piece of furniture, with stages or shelves, gradually receding, like stairs, to the top, whereon the plate was displayed."

The number of shelves indicated and distinguished the nobility of the host. It would have been quite out of place for an ordinary English squire to have had stages at the back of his cupboard; at the same time it would be quite in order for his kitchen dresser to be set out with pewter.

Dame Eleanor of Poitiers, in *Les Honneurs de la Cour*, informs us that two steps were allowed to the wife of a banneret, three to a countess, four to a princess, and five to a queen.

In the *Laurea Austriaca*, a curious old Latin book published in 1627, giving an account of an entertainment given by King James I. of England to the Spanish ambassadors, during the negotiations about the marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, there is an interesting illustration that represents the king at table with one of the ambassadors. Behind him are two court cupboards, or sideboards, each of five stages, as became a king, and each laden with plate. It will be noticed that there are only two, or possibly three knives on the table, and not a single fork or spoon.

It is now thought that forks were employed by the ancient Romans, but rarely. Two silver forks, believed to be of the imperial period, were found in Rome in 1874, but it is possible they may be Renaissance articles. Usually the Romans employed the ends of their spoons, the handles, for forks, and these were either sharp-pointed, or turned down as hoofs or claws, to hold the meat, while the hand grasped the bowl of the spoon.

Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, remarks that in his travels in Italy he found that forks were then used at meals. "For which, with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten the fork which they hold in their other hand upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be

that sitting in the company of any others at meale, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meat with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence unto the company as having transgressed the lawes of good manners"; and he adds: "Hereupon, I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this fork cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftentimes in England, since I came home; being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, who, in his merry humor, doubted not to call me 'Furcifer,' only for using a forke at feeding, but for no other cause."

The dresser originally was a table on which the meat was dressed for sending into the hall, but as it was necessary for the cook to have his dishes and sauce-boats near at hand, a back was put to it, with shelves, and this was called a *tremlet*; then the kitchen dresser with its *tremlet*, was dignified by carving and tricked out with drapery, and was turned into the court cupboard, or sideboard of the hall. And so it is that even in articles of furniture there are orders and ranks and degrees. But they all come of one simple stock, all descend like man from a common ancestor, and the lordly oak sideboard, with its stages burdened with gold and silver plate, with goblets and trays, is but a cousin of the kitchen dresser of deal, with its rack of common plates and dishes.

*Chafing Dish Experiments.....Wm. E. S. Fales.....Good Things Of Earth**

If you care for curious little experiments it will enable you to do many which are very difficult with a stove or range. Thus, put water in both pans and turn the flame on half low, then with a small thermometer as guide, let the water in the working pan reach a temperature of 165 degrees, and into it break an egg. Raise the temperature slowly to about 170, and hold it stationary. By degrees the yolk will harden and can be taken out a beautiful, golden circle, while the white remains unchanged.

Another interesting experiment gives an insight into nature's coloring secrets. Bring the water to boil in the water pan and add a tablespoonful of boiled rice. Stir it to separate the grains and then pour in a half pint of common claret. Extinguish the flame and put the cover on. Let it stand fifteen minutes, take out half of the rice with a long-handled strainer, and wash the grains quickly in cold water. They will be of a beautiful rose-pink color. Now add to the wine and water still hot four or five tablespoonfuls of lime-water and boil. The beautiful red changes as if by magic into exquisite green. This is chlorophyll, which nature employs in tinting the leaves of the forest. Again put out the flame, cover the pan, let it stand for ten or fifteen minutes, strain out the remaining rice, and wash quickly in cold water, or, better still, in salty water. The rice is of the color of a young apple in the orchard on the sunny side of a slope. Put the two portions together and add a third portion of uncolored rice, and you have a combination of red, cream-white, and green, which, for exquisite beauty, cannot be surpassed.

*Arthur Gray & Co., New York, publishers. Cloth, \$1.00.

OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS *

A Winner.—An Irishman, becoming interested in the local excitement over cock fighting, decided to enter a bird in whose prowess he evidently had every confidence.

On the eventful day Pat arrived at the pit with a fat, sleek duck under his arm, and proudly setting it down before the slim adversary, remarked:

"Divil a bit can you thrip him up; luk at thot fut."

In a New Rôle.—A lady who is a city missionary became very much interested in a very poor but apparently respectable Irish family named Curran, living on the top floor of a tenement house in the slum district.

Every time she visited the Currans, the missionary was annoyed by the staring and the whispering of the other women living in the building. One day she said to Mrs. Curran:

"Your neighbors seem very curious to know who and what I am, and the nature of my business with you."

"They do so," acquiesced Mrs. Curran.

"Do they ask you about it?"

"Indade they do, ma'am."

"And do you tell them?"

"Faith, thin, an' Oi do not."

"What do you tell them?"

"Oi just tell thim you are me dressmaker, an' let it go at that."

Indifferent to Criticism.—An enthusiastic clergyman, in order to abate a tendency toward gossiping in his parish, preached a severe sermon on the eternal fate of the wicked, and afterward sought to "improve" the lesson by personal admonition. Meeting one day an old woman who was noted for her gossiping disposition, he said to her: "I hope my sermon has borne fruit in your mind. You heard what I said about that place where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth?" "Well, as to that," answered the dame, "if I 'as anythink to say, it be this—let them gnash their teeth as 'as 'em—I ain't!"

Warned in Time.—In Scotland when an infant is to be christened its parents must have some kind of speaking acquaintance with the shorter catechism. One day a collier went to the minister to bespeak him for the christening of his child. "How many commandments hae ye?" asked the minister. "Twenty," rejoined the collier, who was forthwith sent back to pursue his studies in elementary theology. On his way he met a brother miner, who was going to the minister on a similar errand. "How many commandments hae ye, Jock?" asked the first. "Ten." "Oh! you needn't trouble him wi' ten; I offered him twenty the while, but he wasna satisfied."

Mistaken Identity.—Just before a recent dinner

given in honor of some magnate, a young swell, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, addressing a stranger, said:

"Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman—and found he had a ribbon on his coat; some blooming head waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other; "that's Blank, the guest of the evening."

"Dash it all, now, is it?" said the astonished swell. "Look here, old fellow, as you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at dinner and telling me who every one is?"

"Should like to very much," replied the other man, "but you see I cannot. I'm the blooming head waiter!"

Remarkable.—A showman was once exhibiting some curiosities, when he held up a skull and exclaimed:

"This is the head of Oliver Cromwell."

A man in the crowd said it could not be, for Cromwell had a very large head. At this the crowd began to laugh, but the showman, not in the least put about by the remark, calmly replied:

"This was his head when he was a boy."

A Unique Convert.—The late Senator George, of Mississippi, was an agnostic, while his wife was deeply religious. She placed a neighboring Baptist minister on his trail, and he got no peace. Once, riding slowly home from Carrollton and reading his mail, the preacher burst out of the woods on his right hand and began. They came to a creek and crossed it. It was, in the Senator's language, "saddle-pocket deep." On the further bank he dismounted. "Git down," he said, fiercely. The minister looked at him doubtfully. He feared a personal encounter. "Git down!" He got down. "Now," said George, "I'm tired o' bein' harried around th' kentry like I was a cotton-tail rabbit an' you was a pack o' nigger dogs. Baptize me right here." It was winter time, but the venerable statesman would not be denied. The two men waded into the icy water up to their armpits, and the ceremony was performed. Senator George climbed into his saddle and looked down on the shivering evangelist. "Now," he said, "you go home and stay home. I'm through with this.— foolishness."

A Swell Affair.—An Irishman, with one side of his face badly swollen, stepped into a dentist's office and inquired if the dentist was in. "I am the dentist," said Dr. W. "Well, thin, I want ye to see what's the matter wid me tooth." The doctor then examined the offending molar and explained that "The nerves are dead, that's what's the matter."

"Thin, by the holy Saint Patrick!" the Irishman exclaimed, "the dom tooth must be houldin' a wake over thim!"

*Compiled from Anecdote Department, Short Stories Magazine.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS *

—Chemist—Bad to take? Not at all. It has a very agreeable taste. The children, sir, will cry for it. Customer (father of nine, hastily)—Then give me some other preparation, please.

—“Next time I’m going out to Beverly’s I’m going to take a camp stool with me.” “What for?” “Last time I went I sat down on a little thing that turned out to be a tea-table.”

—“They have never spoken since they took part in private theatricals,” said Miss Cayenne. “I see; professional jealousy.” “Oh, dear, no; something far worse. It’s amateur jealousy.”

—Dawkins—How’s your indigestion, old man? Phillips—It’s doing nicely, thank you, but I don’t feel very well myself.

—Parson Johnson—So dis little chile am a gal. Do de udder one belong toe de contrary sex? Mrs. Jackson—Yais, pahson; dat’s a gal, too.

—How oft the praises have been sung
About our glorious mother-tongue!
Of father-tongue we never hear;
He never had a chance, I fear.

—Pruyn—Have you heard that horrible story about old Stiffe being buried alive? Dr. Bolus (hastily)—Buried alive? Impossible! Why, he was one of my patients!

—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service inquired, “Well, Mary, where do you live now?” “Please, ma’am,” answered the girl, “I don’t live now—I’m married.”

—“I presume the reason why the chainless bicycle isn’t as well known as the other kind,” remarked Rivers, “is that it always travels in cog.”

—Assistant—We haven’t much to put in the “Hints to Farmers” column this week. Editor—Put in “Now is the time to subscribe.”

—“Ball tells me that, although he has inherited a fortune, he sets his alarm clock for six in the morning just the same as ever.” “Habit, eh?” “No; he says he likes to wake up and enjoy the sensation of not having to get up and go to work.”

—“Yesterday,” said Jabson, “I refused a suppliant woman a request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time.” “Your softness of heart does you credit,” said Mabson; “who was the woman?” “My wife.”

—Tom—I wonder what is the wealth of the entire earth. Jerry—Just one dollar. Tom—How do you make that out? Jerry—Have you never heard of the four quarters of the globe?

—Dyer—How did the burglar manage to escape? Duell—He disguised himself as a policeman, and, of course, could not be found.

—First Klondike Miner (amused)—What made you get such beastly fat dogs to pull your sledge? Lean ones will go twice as far in a day. Second Klondike Miner (sagely)—Not when the other provisions give out.

—The poet starved for years and years,
His lays were all of love and hope;
But now no hunger pangs he fears—
He sings of liver pills and soap.

—“My dear,” observed the moth, at no pains to conceal his consternation, “something must be done at once. To-day I saw our daughter devouring a problem novel.”

—Medical Student—They don’t bleed people nowadays as they did forty years ago, do they, professor? Professor—Not with the lancet.

—What nonsense it is to say a man is inclined to be bald! When a man is becoming bald it is quite against his inclination.

—Dr. Smiley—Ah, professor, is your little one a boy or a girl? Professor Dremey—Why—er—yes. We call it John. It must be a boy, I think.

—It is a comfort to know that some newspapers are not as black as they are printed.

—“I asked our doctor his motto the other night.” “What did he say?” “Patience and long suffering.”

—In the mouths of the people—Teeth.

—Wife (enthusiastically)—How much do you think we took in at the bazaar? Husband (quietly)—How many, you mean.

—Buyer (entering poultry shop)—I should like to see a nice, fat goose. Small Boy—Yes, sir; mother will be down directly.

—“What! is it possible that you don’t know prosperity has returned? Why, man, where have you been for the last ninety days? Out of town?” “No; out of a job.”

—The less a man knows the longer, as a rule, it takes him to tell it.

—Mrs. O’Donovan—Oi didn’t see ye at Pat’s fun’ral, Mrs. O’Dowd. Mrs. O’Dowd—No, mum! Oi niver enjoy fun’rals onless they’re in me own fam’ly.

—Some men never boast, and that’s something to brag about.

—How can I get an article in your paper?” asked a correspondent of a Western journal. “It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper,” replied the editor; “if the article is small in bulk, like a hair-brush or a tea-caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor, and placing the article in the centre, wrap it up by carefully folding the edges over it, and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out of the paper. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bathtub or a clothes horse, you would better not try it at all.”

—The canvasser with the patent adjustable flat-iron heater had talked for fifteen minutes without a break when the woman of the house interrupted him by producing a small card and lead pencil and remarking in a calm, emotionless way: “I haven’t heard a word you have said. Please write it on this.” He looked at the card, gasped once or twice, and went away with his lips moving nervously but no sound issuing from them.

* Compiled from Contemporaries.

UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Death in Jewish Superstition.....Calvin Dill Wilson.....Godey's Magazine

There are undoubtedly vast numbers of intelligent Jews who have not a particle of faith in the fables we are about to relate, nevertheless the superstitious ideas contained in this paper are strictly Jewish ones, and have had an immense influence upon the lives of millions of Israelites.

In Jewish superstition devils are fearfully and wonderfully abundant, and all evil things come about through their personal agency and intervention. . . . One of the great problems of life among superstitious Jews is how to subdue and get rid of these evil spirits. Especially at the time of burial these creatures are likely to be present in large numbers, for they are said to be generated out of the effusions of man, and it is claimed that when a man dies they assemble, in order to touch and pollute him. In order to disperse these evil spirits the Jews walk around the newly made grave seven times, uttering certain words which are uncongenial to the devils, and by this mystical walk and the adjurations the spirits are expelled from the neighborhood of the grave, and put to flight, and the dead man is saved. . . .

It is hard that the society of ladies should ever become perilous, but it is usually believed that it may become so, and it will startle many persons to learn that the company of women is specially dangerous at the time of a funeral. Why the Angel of Death should do such a thing does not appear, but we are assured that at a burial he mingles with the women, and dances among them. If therefore a man does not keep himself apart from the ladies and walk home in the companionship of persons of his own sex, he is liable to expose himself to the destroying touch of that terrible angel. There are also other times when men must be specially on their guard against this spirit. When there is a famine in a city men should take care not to be seen, and should avoid walking by themselves, because of the Angel of Death who is present. When there is a plague men should lock themselves up, and not be seen.

The superstition of the howling of dogs as a presage of death, although now almost universal, was first believed by the Jews, so far as is known. They say that when dogs howl, the Angel of Death comes into the city; but when dogs play Elias comes.

The Jews believe that the Angel of Death is full of eyes, and that when the sick is dying he stands at his head and holds in his hand his naked sword, on which hangs a drop of gall. When the sick person sees the same, he trembles and opens his mouth. Then the Angel of Death causes the drop of gall to fall into his mouth, by means of which he dies. When one dies, the Jews empty the water from all vessels in the house and the neighboring ones, because the Angel of Death washes his sword in the water contained in them. It is also said that when the soul departs from the body it cries out aloud, and that the sound of it is what we call echo. For the voice passes from one end of the world to the other, and wanders about till it enters the hollows and cliffs, and there hides itself.

*The Puritan Witch-Mania.....Sidney George Fisher**

The Puritans were extremely superstitious, and still held to the old mediæval belief in devils and evil spirits. As their religion taught them to see in human nature only depravity and corruption, so in the outward nature by which they were surrounded they saw forewarnings and signs of doom and dread. Where the modern mind now refreshes itself in New England with the beauties of the seashore, the forest, and the sunset, the Puritan saw only threatenings of terror. The Greek gave every stream and mountain its graceful god or nymph who took a kindly interest in mankind, but the Puritan's imagination peopled every aspect of nature with his deadly enemy, the devil.

Such people were in a state of mind to receive any strange delusion, and one of the worst delusions of those days was a belief in witchcraft, which at that time had begun to be doubted; but there was still enough of it in the air to infect the Puritans.

In former times no sect of religion and no class of life had been free from it, more than four thousand books had been written about it, it had assailed the highest intellects as well as the lowest, and Sprenger estimates that in the fifteenth century one hundred thousand persons were executed for it in Germany alone, and that during the Christian epoch nine million men and women had been put to death for this supposed crime. Those who doubted were reminded of the witch of Endor in the Old Testament and of the laws of Moses against witchcraft. In the books of the Middle Ages it is asserted over and over again that to doubt the existence of witchcraft is to deny the Holy Scriptures and to refuse confidence in the general belief of all mankind.

The belief in witchcraft might have lain dormant in Massachusetts, and not resulted in the killing of witches, but for Cotton Mather and the ministers, who saw an opportunity to regain their importance by arousing it.

Cotton Mather, the final result of two generations of Puritanism, was himself even more than an epitome of Puritanism, for he was Puritanism gone mad. Ingenious and learned, with boundless industry, able to labor sixteen hours of the twenty-four; the author of three hundred and eighty-two books, written with all the fulsomeness, unctiousness and cant of his faith; superstitious, vain and arrogant, he was the most conspicuous figure of his time in New England. He fasted for days at a time; he would lie flat on his face for hours on the floor of his study, praying and waiting for intimations and voices from heaven.

In order to stimulate the belief in witchcraft he related instances of it which he professed to consider well authenticated. A woman with her husband going over the river in a canoe, they saw the head of a man, and about three feet off the tail of a cat, swimming before the canoe, but no body to join

*From *Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times*. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, publishers. Cloth, 12mo, 2 vols., \$3.00.

them. A long staff danced up and down in the chimney, and afterwards was hung by a line and swung to and fro. A chair flew about the room until it lit upon the table, where the meat stood. A man was taken out of his bed and thrown under it, and all the knives in the house, one after another, stuck into his back, which the spectators pulled out; but one of them seemed to the spectators to come out of his mouth.

In this way Mather and the ministers excited minds already terrorized by a belief in the constant presence of the devil and his angels, which had been dinned into their ears in every imaginable form from childhood. They were soon ready to see anything and believe anything; the yellow bird that lit on men's hats, the black man that whispered in their ears, the riding on sticks through the air, the written contracts with the devil, the signing of his book, and the feasts of the devil with the witches, where the sacraments of the church were blasphemously imitated.

The ministers soon had the opportunity they wanted. In the year 1688 two girls, about thirteen years old, began to mew like cats, bark like dogs, pretend to lose their hearing and sight, scream when rebuked by their parents, and went through other performances of strange postures for which they should have been whipped. After a day of fasting and prayer they were pronounced bewitched, and a poor washerwoman, with whom they had quarreled, was hung.

Cotton Mather took one of the girls to his home to study her at leisure, and she made a complete fool of him, stopped her ears when he prayed, refused to read the Bible or any Puritan book, but took great delight in a jest book, Popish books, and in the Church of England Prayer Book. She also cleverly told him that Satan dreaded him, and that when he prayed the devils made her kick and sing and yell.

Mather and the other ministers now began to write and circulate pamphlets on the subject, and in about four years the minds of all the people were so wrought upon that the slaughter began.

Informers swarmed. No one was safe; the slightest peculiarity in manner, or an obscure chance remark that could be given a double meaning, was enough to secure a conviction. Many who had lost some household article or cattle, or who had suffered a misfortune or sickness, were allowed to relate their trouble before the court as evidence that one of their neighbors had bewitched them. The evidence against a minister named Burroughs was that he could lift up a barrel of molasses by the bunghole, and hold a heavy gun at arm's length with his fingers in the muzzle.

Even in this awful delusion the Puritan mind still worked by its close reasoning processes. The few who were opposed to punishing for witchcraft argued that it might be possible for a devil to get into a person and make a witch of him against his will. In punishing witchcraft there was therefore great danger of punishing the innocent. If an ordinary man, they said, does anything supernatural, it must be by aid of the devil. Those that are possessed are therefore bad witnesses, both against themselves and against others, because it is making

a witness of the devil, who is well known to be a liar. If they testify as witches, all that they know must come from the devil, and if the root of their knowledge be the devil, what must their testimony be?

But these arguments were of little avail. When a person was accused, his only hope of escape was in confession, and this process manufactured witches very fast. Children clung to their mother and begged her to confess and return to them; wives besought their husbands to confess and not desolate their home. Many escaped by confessing, and years afterwards the courts and the churches began to receive written retractions of these confessions which can be read to-day. Sad reading they are, but along with them are papers which are sadder still. These are the confessions of witnesses who by their lies and spite had caused the death of their neighbors.

Giles Corey was at that time eighty years of age. When accused of witchcraft, he would neither confess nor plead to the indictment. He knew himself to be innocent, and he despised a false confession. By the old English law a prisoner who refused to plead was pressed to death with weights. The Puritans were not much given to following the law of England; but this law they thought exactly suited Giles Corey's case, and accordingly the old man had rocks piled upon his stomach until he died. He begged his tormentors to increase the weight rapidly and end his misery, for there was, he assured them, no chance of changing his mind. When the weight forced his tongue from his mouth an attendant pushed it back with a cane.

The killing time lasted about four months, from the first of June to the end of September, 1692, and then a reaction came because the informers began to strike at important persons, and named the wife of the governor. Twenty persons had been put to death, fifty had confessed and escaped, one hundred and fifty were in prison waiting trial, and about two hundred more stood accused.

In a short time all the people recovered from their madness, admitted their error, and laws were passed to prevent the recurrence of such a craze and to make some amends to the families of the victims. In 1697 the General Court ordered a day of fasting and prayer for what had been done amiss in "the late tragedy raised among us by Satan." Satan was the scapegoat, and nothing was said about the designs and motives of the ministers.

Among the few who would not admit that they had been wrong were Cotton Mather, Parris, one of the ministers, and Stoughton, the chief justice. Stoughton was so disgusted when he found that no more witches could be hung that he resigned from the court. Mather attempted to arouse the delusion again, and made public a story of a woman who could suspend herself in midair so that a strong man could not pull her down. But the time had passed, his reputation suffered, and he never again regained the respect of the people. Parris, for a similar attempt, was dismissed by his congregation, and could never after obtain employment as a minister.

After the witchcraft delusion had subsided, Puritanism steadily declined for the next hundred years.

A LESSON IN CHIVALRY*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

[At a county ball just concluded the Duke of Osmonde has overheard the young wife of his guest and kinsman, Lord Dunstanwolde, spoken slightly of by one Sir John Oxon. He excuses himself from leaving with his party, and waits outside to intercept the slanderer's departure.]

There be deeps in the nature of human beings which in some are never stirred, possibilities of heroism, savagery, passion, or crime, and when the hour comes which searches these far secret caverns and brings their best and worst to light, strange things may be seen. . . .

Now as he stood and waited, his face was white, except that on one cheek was a spot almost like a scarlet stain of blood; his eyes seemed changed to blue-black, and in each there was a light which flickered like a point of flame and made him seem not himself, but some new relentless being, for far deeps of him had been shaken and searched once more.

"I wait here like a brigand," he said to himself with a harsh laugh, "or a highwayman—but he shall not pass."

Then Sir John crossed the courtyard and came forward humming, and his Grace of Osmonde advanced and met him.

"Sir John Oxon," he said, and stood still and made a grave bow.

John Oxon started and then stood still also, staring at him, his face flushed and malignant. His Grace of Osmonde was it who had gazed above his head throughout the evening, when all the country world might see!

"Your Grace deigns to address me at last," he said.

"Hitherto there has been no need that either should address the other," answers my lord Duke in a steady voice. "At this moment the necessity arises. Within there"—with a gesture—"I heard you use a lady's name impudently. Earlier in the evening I also chanced to hear you so use it; I was in the ballroom. So I remained behind and waited to have speech with you. Do not speak it again in like manner."

"Must I not?" said Sir John, his blue eyes glaring. "On Clo Wildair's name was set no embargo, God knows. Is there a reason why a man should be squeamish of a sudden over my Lady Dunstanwolde's? 'Tis but the difference of a title and an old husband."

"And of a man made her kinsman by marriage," said my lord Duke, "who can use a sword."

"Let him use it, by God!" cried Sir John, and insensate with rage he laid his hand upon his own as if he would draw it.

"He will use it, and is prepared to do so, or he would not be here," the Duke answered. "We are not two Mohocks brawling in the streets, but two gentlemen, one of whom must give a lesson to the other. Would you have witnesses?"

"Curse it, I care for none!" flamed Sir John. "Let the best man give his lesson now. 'Tis not this night alone I would be even for."

The Duke measured him from head to foot, in every inch of sinew.

"I am the best man," he said; "I tell you beforehand."

Sir John flung out a jeering laugh.

"Prove it," he cried. "Prove it! Now is your time."

"There is open moor a short distance away," says his Grace. "Shall we go there?"

So they set out, walking side by side, neither speaking a word. The night was still and splendid, and just upon its turn; the rich dark-blue of the heavens were still hung with the spangles of the stars, but soon they would begin to dim, and the deepness of the blue to pale for dawn. A scented freshness was in the air, and was just stirring with that light faint wind which so often first foretells the coming of the morning. When, in but a few minutes, the two men stood stripped of their upper garments to their shirts, the open purple heath about them, the jewelled sky above, this first fresh scent of day was in their lungs and nostrils. That which stirred John Oxon to fury and at the same time shook his nerve, though he owned it not to himself, and would have died rather, was the singular composure of the man who was his opponent. Every feature, every muscle, every fibre of him seemed embodied stillness, and 'twas not that the mere physical members of him were still, but that the power which was himself, his will, his thought, his motion was in utter quiet, and of a quiet which was deadly in its significance and purpose. 'Twas that still strength which *knows* its power and will use it, and ever by its presence fills its enemy with impotent rage.

With such rage it filled John Oxon as he beheld it, and sneered. He had heard rumors of the wonders of his Grace's sword-play, that from boyhood he had excelled and delighted in it, that in the army he had won renown, through mere experiments of his skill, that he was as certain of his weapon as an acrobat of his least feat—but 'twas not this which maddened the other man, but the look in his steady eye.

"You are the bigger man of the two," he jeered, impudently; "but give me your lesson and shut my mouth on Clo Wildairs—if you can."

"I am the better man," says my lord Duke, "and I will shut it; but I will not kill you."

Then they engaged, and such a fight began as has not been often seen, for such a battle is more of spirit than body, and is more likely to be fought alone between two enemies whose antagonism is part of being itself, than to be fought in the presence of others whose nearness would but serve to disturb it.

John Oxon had fought duels before, through women who were but his despised playthings, through braggadocio, through drunken folly,

*A selected reading from His Grace of Osmonde, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York, publishers. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50.

through vanity and spite—but never as he fought this night on the broad heath, below the paling stars. This man he hated, this man he would have killed by any thrust he knew, if the devil had helped him. There is no hatred, to a mind like his, such as is awakened by the sight of another's gifts and triumphs—all the more horrible is it if they are borne with nobleness. To have lost all—to see another possess with dignity that thing one has squandered! And for this frenzy there was more than one cause. Clo Wildairs! He could have cursed aloud. My Lady Dunstanwolde! He could have raved like a madman. She! And a Duke here—this Duke would shut his mouth and give him a lesson. He lunged forward and struck wildly; my lord Duke parried his point as if he played with the toy of a child, and in the clear starlight his face looked a beautiful mask, and did not change howsoever furious his opponent's onslaught, or howsoever wondrous his own play. For wondrous it was, and before they had been engaged five minutes John Oxon was a maddened creature, driven so, not only by his own fury, but by seeing a certain thing—which was that this man could kill him if he would, but would not. When he had lost his wits and made his senseless lunge, his Grace had but parried when he might have driven his point home; he did this again and again while their swords clashed and darted. The stamp of their feet sounded dull and heavy on the moor, and John Oxon's breath came short and hissing. As he grew more wild the other grew more cool and steady, and made a play which Sir John could have shrieked out at seeing. What was the man doing? 'Twas as if he would show him where he could strike and did not deign to. He felt his devil's touch in a dozen places, and not one scratch. There he might have laid open his face from brow to chin! Why did he touch him here, there, at one point and another, and deal no wound? Gods! 'twas fighting not with a human thing but with a devil! 'Twas like fighting in a Roman arena, to be played with as a sport until human strength could bear no more; 'twas as men used to fight together hundreds of years ago. His breath grew short, his panting fiercer, the sweat poured down him, his throat was dry, and he could feel no more the fresh stirring of the air of the dawning. He would not stop to breathe, he had reached the point in his insensate fury when he could have flung himself upon the rapier's point and felt it cleave his breastbone and start through his back with the joy of hell, if he could have struck the other man deep but once. The thought made him start afresh; he fought like a thousand devils, his point leaping and flashing, and coming down with a crash; he stamped and gasped and shouted.

"Curse you," he cried; "come on!"

"Do I stand back?" said my lord Duke, and gave him such play as made him see the air red as blood, and think he tasted the salt of blood in his dry mouth; his muscles were wrenched with his violence, and this giant devil moved as swift as if he had just begun. Good God! he was beaten! Good God! by this enemy who would not kill him or be killed. He uttered a sound which was a choking shriek and hurled himself forward. 'Twas his last stroke and he knew it, and my lord Duke struck his

point aside and it flew in the air, and Sir John fell backwards, broken, conquered, exhausted, but an unwounded man. And he fell full length and lay upon the heather, its purple blooms crushed against his cheek, and the sky was of a sweet pallor just about to glow, and the first bird of morning sprang up in it to sing.

"Damn you!" he gasped. "Damn you!" and lay there, his blue eyes glaring, his chest heaving as though 'twould burst, his nostrils dilated with his labored, tortured puffs of breath. Thereupon, as he lay prostrate, for he was too undone a man to rise, he saw in his Grace of Osmonde's eyes the two points of light which were like ruthless flames and yet burned so still.

And His Grace, standing near him, leaned upon his sword, looking down.

"Do you understand?" he said.

"That you are the better sword—yes!" shrieked Sir John, and added curses it were useless to repeat.

"That I will have you refrain from speaking that lady's name?"

"Force me to it, if you can," Sir John raved at him. "You can but kill me!"

"I will not kill you," said the Duke, leaning a little nearer, and the awful light in his eyes growing intenser—for awful it was and made his pale face deadly. "How I can force you to it I have shown you—and brought you here to prove. For that, I meant that we should fight alone. Myself, I knew, I could hold from killing you, howsoever my blood might tempt me. You, I knew, I could keep from killing me, which I knew you would have done if you could, by foul means if not fair. I would not have it said I was forced to fight to shield that lady's name—so I would have no witness if it could be helped. And you will keep the encounter secret, for I command you."

Sir John started up, leaning upon his elbow, catching his breath, and his wicked face a white flame.

"Curse you!" he shrieked again, blaspheming at a thing he had not dreamed of, and which came upon him like a thunderbolt. "Curse your soul—you love her!"

The deadly light danced—he saw it—in his Grace's eyes, but his countenance was marble.

"I command you," he went on; "having proved I can enforce. I have the blood of savage devils in me, come down to me through many hundred years. All my life I have kept them at bay. Until late I did not know how savage they were, and what they could make me feel. I could do to you, as you lie there, things a man of this century, and sane, cannot do. You know I can strike where I will. If you slight that lady's name again I will not kill"—he raised himself from his sword and stood his full height, the earliest gold of the sun shining about him—"I will not kill you, but—so help me God!—I will fight with you once more, and I will leave you so maimed and so disfigured that you can woo no woman to ruin again and jest at her shame and agony with no man—for none can bear to look at you without a shudder—and you will lie and writhe to be given the 'coup de grace.'" He lifted the hilt of his sword and kissed it. "That I swear," he said, "by this first dawning of God's sun."

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

When death called Alphonse Daudet, on Thursday, Dec. 16, the distinguished writer was at the dinner-table with his family. He seemed in the best of spirits, when he was suddenly seized with an attack of syncope. He never rallied, but died soon after in the presence of his wife and children, and of the curé of the Church of St. Clothilde, who had been summoned to administer the last rites of the Church. The funeral took place in Paris, Monday, December 20. The coffin was followed by Daudet's sons, Léon and Lucien; his brother, Ernest; M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Rambaud, the Minister of Public Instruction; M. Roujon, the Director of Fine Arts; deputations from the Municipality, the French Institute, and the Societies of Authors, Composers and Journalists, in addition to an immense crowd of people. Emile Zola, the novelist, delivered the funeral oration at the grave. The municipal authorities of Paris have decided to name a street after M. Daudet.

George A. Sala's posthumous novel, *Margaret Forster*, recently published in England, is a story of London life, and, according to Mrs. Sala, who has contributed a preface, it was written by way of relaxation from journalistic work.

I. Zangwill recently told a fellow-writer that his earlier work on Jewish subjects was not regarded with unmixed approbation in the synagogues. "The Jew," he said, "had been so much scorned in fiction that he had come to associate all writing about him with the world's contempt." In his new book, on which he is at work, Mr. Zangwill will give us a character-sketch of Heine, which we shall look forward to with some eagerness.

S. Baring-Gould's forthcoming novel is to be called *Bladys of the Stewpory*. It is an historical romance of England at the close of the last century.

John Millais, a younger son of the late Sir J. E. Millais, President of the Royal Academy, is engaged upon an exhaustive biography of his father.

An early second edition of Mr. E. Hough's graphic *Story of the Cowboy*, from which a reading was given in the December Current Literature, indicates the continued success of the novel plan adopted for the presentation of Western history in the popular *Story of the West Series*, published by D. Appleton and Company.

Lady Hamilton's full correspondence with Lord Nelson, including the letter in which Nelson admits the paternity of Horatia, her daughter, is now published for the first time in *Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson*, by John Cordy Jeaffreson.

In order to settle long controversy as to their authenticity, the bodies of Voltaire and Rousseau were recently exhumed at the Pantheon, in Paris. The body of Voltaire was well preserved and markedly resembled Houdon's statue. Of the body of Rousseau only the skeleton remained. Voltaire's skull was found to be cloven down the centre. There was no trace of a shot wound in the skull of Rousseau, which disproves the general belief that the author committed suicide by shooting.

Dr. Karl Frey, professor of art history in the University at Berlin, has just published an edition of

Michael Angelo's poems, which is said to be the first that is wholly authentic. He has been able to draw upon the family archives of the famous Italian, and has introduced much new material into his volume.

Rider Haggard is devoted to farming. He spends the early part of every day in wandering round his farm at Ditchingham, and does not settle down to writing until past eleven o'clock. He dictates his novels to a lady secretary, who types from his dictation—taking them down on the typewriter at lightning speed, instead of merely in shorthand first. The scene of Mr. Rider Haggard's new story is Holland, many centuries ago.

Gilbert Parker's new novel is entitled *A Hundred Years Ago*, and is running serially in the English periodical *Good Words*, beginning in the January number.

Anthony Hope has written a new romance, *Born in the Purple*. It will appear serially, and a year hence in book form.

The poet Burns spelled his name Burness (the family name) until the publication of his poems in 1786.

During 1898 Lippincott's Magazine will publish a love-story by Amélie Rives (*Princess Troubetskoy*), whose much discussed novel, *The Quick or the Dead*, was first published in that periodical.

The English sale of the late Henry George's principal work, *Progress and Poverty*, was very large. Messrs. Kegan, Paul & Co. issued 65,000 copies of the more expensive edition and 110,000 copies in the shilling form.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has sailed for India with a view to writing another novel. The scene of the new story will probably be laid at Lucknow.

A new view of Rudyard Kipling is obtained from the following, clipped from the London Sun: "Mr. Rudyard Kipling is said to be developing into a confirmed joker and a great 'tease.' Possessed of a wonderful fund of mental cheerfulness, he has been called by one of his friends 'that rare creature, a literary Mark Tapley.'" The following characteristic Kipling story, apropos of Captains Courageous, is going the rounds of the press: When Mr. Rudyard Kipling was a boy of twelve he started (like Harvey Cheyne) on a sea-voyage with his father, Mr. Lockwood Kipling. Soon after the vessel was under way Mr. Lockwood Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yardarm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter; "but he won't let go." A tour through South Africa is the last of Mr. Kipling's plans given to the public.

A series of unpublished letters of Rachel, the great French actress, is shortly to see the light. The letters are addressed to Samson, who was her professor. Mr. Jules Claretie, director of the *Comédie Française*, is writing a preface to the volume.

"A new book by Dickens" will cause a smile to

appear on the face of the skeptical. But nevertheless a volume of charming sketches and essays of the great master never before reprinted in America has just been issued by the New Amsterdam Book Co., of New York. The title is *Old Lamps for New Ones*.

Carmen Sylva has elaborately-bound copies of her own books preserved in a specially-designed book-case, of which she herself keeps the key. It is said that many of these volumes contain marginal notes and criticisms, written with red ink in her own exquisite hand-writing.

Edward Everett Hale began in a recent number of the *Outlook* a very interesting series of twelve articles upon James Russell Lowell and His Friends, to which he has given the greater part of his working time during the last summer. Dr. Hale was a friend of Lowell from boyhood up, and has many special sources of information. These articles are written in a somewhat informal way, and are full of personal and literary anecdotes and reminiscences. They will be elaborately illustrated.

Will M. Clemens, whose literary work is attracting some attention, is a native of Ohio. He is a lineal descendant of Rev. James Montgomery, the English poet. Mr. Clemens has just passed his thirty-eighth birthday. For twenty years he has been a newspaper man, employed in the large cities, and as a reporter has visited nearly every State in the Union, having had assignments from hangings to national political conventions. Recently he has taken up his residence at Fairmount Park, Hackensack, N. J., to devote himself wholly to literature.

The *Omaha World-Herald* says that while Opie Read was in Omaha recently he told a characteristic story. "Several years ago I went back to Arkansas and visited the place where the scene of one of my stories is laid. While talking with the landlord he said: 'Here comes an old fellow I let have one of your books. He can't read, but I told him to take it home and let his wife read it to him. Let's see what he says about it.' 'Hello, Jason,' said the landlord, 'did your wife read that book to you?' 'Mawnin', sah. Yas, she done read it to me.' 'Well, what do you think of it?' 'Huh, that ain't no book at all. I done lived here for fo'ty yeahs an' I done hearn people talk that a' way all th' time.'"

Mr. C. F. Dole, the author of *The American Citizen*, is preparing a new book, entitled *The Coming People*. The design of the book is to show how the present social and economical conditions are actually working toward the realization of a very noble conception of human society.

General O. O. Howard is completing the manuscript of a sequel to *Donald's School Days*, to be called *Henry in the War*. He says: "I intend it to be, when completed, a bona fide sketch of a young man who was with a prominent general from the beginning to the close of the war."

The late W. J. Linton, poet and famous wood engraver, was living in retirement in New Haven, at the time of his death, and had just published privately an edition of fifty copies of his *Love Lore*, and *Other Poems*, with one hundred headings and tail-pieces engraved by the author. The work has been a labor of love, and will be cherished by every bibliophile who chances to get a copy.

Mr. George H. Ellwanger, the author of several popular out-of-door books, has a book in press entitled *Meditations on Gout*. It is not intended to be a technical work (although it contains some ideas that will interest the physician), but rather a literary essay designed more especially for the general reader and sufferer. The work refers to the nature, pathology, and treatment of the disease, but the subject affords abundant chance for humor and literary allusion, and the author has taken the fullest advantage of it.

Rev. Washington Gladden has three books in publishers' hands, the earliest of which to appear will be *Seven Puzzling Bible Books*, a supplementary volume to *Who Wrote the Bible*.

Mr. John T. Trowbridge has prepared two lectures for this season: *The American Boy* and *Recollections of Walt Whitman and Other Notabilities*.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is writing early and late on the concluding chapters of a new story, which is to bear the title *Paul Ralston*. The scene is laid in Cottage City, where Mrs. Holmes has spent many summers.

The announcement is made that Mr. Gladstone has in contemplation an important biographical work, which will include the lives of most of the distinguished modern divines.

Mr. Raymond Blathwayt, the well-known English journalist and interviewer, whose article on *The Cooks of Touristic Fame*, was reproduced in *Current Literature* last month, met recently with a curious adventure, while on his way to Burma to make a tour of India and write a series of articles for a London paper on India in the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. At Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, he was knocked down the steps of the Grand Oriental Hotel by a tipsy young man, and his arm was fractured by the fall. The next day the offender, full of contrition, offered the injured man a solatium of \$500, but the journalist, with great magnanimity, agreed to settle the matter for \$150. The penitent, however, insisted on his self-imposed fine being raised to \$250.

M. Maurice de Fleury's work, *L'Introduction à la Médecine de l'Esprit*, contains a chapter on tobacco smoking, in which Zola is quoted as saying: "I have no definite opinion on the question. Personally I gave up smoking ten or twelve years ago on the advice of my medical attendant, when I believed myself to be affected with heart disease. But to suppose that tobacco exercises an influence on French literature raises a question of such magnitude that the most rigid scientific proof alone could dispose of it. I have known great writers who smoked without stint, but their intellects were not one whit less acute. If genius be neurosis, then why seek to cure it? Perfection is such a very tiresome thing that I very often regret having broken myself of the tobacco habit."

Our thanks are due a Philadelphia correspondent for the following correction of a misstatement in *Facts and Figures*, page 474, November number: "Under heading of *Longest Unsupported Telegraph Wire* you call 2 millimeters equivalent to 1½ inches, which is wrong, and should be only .07875, or $\frac{1}{8}$ full."

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- Windows: A Book about Stained Glass: L. F. Day: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 8vo, illustrated\$10 50
 Aristophanes' Wasps: Edited by W. J. M. Starkie: The Macmillan Co., 16mo, cloth..... 1 40
 Historic Ornament: J. Ward: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 2 vols., illustrated, 8vo, each 3 00
 The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy: W. J. Anderson: Chas. Scribner's Sons, illustrated, 8vo... 5 00
 The English Stage: Augustin Filon; translated by F. Whyte, with an introduction by H. Arthur Jones: Dodd, Mead & Co., 8vo, cloth..... 2 50

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Audubon and His Journals: by Maria R. Audubon, with zoölogical and other notes by Elliott Coues: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 2 vols., cloth 7 50
 B. I. Barnato: a memoir: Harry Raymond: E. P. Dutton & Co., illustrated, cloth..... 2 00
 Correspondence of Wagner and Liszt: Translated by F. Hueffer: New edition: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 2 vols., crown, 8vo..... 5 00
 Dictionary of National Biography: Edited by Sidney Lee: Vol. LIII, Smi—Sta., The Macmillan Co., 8vo., cloth..... 3 75
 Life of Gen. George Gordon Meade: R. Meade Bache: H. T. Coates & Co., 8vo, cloth, illustrated, \$3.00; hf. mor. or hf. cloth..... 6 00
 Lives of Sixty of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects: Giorgio Vasari: Edited by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 4 vols., 8vo..... 8 00
 New Letters of Napoleon I., omitted from the edition published under the auspices of Napoleon III.; From the French, by Lady Mary Loyd: Appleton, illustrated, cloth..... 2 00
 Philip and Alexander of Macedon: D. G. Hogarth: Chas. Scribner's Sons, illustrated, 12mo..... 2 50
 Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story: Mary E. Phillips: Rand, McNally & Co., illustrated, cloth..... 1 75
 The Brontës in Fact and Fiction: Angus Mackay: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 1 50
 The Early Life of William Wordsworth, 1770-1798: E. Legouis: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 8vo..... 3 00
 The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman: Wilfrid Ward: Longmans, Green & Co., 2 vols., cloth..... 6 00
 The Wellington Memorial: Wellington, his Comrades and Contemporaries: Arthur Griffiths: Longmans, Green & Co., illustrated, cloth..... 4 00
 Verdi, Man and Musician: F. J. Crowest: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 8vo..... 2 50

Educational Topics.

- An Elementary Scientific French Reader: P. Mariotte Davies: D. C. Heath & Co., bds..... 40
 An Elementary Spanish Reader: M. Montrose Ramsey: H. Holt & Co., cloth 1 00
 Lessons With Plants: L. H. Bailey: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illustrated..... 1 10
 Principles of English Grammar for the Use of Schools: G. R. Carpenter: The Macmillan Co., 12mo, half leather 75
 The Place of the Political and Social Sciences in Modern Education: Edmund Janes James: American Academy of Political and Social Sciences, paper 25
 The Social Mind and Education: G. Edgar Vincent: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 1 25
 The Study of Children and Their School Training: Francis Warner: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illustrated..... 1 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- A Genealogical and Heraldic Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage; together with Memoirs of the Privy Councillors and Knights: 16th edition revised and brought up to date: Sir Bernard Burke: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, cloth.....10 00
 A Handbook of Wrestling: Hugh F. Leonard; Edited by F. A. Fernald: E. R. Pelton, cloth..... 2 00
 A Standard Dictionary of the English Language: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth, illustrated..... 2 00
 Anniversary Book of the American Revolution: Mary Shelley Pechin, comp.: The Helman-Taylor Co., cloth..... 1 50
 Daily Souvenirs: Selected by Rose Porter: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth 1 00
 Dictionary of Quotations (Classical): by Thomas Bentfield Harbottle: The Macmillan Co., 8vo., cloth... 2 00
 Flying Leaves: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth, illus....
 For My Lady's Desk: Rose Porter: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth 1 00
 Handy Reference Atlas of the World; revised and enlarged edition: J. G. Bartholomew: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo..... 3 00
 Manners for Women: Mrs. Humphry: M. F. Mansfield, cloth..... 50
 Shakespeare's Men and Women: Compiled by Rose Porter: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth..... 1 25
 Social Facts and Forces: Washington Gladden: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 25
 Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature: Ginn & Co., paper..... 1 50
 Tendencies in American Economic Thought: Sidney Sherwood: The Johns Hopkins Press, paper 25
 The Good Things of Earth: Arthur Gray & Co, cloth
 The Spectator: new edition; text edited and annotated by G. Gregory Smith; with introductory essay by Austin Dobson: Joseph Addison: 8 vols., vols. 1 and 2, canvas12 00
 We Mortals: M. Salmonsens: J. M. W. Jones Co., paper
 With the Seasons: Mary Augusta Mason: A. D. F. Randolph Co., cloth 1 00

Fiction of the Month.

- A Genealogy of Morals: F. W. Nietzsche: Translated by W. A. Housemann; poems translated by J. Gray; Vol. X. of Collected Works: The Macmillan Co., cloth..... 2 00
 A Man and a Woman: Stanley Waterloo: May & Williams, cloth..... 1 25
 A Novelette Trilogy: T. C. DeLeon: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth
 Arnaud's Masterpiece: Walter Cranston Larned: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo 1 25
 Bye-ways: Robert S. Hichens: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 25
 For Prince and People; a tale of old Genoa: Ella K. Sanders: The Macmillan Co., 8vo, cloth..... 1 75
 Henry Cadavere: H. W. Bellsmith: Commonwealth Co., cloth.....
 Hernani the Jew: A. N. Homer: Rand, McNally & Co., cloth..... 1 25
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 Monsieur de Chauvelin's Will: Alexandre Dumas: Little, Brown & Co., cloth..... 1 50
 Nil: Fred A. Randle: F. Tennyson Neely, paper.. 50
 Petronilla, the Sister: Emma Homer Thayer: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth, illus.....

- Pirates, and other Stories: Hector Fuller: Bowen-Merrill Co., 12mo, cloth 1 25
- Racing and Chasing; a collection of sporting stories: Alfred E. T. Watson: Longmans, Green & Co., cloth. 2 50
- Secretary to Bayne, M. P.: W. Pett Ridge: Harper, cloth 1 25
- Stories of Ohio: W. D. Howells: American Book Co., cloth 60
- Sweethearts and Friends: Maxwell Gray. Appleton, cloth, \$1.00; paper 50
- The Carnival of Venice: Florence Danforth Newcomb: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth 50
- The Centaur and the Bacchante: Maurice de Guérin: two prose poems done into English from the French, by Lucie Page: T. B. Mosher, paper 75
- The Days of Mohammed: Anna May Wilson: D. G. Cook Publishing Co., paper 05
- The General's Double; a story of the Army of the Potomac: Charles King: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth. 1 25
- The Horoscope. Alexandre Dumas: Little, Brown & Co., cloth 1 50
- The Palmetto: Francis Stephen Heffernan: F. Tennyson Neely, paper 50
- The School for Saints: John Oliver Hobbes: F. A. Stokes Co., cloth 1 50
- Trif and Trixy: John Habberton: H. Altamus, cloth 50
- Vivian of Virginia: Hulbert Fuller: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth, illus. 1 75

Historic and National.

- Density and Distribution of Population in the United States at the Eleventh Census: Walter F. Wilcox: The Macmillan Co., paper 50
- Historical Sketches of New Haven: published by the author, Ellen Strong Bartlett, Stamford, Ct., F. buckram 1 50
- Men, Women, and Manners in Colonial Times; Sydney George Fisher: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, 2 vols., illus. 3 00
- Naval History of the United States: Willis J. Abbott: new edition enlarged and a new arrangement of the three "Blue Jacket Books," in one volume: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 3 75
- The First Crossing of Spitsbergen: W. M. Conway: Chas. Scribner's Sons, illus., 8vo. 10 00
- The History of South Carolina under the Proprietary Government, 1670-1719: E. McCrady: The Macmillan Co., cloth 3 00
- The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future: Alfred Thayer Mahan: Little, Brown & Co., 12mo, cloth 2 00
- The Smithsonian Institution, 1846-1896: G. Brown Goode, ed.: Government Printing Office, cloth.

Poetry of the Month.

- A Prelude: Copeland and Day: paper 1 50
- Ballads and Poems: J. H. Yates: C. Wells Moulton, 12mo, cloth 1 50
- Beautiful Women of the Poets: Compiled by Beatrice Sturges: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth 1 25
- Complete Poetical Works of Joaquin Miller: Whitaker & Ray Co., cloth 2 50
- Hymns and Verses: L. F. Benson: The Westminster Press, buckram 1 50
- Idle Songs and Idle Sonnets: Harrison Conrard: Editor Publishing Co., cloth 1 00
- Poems of John Keats (The Lyric Poets, edited by Ernest Rhys): The Macmillan Co., cloth 1 00
- Rhymes of Reform: Odell T. Fellows: Geo. A. Swerdfiger, paper 25
- Sonnets: Michael Angelo Buonarroti: Trans. by J. Addington Symonds: T. B. Mosher, on Van Gelder paper, \$1.00; on Japan vellum 2 50
- Selected Poems: George Meredith: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo 1 75

- When Love Laughs: Tom Hall: E. R. Herrick & Co., cloth 1 50

Religious and Philosophic.

- All's Right with the World: Charles B. Newcomb: The Philosophical Pub. Co., cloth 1 50
- Ancient Faith in Modern Light: A series of Essays by various clergymen: Charles Scribner's Sons, 8vo. 4 50
- Buddhism and its Christian Critics: Paul Carus: Open Court Pub. Co., cloth 1 25
- Interpretations of Life and Religion: Walton W. Battershall: A. S. Barnes & Co., D. buckram 1 50
- Man's Place in the Cosmos, and other Essays: A. Seth: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo. 2 00
- Nirvana; a story of Buddhist philosophy: Paul Carus: The Open Court Pub. Co., ill., paper 1 00
- Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century: C. A. Wilkins: Charles Scribner's Sons, 12mo. 1 50
- The Christian Doctrine of Immortality: S. D. F. Salmond: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 8vo 5 00
- The Christian View of God and the World as Centering in the Incarnation: James Orr: New Edition: Chas. Scribner's Sons, Crown 8vo. 2 75
- The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch: Revised Edition: Prof. Charles A. Briggs: Chas. Scribner's Sons, Crown 8vo. 2 50
- The Ideal Life: Henry Drummond: Addresses hitherto unpublished; with memorial sketches by Ian Maclaren and W. Robertson Nicoll: N. Y., Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth 1 50
- The Incarnate Saviour: Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll: New cheaper edition: N. Y., imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth 1 25
- The Methodist Year Book, 1898: A. B. Sanford: Eaton & Mains, paper 10
- The Psychical Correlation of Religious Emotion and Sexual Desire; James Weir, Jr.: Courier-Journal Job Printing Co., cloth 1 25
- The Psychology of the Emotions: Theodule Ribot: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 12mo, cloth 1 25
- The Revelation of St. John the Divine: A. H. Ames: Eaton & Mains, cloth 90
- The Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity: G. M. Grant: New edition: Fleming H. Revell Co., 16mo., cloth, 40c.; paper 25
- The Sacred Books of the East; Trans. by various Oriental scholars: American edition, 12 v. Vol. I., The Upanishads: F. Max Muller, ed.: The Christian Literature Co., cloth 2 50

Travel and Adventure.

- A Note-Book in Northern Spain: Archer M. Huntington: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth 3 50
- Afloat on the Ohio: Reuben Gold Thwaites: Way & Williams, cloth 1 50
- Climbing Reminiscences of the Dolomites: L. Siniaglia: Chas. Scribner's Sons, illus., 8vo. 5 00
- Hand-Book to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome: Part II., The Liturgy in Rome; Feasts and Functions of the Church; The Ceremonies of Holy Week. The Macmillan Co., crown 8vo, buckram 1 75
- Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall: Arthur H. Norway: The Macmillan Co., illus., 8vo, cloth 2 00
- Korea and Her Neighbor: Isabella Bird Bishop: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth, illus. 2 00
- Picturesque Sicily: W. Agnew Paton: Harper, illus., octavo, cloth 2 50
- The City of the Caliphs; a popular study of Cairo and its environs and the Nile and its antiquities: Eustace A. Reynolds Ball: Estes & Lauriat, illus., cloth, \$3.00; morocco 5 00
- Trail and Camp-Fire; the book of the Boone and Crockett Club: G. Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt: Forest and Stream Pub. Co., illus., cloth 2 50

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR JANUARY, 1898

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Group of Players: Laurence Hutton.....Harper's.
A Painter of Children: Norman Hopgood.....McClure's.
American Concert Singers: Rupert Hughes.....Godey's.
Early American Copperplate Engraving.....Book Buyer.
Frescoes of Runkelstein: W. D. McCrackan.....Harper's.
Some Tendencies of Modern Opera: R. de Koven..Scrib.
The Drama and Literature: Brander Matthews...Forum.
Three Contemporary German Dramatists: J. F. Coar..At.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Charles A. Dana's War Reminiscences.....McClure's.
Colonial Worthies, I.—John Lovett: C. Noble....Treasury.
Francis Lieber: L. R. Harley.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
A French Literary Circle: Aline Gorren.....Scribner's.
Grant's Life in the West: John W. Emerson...Mid. Mo.
Henry Drisler: Harry Thurston Peck.....Bookman.
Henry George, Apostle of Reform: Felix L. Oswald..Chaut.
Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat: William Clayton.....Green Bag.
Jean-Charles Cazin: William A. Coffin.....Century.
Mary Somerville: Adele M. Garrigues.....Self Culture.
Military Heroes of Jackson's Time: J. M. Tobin..F. L. Pop. Mo.
Pierre Simon de Laplace.....Open Court.
Reminiscences of John Brown: D. B. Hadley..McClure's.
René Reinicke: Jas. B. Carrington.....Book Buyer.
Samuel L. Clemens ("Mark Twain"): Robert Barr...McC.
Scenes From Huxley's Home Life: Leonard Huxley..Cen.
Walt Whitman: M. A. De Wolfe Howe.....Bookman.
Washington and His Friends: Martha L. Phillips..Century.

Educational Topics.

Education in Hawaii: Henry I. Townsend.....Forum.
Education in the American Colonies: A. M. Earle..Chaut.
Ideals of College Education: F. S. Baldwin....N. E. Mag.
School Government: C. W. French.....School Review.
Stephen Girard and his College: James M. Beck...Cosmo.
Teaching of Economics in Secondary Schools..School Rev.
Three Patriarchs of Education.....Review of Reviews.

Essays and Miscellanies.

Barbaric Military Punishments: John De Morgan.Green B.
Canadian Winter Pastimes.....Outing.
Children and Their Ways: Alice Meynell.....Delineator.
Company Manners: Florence Converse.....Atlantic.
Dances of Death: Paul Carus.....Open Court.
French Wives and Mothers: Anna L. Bicknell.....Century.
Ice Hockey.....Outing.
Intellectual Powers of Woman: Fabian Franklin..N. A. R.
Is It Worth While to Take Out a Patent?.....Forum.
Libraries and Librarians: Jos. Dana Miller.....Bookman.
Mistletoe: Robert Blight.....Arena.
My Favorite Novelist: A. Conan Doyle.....Munsey's.
Social Life in London: Lady Jeune.....Delineator.
Some Botanic Gardens: Frank H. Sweet.....Lippincott's.
The American Indian in Literature: O. S. Dean..Self Cult.
The Story of St. Agnes: Beatrice Sturges.....Godey's.
The Unquiet Sex: Helen Watterson Moody.....Scribner's.

Historic and National.

Aborigines of the West Indies.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
American Excavations in Greece: J. Gennadius...Forum.
America's Opportunity in Asia: Charles Denby, Jr..N. A. R.
A Paradise of Good Government: Max O'Rell.....N. A. R.
Belated Feudalism in America: Henry G. Chapman..At.
China and Chinese Railway Concessions.....Forum.
Chinese Exclusion Laws: J. Thomas Scharf.....N. A. R.
Civil Service Retirement Fund: Eben Brewer.....N. A. R.
Commercial Superiority of the U. S.: W. C. Ford..N. A. R.
Foreign Element in American Civilization...Pop. Sci. Mo.
History of the People of Israel—VII.: C. H. Cornell..O. C.
Literary Paris Twenty Years Ago: T. W. Higginson..At.
Our Coast Defences: Nelson A. Miles.....Forum.

Plutocracy and War: John Clark Ridpath.....Arena.
Position of the British Navy: Lord Brassey...Rev. of Rev.
The Future of Austria-Hungary....Review of Reviews.
The Irish Question: Horace Plunkett.....N. A. R.
The Present Scope of Government: E. Wambaugh....At.
The Story of the Revolution: Henry Cabot Lodge...Scrib.

Political, Financial and Legal.

Election of U. S. Senators: Walter Clark.....Green Bag.
Export and Wages: Jacob Schoenhof.....Forum.
Future of Bimetallism: George G. Vest.....Forum.
Municipal Proprietorship: Augustus L. Mason.....Arena.
Passing of the People's Party: W. A. Pepper.....N. A. R.
Plans of Currency Reform: Chas. A. Conant.....R. of R.
Political Inauguration of Greater N. Y.: E. M. Shepard..At.
Principles of Taxation—XIV.: David A. Wells...P. Sci. Mo.
Reconquest of N. Y. by Tammany: Simon Sterne..Forum.
The Political Outlook: Henry Watterson.....Forum.
The Speaker and the Committees: A. W. Greeley..N. A. R.

Religious and Philosophic.

Dogma of the Trinity: Henry Frank.....Intelligence.
Empire of the Invisibles—The Ghost: H. E. Orcutt..Intel.
Growth of Mind: S. I. Laurie.....School Review.
Heart and Will in Belief: Jno. Grier Hibben.....N. A. R.
Homilectical Use of the Old Testament.....Treasury.
Is the Power of the Pulpit Declining?.....Werner's Mag.
Love as a Factor in Evolution: Woods Hutchinson.Monist.
Origin of Symbolism: Rufus E. Moore.....Intelligence.
Pythagoras and Being: C. H. A. Bjerregaard..Intelligence.
The Evolution of Religion: John Wesley Powell...Monist.
What is Mediumship? W. J. Colville.....Mind.

Scientific and Industrial.

Electrical Advance in Ten Years: Elihu Thompson..For.
Fishing Industry in the U. S.: Guild A. Copeland..Chaut.
Heredity—True and False: M. E. Carter.....Mind.
Industrial Advance of Germany: M. G. Mulhall..N. A. R.
Infectious Diseases.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Irrigation From Underground: John E. Bennett.....Lipp.
Italian Wine Making: Lena L. Pepper.....What To Eat.
The Aryan Question: William Z. Ripley.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
The Largest of Our Sauria: Frank H. Sweet...Home Mag.
The Largest Steamship Afloat: Gustav H. Schwab...Cass.
Torpedo Boat Design: R. C. Smith.....N. A. R.

Sociologic Questions.

Civilization versus Vivisection: Rose G. Abbott....Arena.
Freedom and Its Opportunities: Jno. R. Rogers....Arena.
Growth and Expression of Public Opinion: E. L. Godkin..At.
Homicide in the U. S.: Cesare Lombroso.....N. A. R.
Incorporation of the Working Class: Hugh McGregor..For.
Is American Domesticity Decreasing? Helen Campbell.Ar.
Science and Morals: P. M. Berthelot....Pop. Sci. Mo.

Travel and Adventure.

An American at Carlsbad: Cy Warman.....McClure's.
Chestnut Groves of Northern Italy: Susan N. Carter..Scrib.
Hampton Court Palace: Anna Leach.....Munsey's.
La Cabana: Grace Ellery Channing.....Land of Sunshine.
Lawrence, Massachusetts: George H. Young...N. E. Mag.
Mexico as it Is: Frederick Stone Daniel...F. L. Pop. Mo.
Mysterious City of Honduras: George Byron Gordon..Cen.
Parks and Forest Reservations of the West: John Muir..At.
Stuttgart: Elise J. Allen.....Harper's.
The City of Berlin: Emily M. Burbank.....Chaut.
The Lord Mayor's Show: Elizabeth Robins Pennell..Cen.
The New Northwest: J. A. Wheelock.....Harper's.
The Parks of Los Angeles: T. S. Van Dyke..Land of Sun.
The Real Klondike: James S. Easby-Smith..Cosmopolitan.
The Sutro Baths, San Francisco: Ella M. Sexton...L. of S.
Winter Days in Jamaica: Lillian D. Kelsey..International.
Wrecking on the Florida Keys: Frank H. Sweet..Donahoe's.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Light Housekeeping.....*Laurence Nelson*.....*Macon Telegraph*

When day begins to light the fire,
The sparrows all awake,
And of their simple morning meal
They hastily partake.
They have a cup of twitter-tea
To fortify their blood,
And for their crisp white breakfast roll
They nip the snowdrop's bud.

A Song of the Churn.....*Birch Arnold*.....*Chicago Chronicle*

Under the hillside's verdured edge,
The mossgrown milk-house stands,
Cool and sweet as the crystal pledge
In the milk-maid's sinewy hands;
As she dips it up, with bright tin cup,
From the spring in the stone-paved floor,
And with Hebe's grace, in her laughing face,
Refills it o'er and o'er.
I drink and drink unsatisfied,
My eyes above the brim;
The while I watch her graceful poise,
And figure neat and trim;
A homespun goddess beating out
With rhythmic swing and clash,
The butter's song in the wooden churn
In bubble, swirl, and splash!

Splash! splash! splash!
The creamy cataracts dash!
Spatters of cream have kissed
The dimpled arm and wrist,
And I in fancy's dream
Am envying the cream!

With thrifty housewife's needful care,
Within the churn she looks,
And I intent on reading there
A lore unwrit in books,
Bend low to meet, in contact sweet
Her head above the churn;
Her eyes and mine, with meaning shine,
And faces flush and burn.
I gaze and gaze unsatisfied,
My eyes above the brim,
The while her fingers sweet and clean
The golden globules skim.
We grasp the dasher, hand o'er hand
And beat, and swing, and clash,
A churning song to love's refrain
In bubble, swirl and splash.

Splash! splash! splash!
The creamy cataracts dash,
Her hand beneath my own,
Has something warmer grown,
Her cheek is like the rose—
The dasher slower grows—
Thump! thump! thump!
The butter's golden lump,
A yellow island kist,
By milky seas of mist,
Proclaims the churning done,
And hands that clasp as one,
Unclasp and fall apart,
With over-conscious start!

O golden age! and golden days!
And golden butter churned!
By the rosy lass whose winsome ways
Have taught me all I learned

Of love that lies in woman's eyes,
I pledge in memory's wine,
For still beside the autumn's tide
Her hand is clasping mine!
I gaze and gaze unsatisfied,
The horizon's growing dim,
But still her fingers sweet and clean
My golden moments skim.
We grasp the dasher as of old
In rhythmic swing and clash,
And beat the butter's olden song
In bubble, swirl, and splash!

Splash! splash! splash!
The creamy cataracts dash!
In autumn's radiant day,
Just as they did in May,
Thump! thump! thump!
The butter's golden lump,
A yellow island kist,
By milky seas of mist,
Proclaims the churning done,
And hands that clasp as one,
Shall never fall apart,
While life sustains the heart!

The Dialect Novelist.....*Waterbury Globe*

He wachelt and bachelt
He schughelt and sauchelt,
With many a hech and a hotch,
He scartit and rakit
His memory and scrapit
A story he said was "braid Scotch."

He rowled and he sowled,
In a style ould and bould,
With a lot of begorrah and wail;
He bejabbered and gabbered
And paper he glabbered,
When he wrote his miscalled Irish tale.

He hum'd and begum'd,
He swow'd, and swan'd and vum'd,
And begoshed about keows and the barn;
He chawed and he hawed
As his poor pen he pawed,
While writing a fake Yankee yarn.

He 'am'd and he hegged,
As he 'ammered and dregged
His h's and i's in the strife,
Between 'alf and 'alf coster
And unabridged Webster
In a novel of English life.

Opportunity.....*John D. Underwood*.....*Boston Transcript*

Monarch of every human being, I.
Destiny shapes itself beneath my hand.
I rule ambitions lofty as the sky;
I pave the way for crime's debasing brand.
I'm king of battles and I'm god of love—
I govern all below and all above.
And once I come to every one of ye—
That hour your hope is lost or fortune's made.
Act bravely, promptly, for the way is free;
And woe to him who hesitates, afraid!
I hold in one hand, honor, love, and place;
And in the other want, hate, and disgrace;
So, when I come, then may your eyes see plain,
For slighted once, I never come again.

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

385. Will you please tell me if (1) The Mémoires of Alexandre Dumas (père) are translated and where I can get them? (2) If Dumas wrote The Horoscope and Quentin Durward, and if so, are both translated? (3) Are the mémoires of D'Artagnan (the hero of The Three Musketeers) translated, and where are they published?—K. P. K., Perth Amboy, N. J.

[1. It seems probable that Dumas' Memoirs have been translated, but we cannot definitely recall the fact. 2. Dumas did write The Horoscope, but not Quentin Durward. Sir Walter Scott is the author of the latter romance. The Horoscope has very recently been added to the handsome edition of Dumas' works brought out by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston (12mo., \$1.25). It had never before been translated. 3. We are not aware of any existing translation of the Mémoires de M. d'Artagnan, from which Dumas drew the facts which inspired his Les Trois Mousquetaires. The book was originally printed at Amsterdam, by Pierre Rouge, Dumas states in his preface to the first edition of the Mousquetaires, "as was the custom of authors of that epoch who desired to tell the truth without undergoing an experience of the Bastille." Not long ago a new edition was issued in Paris, which can be obtained through Brentano, or any other importing bookseller.]

386. *The Land of the Hocus Po*: Some months ago I read in the Toronto Globe some very clever lines entitled The Land of the Hocus Po. I kept the lines for some time but lost them. Can you reprint them, and tell me who the author is, where published, and any other particulars?—Archer Martin, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

376. *The Mittens and The Song of Milk-an-watha*: Will you suffer another word anent the subject of the "Mittens," mentioned so fully in Open Questions No. 376 for December? Through the courtesy of Mr. W. H. Alexander, of Mexico City, I have before me a volume whose title-page reads as follows: "The Song of Milk-an-watha; translated from the original Fejee by Marc Antony Henderson, D.C.L.; Professor of the Fejee Language and Literature in the Brandywine Female Academy. Second Edition, Cincinnati: Tickell & Grinne, 1856." On page 27 of this volume I find that "Milk-an-watha killed a squirrel with his blow-gun," and

"From the squirrel-skin, Marcosset
Made some mittens for our hero,
Mittens with the fur-side, inside,
With the fur-side next his fingers,
So's to keep the hand warm inside;
That was why she put the fur-side—
Why she put the fur-side, inside."

No author's name is given other than what I have quoted. Is not *this* the source originally of the parody? The volume contains 34 pages with notes and vocabulary, besides other poems (parodies, etc.).—F. S. Borton, Puebla, Mexico.

[A letter is also received from J. MacElwee, Albany, N. Y., containing a description of the

title page of a *third edition* copy of The Song of Milk-an-watha identical with the above, save for the concluding lines which read: "Illustrated by Frank Beard.

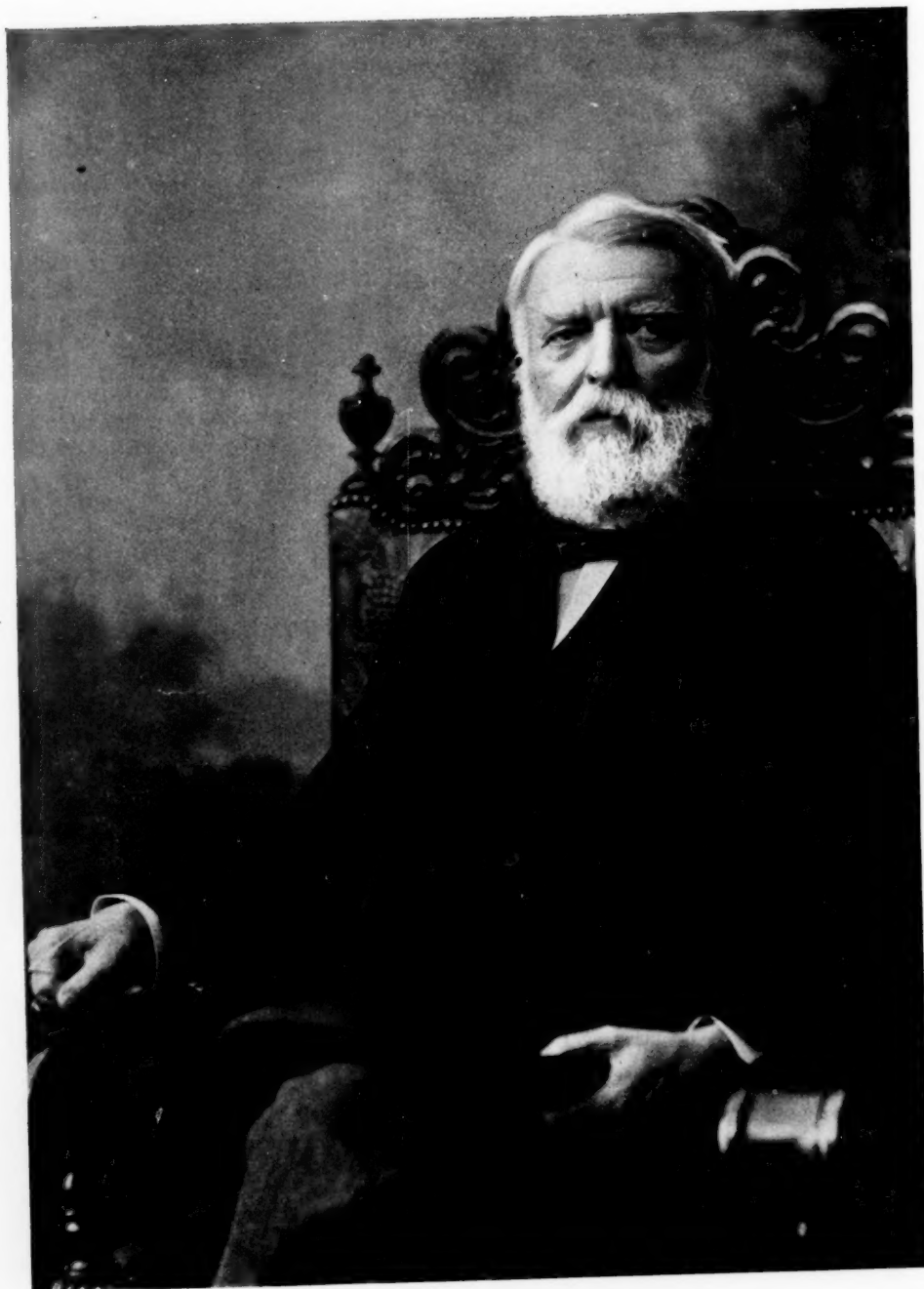
"There were who spiritual legends figured,
Half lofty, half profound, not nigh half true."

—Philip James Bailey.

Third Edition, Albany, N. Y., D. R. Niver, 46 N. Pearl Street, 1883." The third edition was copyrighted in 1883 by D. R. Niver, formerly a publisher and book seller in Albany. Special thanks are due our correspondent for the courteous offer of a copy of this edition. Another letter from W. D. Bell, of Sewickley, Pa., identifies the "Mittens" quotation as belonging to the book, and inquires where a copy may be obtained. The two following communications concerning the authorship of the parody, while amusingly at variance with each other, are both interesting and possibly not so irreconcilable as to their respective versions of the identity of "Marc Antony Henderson," as on first reading would seem.]

I think your correspondent has not given correctly the title of the parody of Hiawatha, of which he writes in the January number. I have not a copy here, but the "Song of Milyer Water," from which the passage he quotes is taken, was written by George Strong, who later became an Episcopal clergyman. He was for some time connected with the Episcopal College at Gambier, Ohio. If I am not mistaken the poem was first read before the Literary Club, or Society, in Cincinnati. There must be many copies there in the libraries of his friends; perhaps one could be obtained of Robert Clarke & Co. About the same time another parody was published, bright but not so clever, by James Ward, then also a Cincinnati: Song of Higher Water.—K., Denver, Colorado.

In the January issue of your magazine I see that inquiries are being made in regard to the authorship of Milk-an-watha, a very clever parody of Hiawatha. Milk-an-watha was written by George Horatio Derby, who was born in 1823. He graduated at West Point, served with distinction in the Mexican War, and was severely wounded at the battle of Cerro Gordo. In 1849 he explored the territory of Minnesota. He held several important government positions and attained the rank of captain of engineers. He died from the effects of a sunstroke in 1861. He wrote under the pseudonym of "John Phoenix," but the identity of John Phoenix was perfectly well known. His Squibot Papers and Phoenixiana have been published both here and in England. Captain Derby was noted for his wit and ability as a raconteur. I have known the little book which contains Milk-an-watha, and the other parodies mentioned by your Boston correspondent, since my earliest childhood. Mr. Tolman is mistaken in supposing that these parodies emanated from Harvard. As "John Phoenix" created the first humorous newspaper stories, and has sometimes been called the "Father" of that type of journalism; it seems strange that he should be so soon forgotten. He was a friend and companion-in-arms of my great-uncle, the late General Delos B. Sacket of the United States Army. Mention is made of Captain Derby in the American Encyclopedia (see article on American Literature), and in The Humor of America, published in New York by Scribner, 1894, and in London by Walter Scott, 1894. In the latter work there is a humorous essay by "John Phoenix," entitled A New System of English Grammar, see pages 427 to 435. Milk-an-watha was published about forty years ago.—Ruth Laurence, New York City.



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

(See American Poets of To-Day, page 203).